Dec. 14. 1929

THE NEW YORKER

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IS the beauty of a modern Crane color bathroom, with the distinction of Crane appointments, compatible with strict economy? This room, and the materials that equip it, answer emphatically: "Yes." The Nile green lavatory and bath, in the new and different *Corwith* design, are here made of serviceable inexpensive enamelware, rather than vitreous china and porcelain. The new *Santon* square-base syphon-jet closet gives beauty, sanitation, and splendid mechanical operation, at a reasonable price. The total cost of the plumbing materials, as well as the decorations, has been kept surprisingly low. Just how low, let your architect and plumbing contractor tell you. For many inspiring suggestions for other rooms, some elaborate enough for any mansion, others economical enough for the most modest cottage, but all beautiful, write for the Crane book, *Bathrooms for Out-of-the-Ordinary Homes.*

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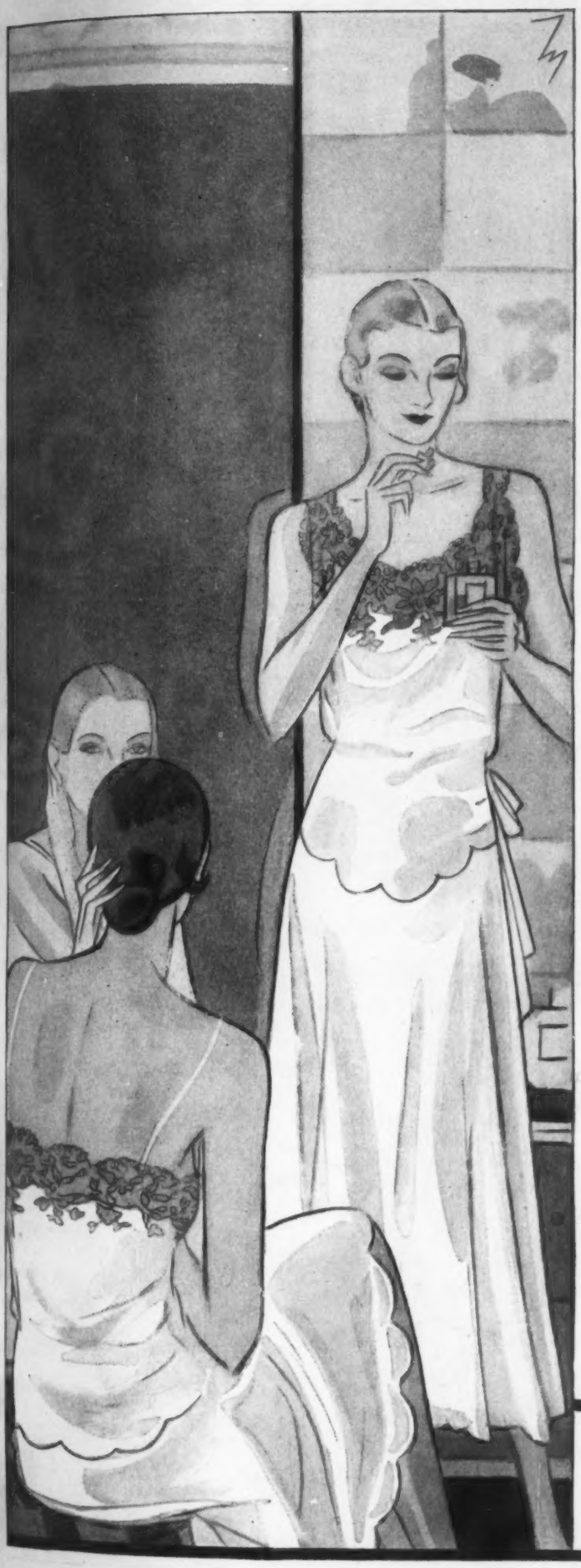

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Sketched is a set of French silk crepe, with Alencon pattern lace. Gown $35. Chemise $28.50

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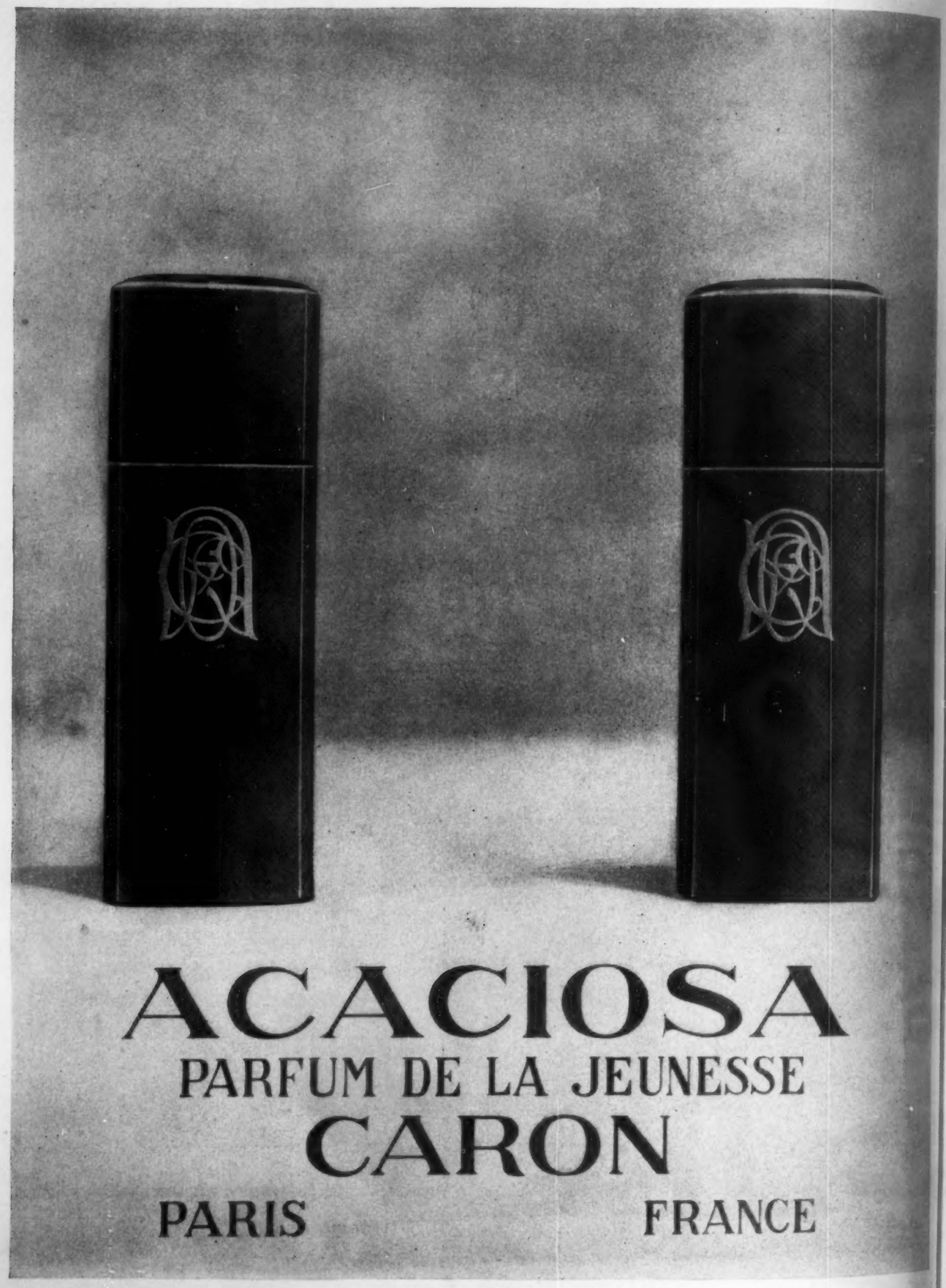

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 43, December 14, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

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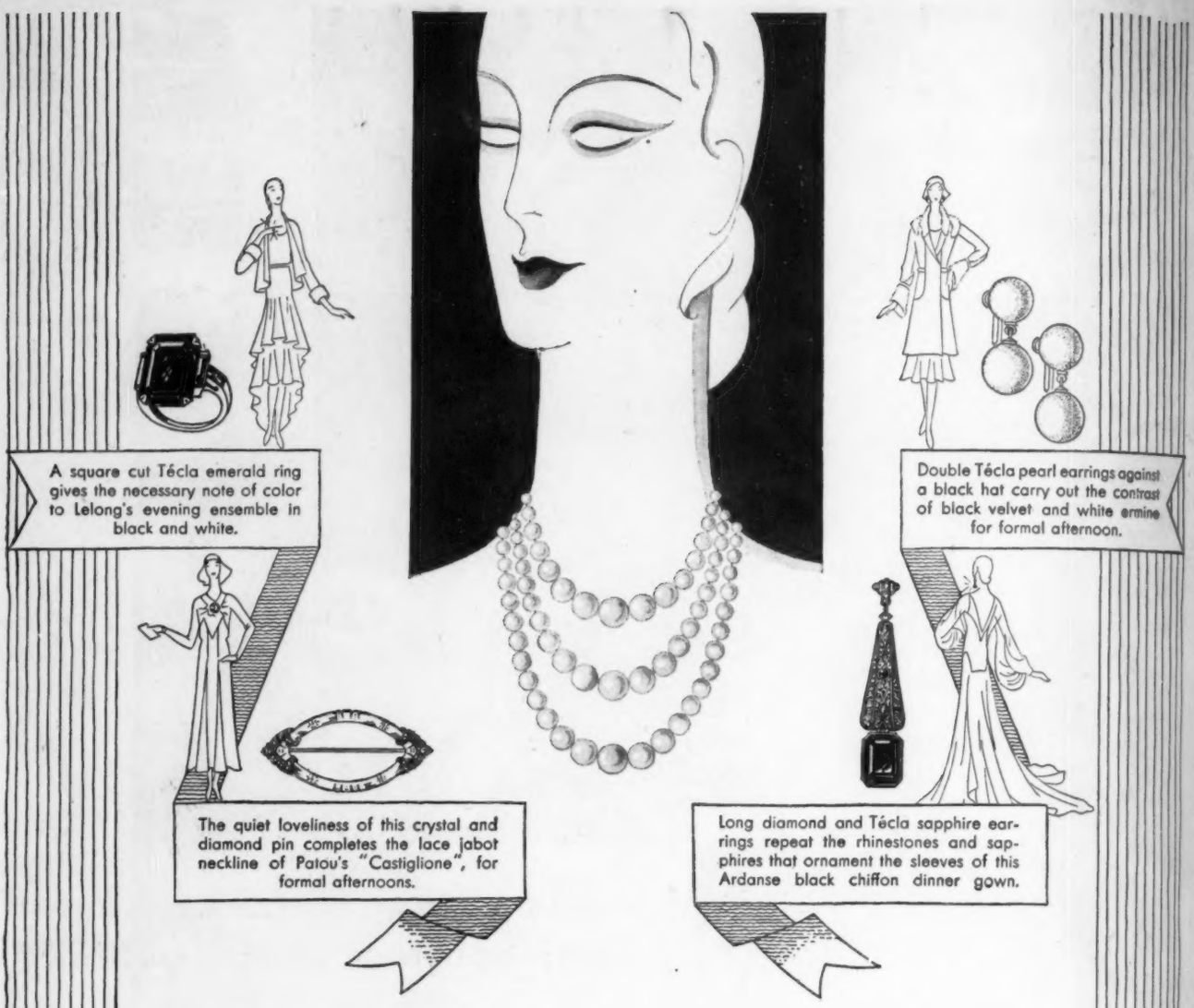

A square cut Técla emerald ring gives the necessary note of color to Lelong's evening ensemble in black and white.

Double Técla pearl earrings against a black hat carry out the contrast of black velvet and white ermine for formal afternoon.

The quiet loveliness of this crystal and diamond pin completes the lace jabot neckline of Patou's "Castiglione", for formal afternoons.

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A CHRISTMAS GIFT OF TECLA JEWELRY IS NOW MORE WELCOME THAN EVER!

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Here are jewels of every hue and type to complement the modern mode. Técla emeralds, sapphires, rubies—in a multiplicity of settings and combinations to blend with every costume and appropriate for every occasion.

The pearl necklace is forever in fashion as the one ornament that never fails to add to the sum total of a woman's attractions. Only in Técla pearls or in genuine orientals is such exquisite coloring, such soft luster, such perfect gradation to be found... Many of Técla's smartest creations are moderately priced. Your inspection is invited.

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Only gold, platinum and genuine diamonds used in Técla settings

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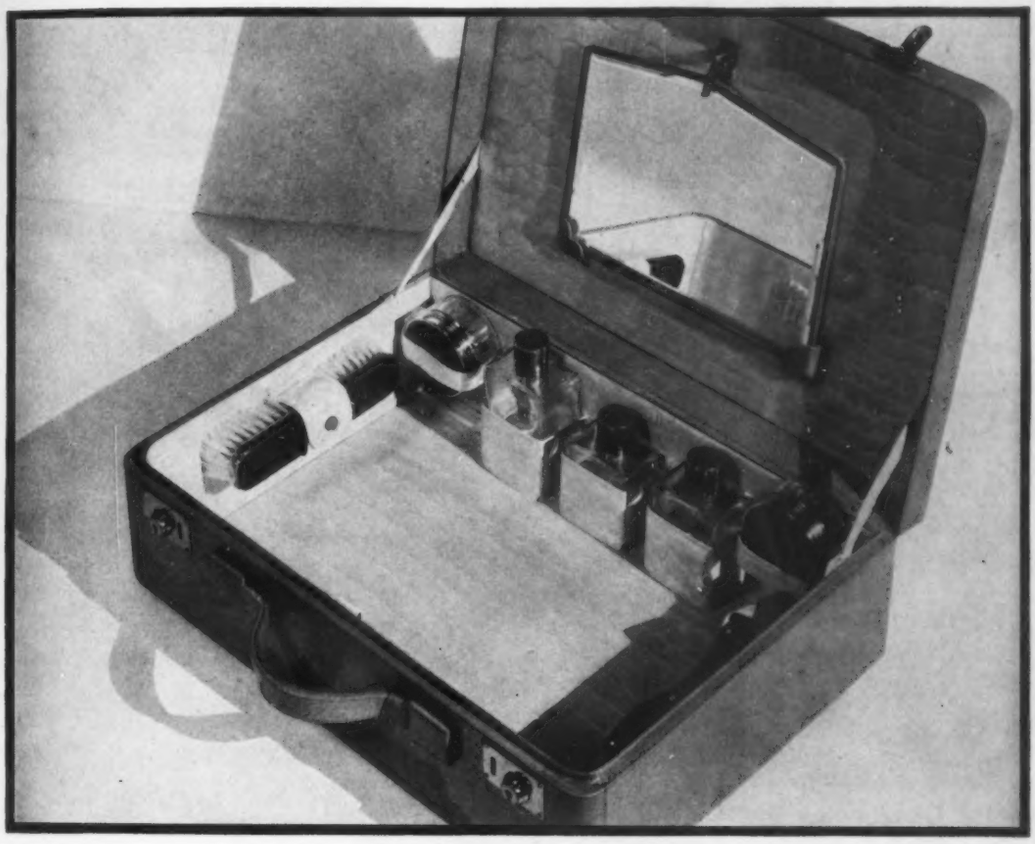
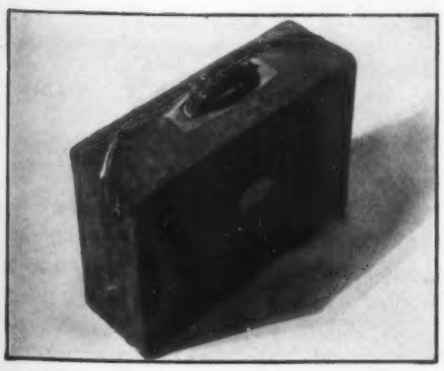
Here is one of the nicest FITTED CASES you've seen!



. . . it makes a choice gift at $44.75

At Christmas time, especially, we like beautiful, luxurious things. If they are practical, so much the better. So this Christmas we are enthusiastic about this imported case of ecrasê or crushed morocco, lined with silk moire, and equipped with cloisonne-like enamel fittings. It comes in blue, black, green, brown, wine, kasha, and hazel; and each case has a trimly tailored suede-cloth cover to match.



LUGGAGE DEPARTMENT

MACY'S

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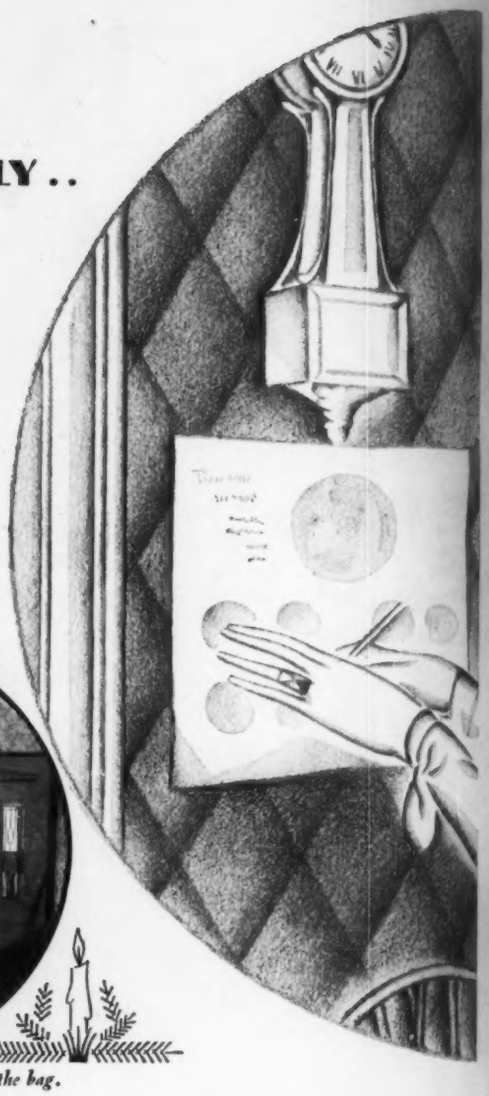
You can be so helpful to Santa Claus.....!

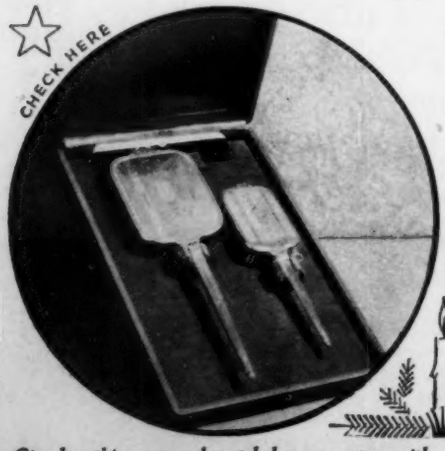
CHECK THIS ADVERTISEMENT CAREFULLY .. LEAVE WHERE ANY OF THE FOLLOWING CAN SEE IT...

Fond Parent,
Devoted Husband,
Sweetheart,
Brother, Sister

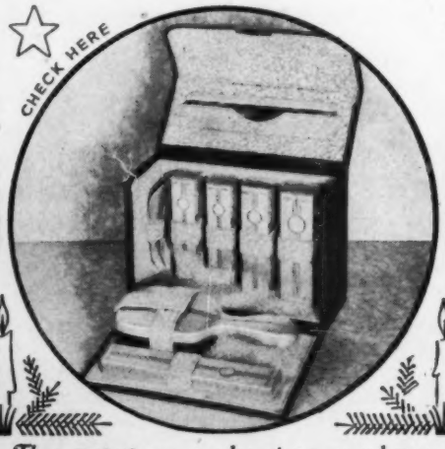


Globe trotter or merely a week-ender—you will love this bag. A solid silver dresser service, ample for all purposes, in the rich Lady Louise pattern, is fitted in the cover. The tan hoghide bag will serve you well on many a trip. A lavish gift you will surely want to hint for. . Complete. . . . $100.

For men who want room to pack in, this is the bag. London Russet Steerhide—solidly built. Eleven sterling silver toilet articles—taking up almost no space at all—add to its usefulness. He will like Varsity, this simple silver pattern. Only bashfulness will prevent his asking for it. . Complete. . . $196.



Give her this case and watch her eyes open with delight. What can be in it! As lovely a solid silver mirror as white hands ever held. A long-handled brush to match—and a comb. All in the Fedora pattern—a pattern she will never cease to love. . . . . Complete with three pieces. . . $82.



These compact cases are becoming more and more popular with men. Here we have ten silver toilet articles in the mannish Chevalier pattern—snugly packed in a not-too-large case. The leather is genuine brown sealskin with Iceland grain. It will wear like iron. . . . . Case and nine pieces . . $165

Was ever silver so lustrous . . . so satiny? The International Silver craftsmen have accomplished this rich effect by intricate engine-turning and brocading. Every feminine heart will beat happily at the sight of this pattern. Other pieces to match. Mirror, comb and brush . . . . . $90.

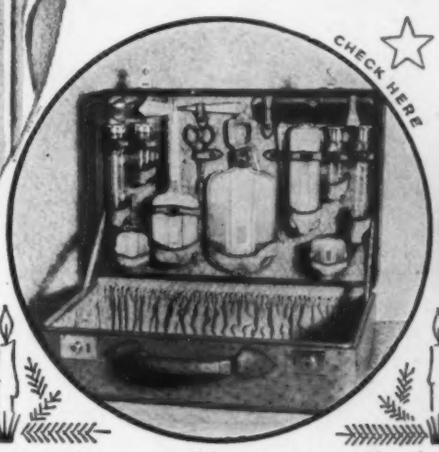
Dear Santa Claus:
I love the sterling silver gifts I have marked ... Do you think I will find any of them in my stocking?

Name_____

Address_____

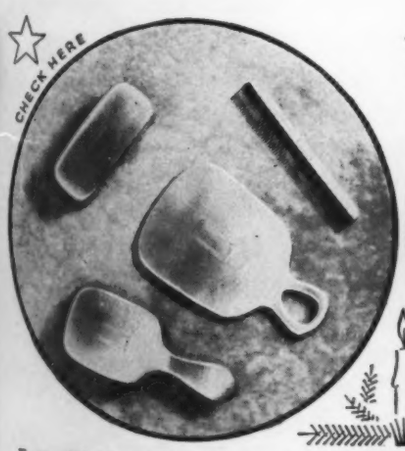
INTERNATIONAL STERLING

FINE ARTS DIVISION — INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. — MERIDEN, CONN.

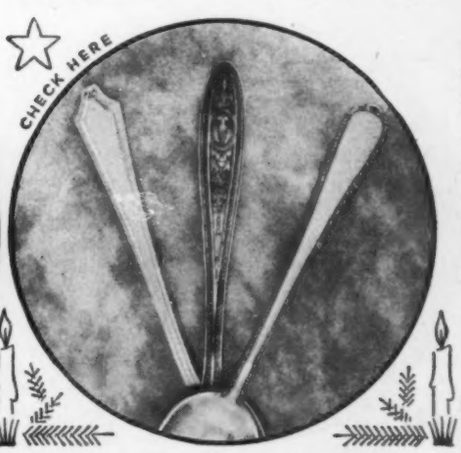


As perfect a piece of luggage as you could wish for in a year of Christmases—of tan ostrich leather. Thirteen pieces of dresser silver are tucked inside its cover—all in the star-sprinkled Adrienne pattern—a lovely combination of brocade and engine-turning . . . . . Complete . . . $299.

Because many men have asked for a two-piece case, the International Silver Company has designed this new set. We trust the many men who called for it will find it on the tree. The silver design is Courtier—lustrous silver unadorned by scroll or line . . . . . Complete . . . . $15.



Four solid silver toilet articles to stand on his dresser. Four handsome presents all in one. Mirror, hair brush, cloth brush and comb. The pattern is called Champion and its hand-hammered effect brings forth rousing cheers. Other articles to match. Four pieces . . . . . $65.



Have you thought of giving flat silver? Here are three of the most popular patterns you could find. Minuet on the left—of noble Colonial ancestry—lacy Wedgwood, and on the right dignified Pine Tree. Six teaspoons in Minuet are $11. In Pine Tree $11. In Wedgwood . . . . . $12.

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We will send you a beautifully illustrated book of new dresser silver patterns and traveling sets for 50 cents, a mere fraction of its cost. "Correct Table Silver—Its Choice and Use," the instructive booklet sponsored by Elsie de Wolfe, will be sent for 25 cents. Mail coupon today.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY
Meriden, Connecticut

Please send me (Check here)

- "Correct Table Silver—Its Choice and Use" (25 cents) ☐
- The International Sterling Dresser Silver Brochure (50 cents) ☐
- Or The name of the nearest jeweler where I can see Dresser Silver Brochure and representative pieces of dresser silver. ☐

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PROTECTIVE ... YES, but becoming first of all

Shuglovs by Miller offer you a choice of two fabrics: dainty moire rubber lightly but warmly lined, and smartly tailored cloth. Two styles: button-over, and concealed Talon Hookless Fastener with distinctive buckle and strap. Both are easily cleaned

Light, flexible as a soft imported glove, Shuglovs make lovely ankles appear their very best on rainy days!

PROTECTIVE footwear that's really flattering? Why not, said Miller designers . . . and created a bad-weather accessory as shapely as the ankle it protects.

The name is Shuglov (pronounced Shoe-glove). Shuglovs are light and flexible as a soft, imported glove. They are cut as smartly as an evening slipper. Lines are slender. Color combinations are intriguing.

Yet, the protective purpose has never been forgotten. Every pair of Shuglovs is waterproof. And even the lightest, daintiest pair gives adequate protection from cold, for they are lined with a warm, fine, elastic fabric.

Ask for Shuglovs by name, in the smartest shops in your city. The authentic Miller creation bears the name "Shuglov by Miller" plainly stamped on the sole. Accept no other. The Miller Rubber Co. of N. Y. Akron, Ohio.

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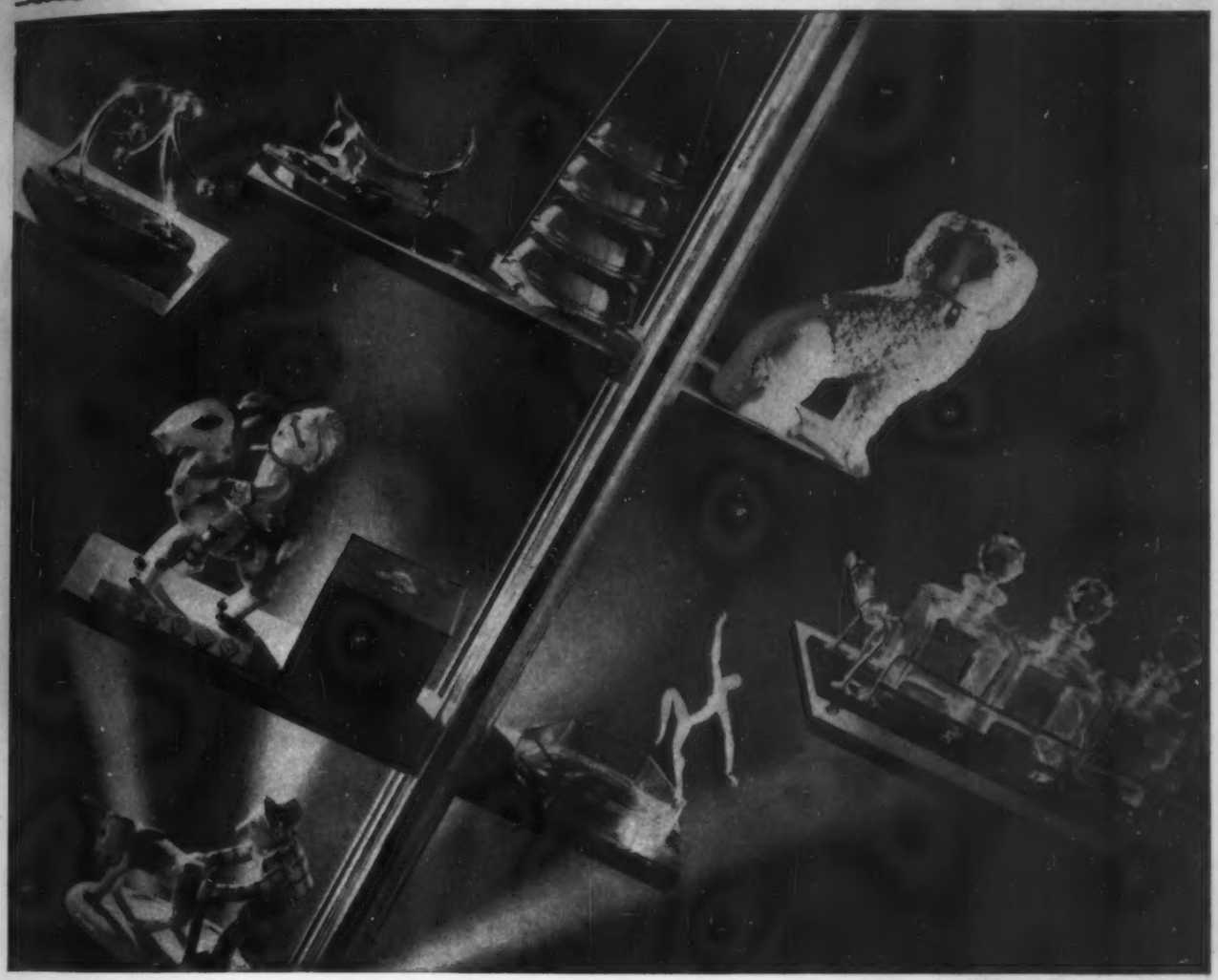

Photographed in Gimbels Old World Shop, by Martin Bruehl

SO MANY LOVELY GIFTS!...

...Are gathered in The Old World Shop, it's simply useless to limit oneself to describing a *few*... and it's simply impossible to give them *all* the paeans of praise they deserve.

None of the usual, old-time suggestions that have bloomed in Christmas stockings since Santa was a lad—but new, sparkling inspirations that are distinctive in just the smart ways for which you've been searching. They may be Modern—and created by famous artists... they may be precious antiques... they may be small remembrances or important gifts for those you cherish. Each one is exquisite and individual... and much less expensive than you would expect! Gifts 25c to $5000.

The Old World Shop offers the old and the new... furniture, lamps, pottery, bibelots, objets d'art... and much less expensive.

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LUXURY HAMPER—Contains the famous table-luxuries of Park & Tilford, $35.

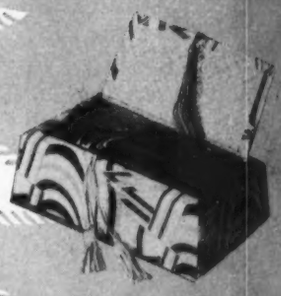
SELECCION DE LUXE CIGARETTES—Futuristic Box, 200, $7.00. Alligator Box, 100, $2.50.

BELLE OF THE ORIENT CIGARETTES—Box of 100, $6.00.

LUXURY BOX—Packed with holiday delicacies, $10. (Others from $5 to $25.)

The ART OF GIVING

One has but to choose from the gift-selection at Park & Tilford to make a happy discovery—that here the most desirable gifts are not the most extravagant! And such Christmas offerings are, after all, pleasant proof of the art of giving.



THE CIRO BOX—De Luxe modernistic candy box, small pieces. $3.50 one pound package.

GLACE FRUIT—California fruit assortment 3 lb., $7.50. (Others from $2 to $10.)

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Fifth Avenue at 57th Street

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VELOUR CANDY BOX—Packed to choice with Park & Tilford candies, $10. (Others to $25.)

HOOVER CABINET—In maple or mahogany; with 50 cigars, 3 fine sizes. Hoyo de Monterey brand. Complete $29.

PANIER DE FRUITS—The fruit basket artistic, $10. (Others from $5 to $50.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the mid-week matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BERKELEY SQUARE—Leslie Howard at his best (or anybody else's) in a ghost story with a metaphysical twist. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

BIRD IN HAND—Drinkwater's ingenuous comedy, wherein three travellers become involved in the quarrel between an English innkeeper and his daughter. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

BROKEN DISHES—A modest little comedy of the revolt of a down-trodden husband. Donald Meek makes it worth while. (Ritz, 48, W.)

CANDLE-LIGHT—Some smart lines, Gertrude Lawrence, and a fine performance by Reginald Owen, lending tone to a fairly thin little comedy of the old, old school. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"The Living Corpse," Jacob Ben-Ami in Tolstoi's play. (Fri. Eve., Dec. 13; Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., Dec. 17, 19, and 21.) . . . "Peter Pan," good production of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Mats., Dec. 14 and 21.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," translated Molière. (Sat. Eve., Dec. 14.) . . . "Mlle. Bourrat," Claude Anet's play, with Josephine Hutchinson. (Mon. Eve., Dec. 16.) . . . "The Cradle Song," touching and tender. (Wed. Eve., Dec. 18.) . . . "The Sea Gull," excellent revival of Tchekov's moving play. (Thurs. Mat., Dec. 19; Fri. Eve., Dec. 20.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

THE CRIMINAL CODE—A powerful drama showing the inexorable workings of criminal law, with a splendid performance by Arthur Byron. (National, 41, W.)

GAMBLING—Starting with a very pretty murder mystery this runs rapidly downhill until you just don't care any more. The presence of George M. Cohan, however, makes it worth a try. (Fulton, 46, W.)

HOUSEPARTY—Williams College, of all places, as the scene of a collegiate killing, with several highly exciting moments and some good parlor games. (Waldorf, 50, E.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—Comedy of small-town life crowded with amusing character and incident. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—The war as seen from a British officers' dugout. A singularly beautiful and moving play. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

JUNE MOON—This play of Tin Pan Alley by Ring Lardner and George Kaufman has more laughs in it than all the other shows in New York put together. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

LET US BE GAY—Francine Larrimore as a charming divorcée who encounters her philandering ex-husband at a Westchester houseparty. Last performances. (Little, 44, W. Closes Sat., Dec. 14.)

MANY WATERS—A nice little play about the life of a middle-class couple who had had more romance than they thought. Ernest Truex comes back to us in it. (Times Square, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

ROPE'S END—Two young men on a dead man's chest, yo-ho-ho and a bottle of Charles Heidsieck 1919. Rather grim jesting, but well done. (Masque, 45, W.)

SALT WATER—Frank Craven as a sea-loving ferryboat captain who has a pretty tough time of it. Amusing as only Frank Craven can make it. (Golden, 58, E.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES—Even if you saw this when first produced, it won't do you any harm to take this chance to see William Gillette again. (New Amsterdam, 42, W. May close Sat., Dec. 14.)

STREET SCENE—Life, love, and sudden death in a New York tenement, vividly portrayed. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:40 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Just about as entertaining and nice a comedy as there is to be found. The fact that it deals with seduction has no bearing on the matter. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—More fun than you ever had in the subway. Murder before your very eyes. (Liberty, 42, W.)

WITH MUSIC

BITTER SWEET—Miss Evelyn Laye as the charming heroine of an "operette" which sounds nothing like Noel Coward, who wrote it. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—Typical Earl Carroll show, with better comedy than usual and the same high-grade girls. (44th Street, 44, W. Mat. Thurs.)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—Americans in Paris going at a great rate between the Ritz Bar and the American Express. Comical, with occasional raw spots. William Gaxton, Genevieve Tobin, Helen Broderick, and Cole Porter music. (Lyric, 42, W.)

FOLLOW THRU—A lively show about love and golf which is now nearing the end of a long and successful run. (46th Street, 46, W. Closes Sat., Dec. 21.)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Willie Howard and Frances Williams doing their best to make up for the old crew who aren't in it this year, and doing very well. (Apollo, 42, W.)

HEADS UP!—Victor Moore at his funniest as a cooking-inventor, in a regulation musical comedy with a Rodgers and Hart score. Assisted by Barbara Newberry, Jack Whiting, and Betty Starbuck. (Alvin, 52, W.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—A gay, spirited intimate revue, notable for its humor, and a cast which includes Libby Holman, Clifton Webb, and Fred Allen. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE MERRY WIDOW—Last performances of the revival of Franz Lehar's operetta. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Closes Sat., Dec. 14.)

THE NEW MOON—Roaring romance in old New Orleans. Last two days of this long-run operetta. (Casino, B'way a. 39. Closes Sat., Dec. 14.)

SONS o' GUNS—Mr. Jack Donahue carrying the whole war on his shoulders, and very funny about it too. A good show. (Imperial, 45, W.)

SWEET ADELINE—One of the season's biggest hits, with Helen Morgan, Irene Franklin, and Charles Butterworth all dressed up in 1898 costumes. Jerome Kern music. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

A WONDERFUL NIGHT—The score of Strauss' "Die Fledermaus," which is delightful, a production which is novel, and some dialogue which doesn't matter. (Majestic, 44, W.)

•

VAUDEVILLE—Jack Dempsey, Esther Ralston, and Ken Murray are at the Palace Fri., Dec. 13. Madge Kennedy will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Dec. 14. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:15 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—The Children's Theatre of Greenwich House will present "Snow White" and "The Madonna Walks in the Garden," Sun. Aft., Dec. 15. (Golden, 58, E. 3 P.M.) . . . Tony Sarg's Marionettes in "Rip Van Winkle," Fri. and Sat. Afts., Dec. 20 and 21. (Assembly, 39, E. 3 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

DIANA—Mary Nash in a play based on incidents in the life of the late Isadora Duncan. (Longacre, 48, W. 8:50 P.M.)

FAMILY AFFAIRS—Billie Burke in a new comedy. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:50 P.M.)

MICHAEL AND MARY—A new play by A. A. Milne, with Henry Hull. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Thurs., 2:40 P.M.)

DANCE RECITALS

ARGENTINA—Additional recitals by the remarkable Spanish dancer. Fri. and Tues., Dec. 13 and 17, at 3 P.M.; and Thurs., Dec. 19, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall, 43, E.)

HANS WIENER—New dances by a young Viennese. Sun., Dec. 15, at 9 P.M. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Park Avenue atmosphere, with this season's débutantes.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Strikingly decorated by Joseph Urban; Leo Reisman's orchestra.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by Libby Holman and the miraculous dancing of Moss and Fontana. Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Topnotch as usual; Emil Coleman's orchestra, with Medrano and Donna dancing. Must dress.

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez music, and dances by Veloz and Yolanda. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée and his band playing in agreeable surroundings.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—We list only some of the more interesting places of this type—there are many others: Club Richman, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203), has Morton Downey and Abe Lyman's orchestra; Irene Bordoni will open here Mon., Dec. 16.* . . . Casanova, 151 W. 54 (Circle 7893), with Ruth Etting, Fred Keating, Rosita and Ramon, and Harry Rosenthal and his orchestra.* . . . The Yacht Club, 117 W. 48, has Chick Endor and the original Yacht Club Boys. . . . Les Ambassadeurs, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, where Clayton, Jackson, and Durante cavort. . . . The Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, with Florence of the old Chez Florence.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Don Dickerman's Daffydill, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), is an amusing new place, with music by the California Collegians.

(Continued on page 14)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
TELEPHONE
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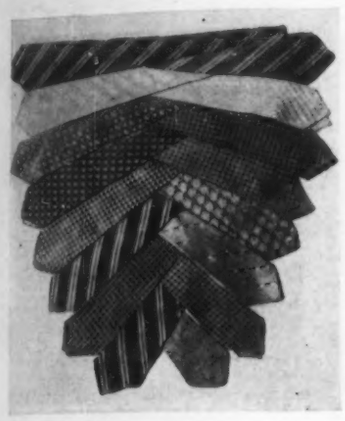
CHRISTMAS AT DOBBS

Useful Wearables for Men and those other Unusual Luxuries that Men enjoy but Hesitate to Buy for Themselves.



Among other good things there are Dobbs cravats in a wealth of patterns, colors and shapes, handmade from silks of Dobbs design woven exclusively for Dobbs in France and England. They are modestly priced from $2.00 up.

Dobbs Hand-Tailored Robes are ideal for Christmas remembrances. The cozy flannel robe or the foulard Pullman snugly packed in a bag at $25.00 is just as characteristically Dobbs as the luxurious fancy crepe silk robe at $125.00

Hats for formal occasions must conform strictly to the specifications laid down by Dame Fashion. Dobbs Silk and Opera hats are meticulously correct in every detail. They are shown in two grades, $20.00 and $30.00.

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Fifth Ave. at 57th **Fifth Ave. at 32nd** **B'way at Cortlandt** **Madison Ave. at 40th**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21]

(Continued from page 12)

. . . Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is a gay and noisy meeting place which is very good fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9, features Jack Powell, the remarkable trap-drummer. . . . For informal and inexpensive evenings: The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Russiana, 44th St. Theatre Bldg., 44, W. of B'way, has an amusing show, with Kosloff of the old Katinka presiding. . . . Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is gay and attractive. . . . For seekers of the Bohemian: The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

APPLAUSE—Helen Morgan portrays an unhappy lady of burlesque in a fine tragic picture. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 14-16; performances continuous from 1 P.M. Also Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; starting Sat., Dec. 21.)

CONDEMNED—Love makes Devil's Island into a sort of Riviera. Ronald Colman is the star. (Selwyn, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

DISRAELI—George Arliss as the great Premier, in a production of conspicuous distinction. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

GENERAL CRACK—Only for the more loyal devotees of John Barrymore. An eighteenth-century costume piece. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

HALLELUJAH—The all-negro movie of life in the cotton fields. An unusual and distinguished picture. (Capitol, B'way at 51; Fri., Dec. 13 through Thurs., Dec. 19; performances continuous from noon.)

HOLLYWOOD REVUE—A lavish and extensive musical revue, with a regiment of stars. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

THE KISS—Greta Garbo again. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 14-16; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE LOVE PARADE—Amusing nonsense, with numerous songs and Chevalier. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

PARIS—The stage comedy made into a screen musical with Bordoni, Louise Closser Hale, and Jack Buchanan, but without the Cole Porter song, "Let's Do It." (Strand, B'way at 47; starting Thurs., Dec. 19; performances continuous from noon.)

SHOW OF SHOWS—Big splashy mixed grill. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 11:45 P.M., and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW—Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks make a polite and deft version of Shakespeare's play. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—Where you can take your fill of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "Gold Diggers of Broadway," bright and amusing musical show about the ladies of Broadway and their victims of Wall Street; "The Saturday Night Kid," Clara Bow in a department-store comedy; "The Trespasser," Gloria Swanson as a Chicago stenographer who finds a rich marriage has many problems; "Why Bring That Up?," Moran and Mack once more going through their celebrated routine.

ART

AMERICANS—The Museum of Modern Art takes on a little fun by showing its idea of who's who in the contemporary all-American team: 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

BRITISH—A mild assortment of the best English painters, John, Fry, and others: Agnew, 125 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

CALDER—One of the bright young blades who has a lot of fun with wire. Sculpture that is serious although in a peculiar medium: Fifty-sixth Street Galleries, 6 E. 56. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Dec. 14.

LEFT WING—Friedman, Canadé, Hirsch, and some others. An important show of a small group who are essentially American: Bourgeois, 693 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MATISSE—Recent paintings: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

ROERICH—An amazing museum dedicated to one man. All sorts of Asian art, and 1,006 paintings by the gallery's master: Roerich Museum, 310 Riverside Drive. Open daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

FRITZ KREISLER—Again: if you have no tickets now, be prepared to stand. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Dec. 13.

LENER STRING QUARTET—Last two concerts of their chamber-music cycle. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 14, and Fri. Eve., Dec. 20.

FELIX SALMOND—One of the most eminent 'cellists. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 14.

PAUL ROBESON—Once more. Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Dec. 14.

HERBERT HEYNER—An exceptionally interesting and able baritone in an unusual program. Guild Theatre, 52, W. of B'way, Sun. Aft., Dec. 15.

NEW YORK CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY—Carolyn Beebe, director: Ballroom, Hotel Plaza, Sun. Eve., Dec. 15, at 9.

JOSÉ ITURBI—The piano find of the season. Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Dec. 16.

ERNEST HUTCHESON—Fine piano playing in cozy surroundings. The Barbizon, 140 E. 63, Wed. Eve., Dec. 18.

MUSICALES—Lucrezia Bori, soprano; and Efrem Zimbalist, violinist: Hotel Plaza, Thurs. Morn., Dec. 19, at 11:30. . . . Margherita Salvi, soprano; Donald Thayer, baritone; and Alfredo San Malo, violinist: Hotel Biltmore, Fri. Morn., Dec. 20, at 11.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Mengelberg conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Dec. 13, at 2:30; Thurs. Eve., Dec. 19, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Dec. 20, at 2:30; Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. Aft., Dec. 15. . . . Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Dec. 14, at 11 (Junior Concert).

YALE GLEE CLUB—Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Dec. 14.

PEOPLE'S CHORUS—Camilieri conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Dec. 15.

FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," Bodanzky conducting: Mecca Temple, Sun. Aft., Dec. 15, at 4.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Stokowski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Dec. 17, at 8:45.

LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS—Smallens, Goossens, and Gruenberg conducting: Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Dec. 18, at 8:45.

DOWNTOWN GLEE CLUB—Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Dec. 18.

MOUNT HOLYOKE CAROL CHOIR—Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Dec. 20.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Tannhäuser," Fri. Eve., Dec. 13, at 7:45; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Aft., Dec. 14, at 2; "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., Dec. 14, at 8. (Schedule for later dates to be announced.)

LITTLE THEATRE OPERA—"The Grand Duchess," by Offenbach: Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104, Mon. through Sat. Eves., Dec. 16-21, at 8:30, and Sat. Aft., Dec. 21, at 2:30.

ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting symphony orchestra: Fri. Morns., Dec. 13 and 20, at 11, and Sat. Eves., Dec. 14 and 21, at 9, over WEAF.

BOXING—Fights at Madison Square Garden: Fri. Eves., Dec. 13 and 20, at 9:30, over WMCA.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Junior Concert, Schelling conducting: Sat., Dec. 14, at 11 A.M., over WOR. . . . Mengelberg conducting: Sun., Dec. 15, at 3 P.M., over WOR.

HENRY HADLEY—Conducting symphony orchestra: Sat. Eves., Dec. 14 and 21, at 9:30, over WABC.

LIGHT OPERA—Victor Herbert's "Princess Pat:" Sun., Dec. 15, at 4 P.M., over WJZ. . . . "Babes in Toyland," Act 1: Fri., Dec. 20, at 9:30 P.M., over WJZ.

CHARLES NAEGELE—Pianist: Sun., Dec. 15, at 7:30 P.M., over WJZ.

NEW YORK CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY—From Hotel Plaza: Sun., Dec. 15, at 9 P.M., over WOR.

HOCKEY—N. Y. Americans vs. Boston, from Madison Square Garden: Sun., Dec. 15, at 10 P.M., over WMCA.

JACQUES THIBAUD—Violin soloist: Tues., Dec. 17, at 8:30 P.M., over WJZ.

ERNEST HUTCHESON—Pianist: Wed., Dec. 18, at 8:30 P.M., over WOR.

GRAND OPERA—"Aida," Thurs., Dec. 19, at 11 P.M., and "Tosca," Sat., Dec. 21, at 7 P.M., over WEAF.

PRINCETON TRIANGLE CLUB—"The Golden Dog," Sat., Dec. 21, at 4 P.M., over WEAF.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Jimmy McLarnin vs. Ruby Goldstein, Fri. Eve., Dec. 13; Tod Morgan vs. Benny Bass, Fri. Eve., Dec. 20; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

COLLEGE HOCKEY—Yale vs. Dartmouth, Madison Square Garden, Sat., Dec. 21, at 8:30 P.M.

PROFESSIONAL HOCKEY—Games at Madison Square Garden at 8:45 P.M.: N. Y. Americans vs. Boston, Sun. Eve., Dec. 15. . . . N. Y. Rangers vs. N. Y. Americans, Tues. Eve., Dec. 17. . . . N. Y. Americans vs. Montreal Maroons, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 19.

OTHER EVENTS

DEBATE—"Is Modern Marriage a Failure?" Bertrand Russell, affirmative; John Cowper Powys, negative; Heywood Broun, chairman: Mecca Temple, Fri., Dec. 13, at 8:30 P.M.

PUBLIC BALL—Peace Ball, with a débutante show, "Kaleidoscope," staged by Ward Fox: Hotel Plaza, Sat. Eve., Dec. 21, at 11.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc.—etchings and engravings: Fri. Eve., Dec. 13, at 8:15. . . . French antique furniture and objets d'art, from Old France, Inc.: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Dec. 13 and 14, at 2:15. . . . Valuable books, autographs, and relics: Mon. and Tues. Eves., Dec. 16 and 17, at 8:15. . . . Old masters, including Italian and Flemish primitives: Wed. Eve., Dec. 18, at 8:15. . . . Persian miniatures, pottery, textiles, and lacquer: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Dec. 20 and 21, at 2:15.

Whither South?

To Florida? The Riviera? The West Indies? When that is decided, the next question is, what to wear when you get there!

Since the smart world is now thinking of fashion in terms of Southern resorts, Stewart has established a separate shop called the Biarritz Shop.

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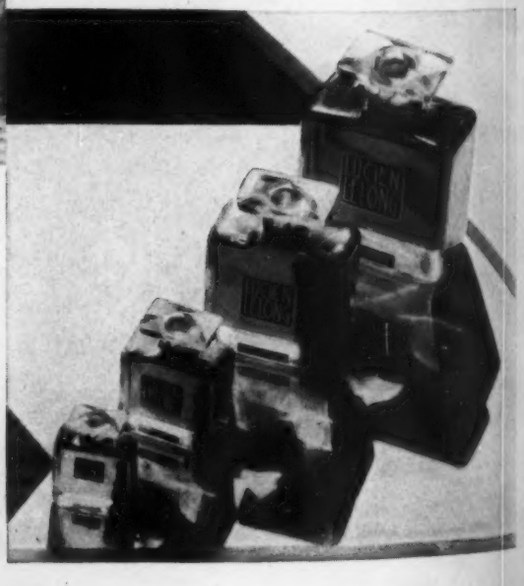
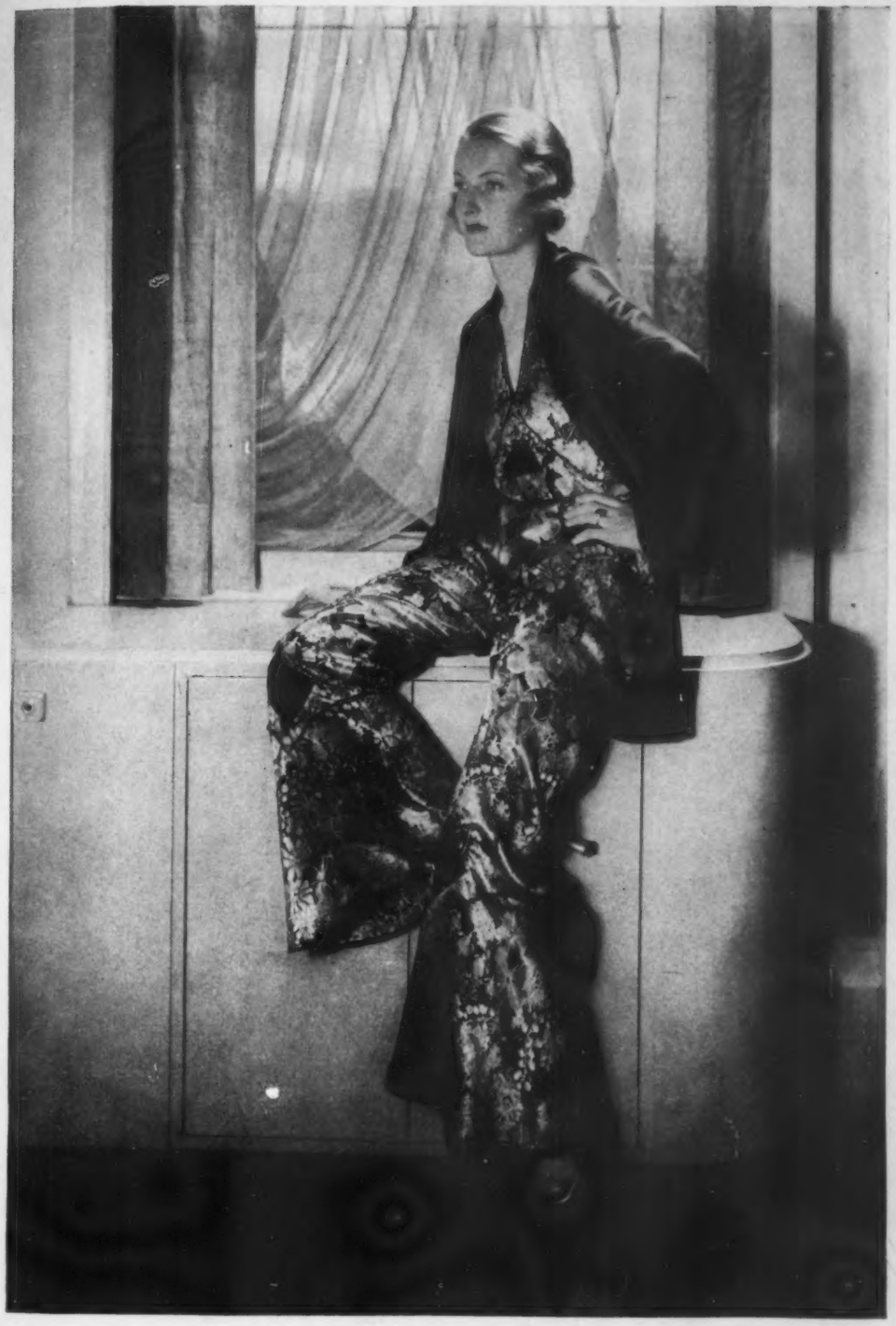


Lucien Lelong Perfumes and Beauty Products are presented at the smarter shops and department stores . . . and be sure to reserve at least one bottle for yourself.



Pajama Ensemble from Jay-Thorpe

...NOT A CREATURE WAS STIRRING...NOT EVEN A MOUSE...NOT A SOUND BUT THE SOFT SWISH OF SILKEN PAJAMAS ON PRESENT-DAY CHRISTMAS EVES, TO ALARM SANTA CLAUS. AND WHO IS SO TIMID AS TO BE STARTLED BY A SIGHT SO ALLURING AS

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The MAJOR *after six.*

The Major is pausing for an instant to adjust his cravat before descending to a seat in his box at the opera where his distinguished presence will instantly be remarked by the alert gathering of first nighters, whose interest in classical music, one is assured, will not prevent them from noting the extremely fine workmanship of the Major's favourite tailor and haberdasher—Saks-Fifth Avenue, New York.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

Our Men's Shop in the Financial District is a Favourite Rendezvous of the Major. Equitable Building—120 Broadway—Suite 3001.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A GREAT many rather hopeful things have been happening lately. Tunney is back—which gives a kind of stability to the country again; Ford has raised wages to seven dollars a day, which somehow adds to the prestige of motoring; science has perfected the telephone so it is possible to speak with somebody on the Leviathan provided the deck steward can locate your party and you can think of anything to

say; Wall Street has cut its Christmas bonuses sharply, alleviating a tense condition in other industries whose employees were getting more and more jealous every Yuletide; the city has been through one really good snowfall, in which thousands of people experienced, for a brief hour or two, the hallowed feeling of peace that comes from white roofs and blurry towers; President Hoover has taken hold of the nation's business, so that all that remains is for the people to figure out a way to recuperate their individual losses; and Jeritza, at the Metropolitan, has been struck by a wooden knife so forcibly that she hardly had wind enough to sing "Addio, mia California," which temporarily, at least, revitalized grand opera and gave it a new burst of speed. All in all, the country is in pretty good shape to face the most trying period of the whole calendar year, Christmas, when just the mere business of living gracefully and courageously takes all a man's time and part of his wife's.

WHATEVER else we skip during the week, we never fail to read the classified ads in the *Nation*... Across that page walk the twin shadowy forms, life and love, arm in arm, from fireside apartment that needs another cultured occupant to health farm that combines ski-jumping with book criticism and fresh country vegetables. Last week we were particularly captured by the ad of "two intelligent but not studious young college men." They were, they confessed, attractive and athletic, but not desirous of pursuing the ordinary means of livelihood. They wanted adventure—wanted it so badly they were willing to advertise for it. It would be interesting to know how they come out. Perhaps we're wrong, but it seems to us that a great change has come over adventure recently: many of the paths of adventurous living have been surfaced with concrete, and mapped. No matter where a young man might turn, he would find fresh tracks in the dust—the marks of

Richard Halliburton's boots; and he would find signposts pointing down side-roads to publishing houses. The paths of glory still lead but to the grave, but they lead first to the Savoy-Plaza; there one finds Halliburton, the snows of Popocatepetl still clinging to his coatsleeve, the waters of the Panama Canal still gathered in little beads on his eyelashes, a young adventurer home on schedule, surrounded by his memories, his little sandwiches, and his book-chat ladies.

THE politest man in town is Harry E. Ward, president of the Irving Trust Company, who sent a letter to all the firms in the vicinity of One Wall

Street, apologizing for the racket his rivets were making. "May we hope," he wrote, "that you will bear with us as patiently as possible during the unavoidably noisy weeks that lie ahead while the steel frame of our headquarters building at One Wall Street is going up?" Almost in tears, he went on to say that he realized what pain he was causing persons who were within earshot of his rivets—"a most unwelcome distraction," he deftly put it. Such politeness, coming from the president of a bank, gives us, even more than rivets, a headache. Furthermore, it fails to inspire our confidence, which is the duty of every bank president in writing even the shortest note. If we were working in the noisy financial district, we'd want a completely forthright letter from Mr. Ward, approximately as follows: "Dear Neighbor—Maybe you've heard the noise we're making over here. If you don't like it, you know what you can stuff in your ears!" Such a letter would give us a feeling of utter faith in the Irving Trust Company—a firm which, we hasten to add, is perfectly

solvent, though temporarily noisy and polite.

Love and Marriage

A FEW nights ago Janssen's Hofbrau Orchestra broadcast a "musical love story." It told, in songs, the courtship and marriage of a young couple. Thus it began with "A Boy, a Girl, and the Moon" and continued through "You're My One Girl" and a lot of other love numbers. In the fear that the vast radio audience might not get the idea, the announcer now and again clarified the situation with a few remarks such as "and after the passing of time, the boy is ready for 'congratulations.'" This was followed by the "Wedding March" and "I Love You More Than Anyone Else," or something of the sort. At the end of the program, still thinking that the musical interpretation of the boy and girl's life might need a little clearing up, the announcer said, "You have just heard a beautiful romance. Where there were formerly two, there are now three—assisted by Frank Cornwall and his orchestra."

Topper

THE Topper, that little contraption made with the gilt wire prongs, which fits into paper cigarette packages and prevents them from crumpling, was invented by one Mr. Joseph McEnery. He used to be in the furniture business in Brooklyn. He sold this out, and for a few years dealt in real estate, mortgages, and silver polish. He then retired from business, although under forty, and removed to Flushing, where he spent most of his time at golf. One day, while on the links, he pulled a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and found all his smokes broken. He decided then and there to invent a device to prevent this. For many evenings during the following months he worked in a mechanic's shop near his home, and eventually he emerged with an invention which, being taken up by the big cigar-store chains, paid him more in royalties in the month of November than he ever made in the furniture business in a year.

Great Men

ITEM for the *Subway Sun*: On the last visit of Mr. Calvin Coolidge to the city, or the last we have heard about, he had lunch with Mr. Hearst at the latter's place in Riverside Drive. Another guest was Mr. Ray Long, Mr. Coolidge's publisher. After the repast Mr. Long, who had his limousine with him, offered to take Mr. Coolidge to wherever he was going. "No thanks," said the ex-President. "I think I'll make better time in the subway." And off he went to the subway.

Speaking of Mr. Hearst, we have heard another story about his great estate at San Simeon, California—the one with twenty miles or so of ocean front, where something big is always going on. (It is said, by the way, that the publisher does not intend to have work on it completed, being superstitious on that point—feels that if the work stopped, he would stop too.) Recently a new wing was to be built and Mr. Hearst learned that, to make way for this, a fine old oak tree must come down. He demurred. He was sentimental about the oak—his father's favorite seat had been under its shade. Tree surgeons were called in. They probed around and reported that the roots had spread so far that the tree could never be moved. Mr. Hearst insisted. The tree surgeons finally said they would try it—if they could have the help of some construction engineers. The best engineers available were called in. It was an enormous operation that followed; trenches were dug, the tree was enclosed in a wide circle of cement and finally, with derricks and cranes, the entire mass—tree, roots, soil, and cement; the whole weighing tons—was moved to the top of a hill. At the end, the tree surgeons presented, fearfully, their bill. It was for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Mr. Hearst glanced at it and smiled.

We also have an anecdote about Mr. J. P. Morgan. Whenever he sails for Europe, or comes back, he always receives the reporters at his stateroom door. He will generously tell how long

he will be away, or how long he has been gone. Once in a while he gives his plans for, or a summary of, the grouse-shooting season in Scotland. In the end, he invariably dismisses the pressmen with the benediction "God bless you," and they walk away in a mild fervor. The only time the ritual ever lacked this solemn spiritual touch was when Mr. Morgan came back on the Olympic recently after the bears had the situation in hand down in Wall Street. There was no blessing.

Bonded

THE president of a large building corporation received a most welcome visitor one day lately, the former cashier of the firm, who had absconded four years ago with seven thousand dollars of the company's money. He had been under bond, of course. The bonding company had paid the loss, and had immediately started a world search. Nothing, however, had been heard from him until now—and here he was back of his own accord, to pay the money he had stolen! The president was pleased at the return of the money. He was also, naturally, curious to learn how his ex-cashier had managed to elude the pursuit of the bonding company so long. It then came out that the man had been working all the time in the fraud department of the bonding company, and under his own name, too.

This Year's Prodigy

RUGGIERO RICCI, the latest child violinist, did not spring full-blown into a family of carpenters or leather-belting makers. His father has taught music and is a wizard on the trombone. Ruggiero has five or six brothers and sisters and they all play some instrument or other. Several years ago the Riccis formed a family orchestra, for their own pleasure, to which Ruggiero was admitted when he was six. He soon became the leader. His father could tell genius when he heard it, so he rushed the youngster off to play for Louis Persinger. This was in San Francisco. The boy calmly, but with the right ardor, played "The Bluebells of Scotland" for Mr. Persinger, and his career began right there. Now he lives with Persinger's assistant, Beth Lackey, in 227th Street. She teaches him, under Persinger's supervision, and is his legal guardian also. The rest of the family, except a younger brother, Giorgio, who is with him, are still in California. Ruggiero doesn't get lonesome; he has Giorgio to argue with, go bicycling with (his favorite fun), and attend concerts with. Giorgio is a gifted violinist himself—won a gold medal in San Francisco just before he came here. The two boys never talk music, but Ruggiero will tell you, if he knows you well enough, that he admires Beethoven and hates jazz. He would rather talk about history, or algebra, which he looks fondly forward to studying, although he doesn't know what it's all about—just likes the sound of the word. The boy has never been permitted to read the resounding praises of his talent, but is only shown unfavorable reviews, which are rare. He has his own ideas about musical interpretation, and is not impressed by criticism, however. Once Persinger, during a lesson prior to a recital, told young Ricci that he played a certain passage too slowly. That evening, at the concert, the lad played it with such incredible rapidity that Persinger, who was accompanying him, couldn't keep up.

Ricci has come over pretty much the same path as Yehudi Menuhin. They made their début in the same hall in San Francisco. Ricci won a memorial scholarship out there in a Christmas Eve contest against a score or more musicians of all ages. This was in 1926; he also won it the next year. Four or five years ago Yehudi won the same medal—and got it again the following year.

Ricci has an accent peculiarly his own—it isn't Italian, because he started to learn that and gave it up, and it isn't Californian, although he was born and raised there; it's just his own. He clips his words. He has been called a chubby-cheeked, normal, romping boy, but he really isn't that simple. His eyes, deep-set and black, have a maturity of expression unusual in a child. His vocabulary is about what you would expect from a child of nine.

Dernier Cri

A MALE shopper in one of the department stores came upon a large display of green paper meant for doing up Christmas bundles and decorated with trios of silver-tinted angels—one picking at a banjo, another just curling up for a nap, the third looking a bit cock-eyed. "Funny-looking angels, aren't they?" he ventured to the salesgirl with a laugh. Her reply was in a tone of pitying disdain. "These are French angels," she said, "imported."

A fussy woman was pawing endlessly over some Christmas cards—we've skipped over to another shop now—and she greatly tried the patience of the saleslady. At length the latter

wearily shoved beneath the woman's gaze some cards showing the Wise Men, properly mounted and bearing down on Bethlehem. She studied these. "Hmm," she remarked. "Yes, camels is nice."

Six Dinner Plates

SOME week when we haven't anything else to do we're going to find out definitely who owns the Kipling dinner plates. We tried it last week, but what with Christmas coming on, we simply couldn't give it the time required. The Kipling dinner plates are a rare item, and there is a story about them. Years ago, when Rudyard Kipling first visited America, he stopped at the house of some friends whose daughter had a hobby, pottery-making. During his visit the girl made a set of six plates, and on each the famous author inscribed a stanza of verse. One was to an apple, another to a pear, another to a peach, and so on. On the back of each plate he drew a picture of the appropriate fruit. The girl then glazed the plates and kept them until recently, when she sold them. She swore everybody to secrecy about her identity, and the gentleman who bought the plates promised never to tell that he has them.

One man in on the secret is Ronald MacDonald, the bookbinder. He bound the six plates—made a book of them—and he considers it the most difficult commission he ever undertook. The unknown owner wanted them bound, as a precaution against breakage and also because he felt that anything by Kipling, even a dish, should be between covers. Mr. MacDonald worked out his problem by building up layers of paper to a thickness greater than that of the plate, then hollowing out the centre and setting the plate in. Each plate made a leaf, and the thickness of the volume, including foreword, is four inches. It cost twenty-five hundred dollars, which is as nothing compared to the value of the plates themselves.

All we know is that the volume belongs to one of the biggest Kipling collectors in the country. This might mean Mr. William B. Osgood Field, of this city, or Mr. E. A. Ballard, of Philadelphia, or Captain Chandler, of Washington—probably the three most eminent Kiplingers.

Mr. MacDonald, incidentally, recently had another interesting task—making a tight little leather case to protect the manuscript of "Alice in Wonderland" for which Mr. Eldridge Johnson paid one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Its novelty is that it is lined with asbestos.

Defeat

A CERTAIN lady who lives in Park Avenue (and if the Park Avenue Association doesn't think this happened we are prepared with name, address, and date) never lets expense matter in her entertainments. She has had expensive bands, troupes of Arabs, a whole theatrical chorus, trained seals, and a lot of other organizations in for the amusement of her guests at various times. This season someone told her of a string quartet that had become pretty popular. She liked the sound of the group's name, or something, and determined to engage it for an affair she was giving the following week. She had her secretary telephone about it, learned that the quartet was available for a thousand dollars, and retained it. She was quite thrilled, on the night of her party, when the butler announced the arrival of the musicians, and went promptly to greet them. She was keenly disappointed, however. "Why!" she exclaimed, "there are only four of you!"

Brilliant Array

IF you go to Adolph Suesskind's German restaurant at Lexington and Eighty-fourth Street, you get, along with your menu, a little pamphlet. It lists, and proudly too, the names of some of Mr. Suesskind's loyal and constant patrons. These are: The Bloomingdale Germania Butcher Guard I, Burning Up Club, Deaf-Mutes Union League, Great Dane Club of America, Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers, Harlem Independent Schuetzen Corps, Lady Manhattan Bowling Club, New York Veteran Druggists, Sixty-Two Club, Thursday Nighters, Uppercu-Cadillac Girls, West Side Boss Bakers' Bowling Club, and the Yorkville Boys, Inc. You can take the little pamphlet home with you.

Carriages and Chains

THE old Knickerbocker Theatre at Broadway and Thirty-eighth Street is to come down this winter, and when it does, another landmark of the carriage-trade days will be gone. It was used by Charles Frohman for his musical shows, as the Empire was used for his dramatic pieces. These places, like other theatres of their day, had personality, character, something you couldn't put your finger on. That kind of showhouse held on fairly well into the decade before the war, but the chain-store system of ownership has done it in now. The big theatre-owning corporations, the Shuberts and Erlanger, control most of the seventy-five legit-

imate theatres in town. That's why they're all more or less alike and have little individuality of their own.

The phrase "carriage trade" goes back, of course, to the languorous past. In those days Father would say, "Heigh ho, let's all go to the Empire tonight," and order out the carriage. Often the family wouldn't know until they got there what the play was. They trusted the Frohman tradition. Also they knew the doorman to speak to and the ticket-seller by sight, and one could always count on meeting old friends in the lobby between acts. A few of the older generation still go to the Empire, out of habit, sometimes distinctly flavoring the audience. Gilbert Miller, the present manager, makes a stab at keeping up the old tradition, using the Frohman name. The real owners, however, are Paramount-Famous-Lasky. Old habitués don't know that or, if they do, try to think of something else.

Only two other theatres in town, we are told, draw trade because of their name and tradition, the New Amsterdam and the Music Box. The former, of course, inevitably absorbed some of the big-scale glorifying that Ziegfeld did there for years. The latter got off to a good start with the glamorous Berlin musical shows. A certain number of people still take a chance on whatever is playing in these houses.

In the old days a doorman often saw thirty years of service at one place. Nowadays he is often hired to fit a size forty-four coat, the one worn by previous incumbents. Ushers come and go and are usually known by number instead of name. One of the big theatre owners even shuffles its employees around amongst its houses every fortnight as a matter of routine.

The independent producer doesn't like the present situation much. Sometimes he has to bring his intimate comedy into a house practically as large as the Hippodrome. His complaint brings results only in a year when there are more theatres than productions, but there have been only two such years since the war.

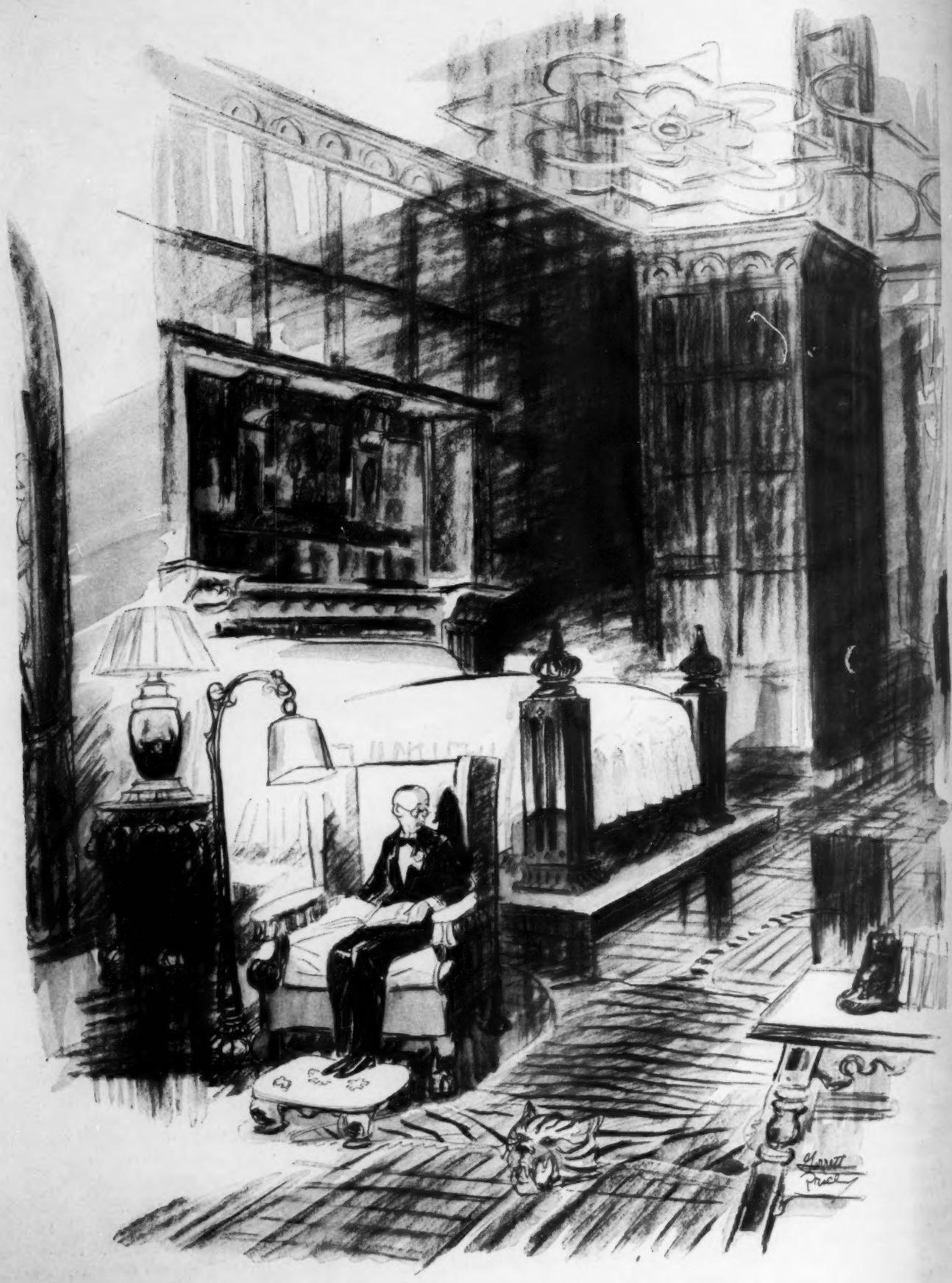
"What do you mean I'm disagreeable?"

• •

Connoisseurs

A MOTORIST bound for Connecticut stopped his car when he was hailed by two young men in naval uniform, north of Rye, and gave them a lift. It was toward the end of a cold day and he had gone only a few miles when he thought a stimulant would be wise. He fished into his bag and came out with a bottle of champagne, nothing less, and this was subsequently consumed by himself and guests. "Pommery," said one of the sailors. "It's pretty good, but me, I like a Moët and Chandon, a Moët and Chandon Brut." The other gob considered. "Yeah," he said, "but I don't like any extra-dry wine. A sec, for me, or something sweeter." This charming familiarity with the vintages greatly surprised the motorist, who asked them how they came by it. "We're in the Coast Guard," one of the sailors explained.

—THE NEW YORKERS



"Here I am, dear, in the master's bedroom."

THE IMPERTURBABLE SPIRIT

MR. MONROE stood fingering some canes in a shop in the Fifties. Canes, it occurred to him, were imperturbable. He liked that adjective, which he had been encountering in a book he was reading on God, ethics, morals, humanism, and so on. The word stood staunch, like a bulwark, rumbled, like a caisson. Mr. Monroe was pleased to find himself dealing in metaphors.

He finally decided not to buy a cane. Mrs. Monroe was arriving that afternoon on the Leviathan and he would need both hands to wave porters around on the dock. His wife had to be looked after. She was such a child. When imperturbability was at the flood in Mr. Monroe, his wife's nature took on for him a curiously dependent and childlike quality, not at all annoying, considerably endearing, and wholly mythical.

From the cane shop Mr. Monroe wandered to a bookstore. On his imperturbable days it was almost impossible for him to work. He liked to brood and reflect and occasionally to catch glimpses of himself in store windows, slot-machine mirrors, etc., brooding and reflecting. He bought a paperback novel, in the original French, by André Maurois. The gesture—it was purely that for the simple reason that he did not read French—added a vague fillip to his day. Then he walked part way up Fifth Avenue, in the brisk air, and finally hailed a cab.

When he got home he took a bath, put on clean linen and another suit, and sank into a great chair to read some more in the book on God, morals, and so on. In the course of this he looked up three words in a dictionary, "eschatological," "maleficent," and "teleology." He read the definition of the last word twice, frowned, and let it go. Despite the fact that the outlook for mankind was far from bright in the particular chapter he was reading, Mr. Monroe began to feel pretty much the master of his fate. Nonfiction, of a philosophical nature, always affected him that way, regardless of its content.

MR. MONROE wandered leisurely about the pier, complimenting himself on having remembered to get a customs pass, and on the way his mind kept dealing in interesting ideas. With an imperturbable frown, he watched the big liner nosing in. Did fog at sea imply a malign aspect of the cosmos? If it came and went, without incident, did that connote luck, or what? Suppose it shielded an iceberg which sank the ship—did that prove the existence of an antic Malice? Mr. Monroe liked the word antic. "Antic," he said, half aloud. He wondered vaguely if he, too, should not write a book about morals, malice, menace, and so on, showing how they could be handled by the imperturbable spirit. . . .

Little Mrs. Monroe, burdened with coats and bundles, rosy, lovely, at length appeared. Mr. Monroe's heart leapt up, but at the same time he set himself as if to receive a service in tennis. He remembered (oh, keenly) as he stepped toward her, how she was wont to regard him as a person likely to "go to pieces" over trifles. Well, she would find him a changed man. He kissed her warmly, but withal in such a strangely masterful manner, that she was at first a little surprised—a tennis player taken aback by a sudden change in the tactics of an old, old opponent. In three minutes of backcourt rallying she figured out that he had been reading something, but she said nothing. She let his lobs go unkilled.

When Mrs. Monroe stood in line at the desk where they assign inspectors, he offered to take her place. "No, no," she whispered. "Just pretend you're not with me. It'll be easier." A slow pallor came upon Mr. Monroe's face.

"Whatta y' got?" he croaked.

"A dozen bottles of Benedictine," she breathed.

"Oh my God!" said Mr. Monroe, dropping, figuratively, his racquet.

An inspector stepped forward and stood waiting.

"So glad," murmured Mrs. Monroe to her husband, collectedly, as to a casual acquaintance. Mr. Monroe fumbled at his hat, and wandered away, tugging at the left sleeve of his coat, a nervous gesture of his. She'd never get away with it. Twelve bottles! Quarts, probably, or magnums—no, it didn't come that way. Well, it came in big, bulky bottles anyway. Let's see, hadn't a new conspiracy law come in? Couldn't they send you to jail now? He could see himself in court, being flayed by a state's attorney. Mr. Monroe had a phobia about lawbreaking, even about ordinance-breaking. . . . "Now, gentlemen of the jury . . ." The state's attorney put on his nose glasses, brought out a letter and read it in nasty, slow accents, a horrible, damning letter, which Mr. Monroe had never seen before, but which, fiendishly enough, *was in his own handwriting*. The jury stirred.

"Now wait a minute—" began Mr. Monroe, aloud.

"What *are* you talking about?" demanded his wife. The courtroom mercifully faded. Mr. Monroe turned and stared at his wife. "Ah—ha, dear!" he said, thickly. "I'm all through!" she said, brightly. "Let's go home."

BY the time they reached their house, Mr. Monroe was his old self, or rather his new self, again. He had even pretty well persuaded himself that his iron nerve had got the Benedictine through the customs. His strange, masterful manner came back. No sooner had he got into his slippers, however, and reached for his book, than Mrs. Monroe, in the next room, emitted a small squeal. "My hatbox!" she cried. "We left it at the dock!"

"Oh, damn! Damn!" said Mr. Monroe. "Well, I'll have to go back after it, that's all. What was in it?"

"Some cute hats I

got for almost nothing and—well, that's about all."

"*About* all?"

"Well, three of the bottles."

Mr. Monroe squealed, in turn. "Ah, God," he said, bitterly.

"There's nothing to be afraid of now, silly," his wife said. "They were passed through!"

"I'm not afraid; I'll handle this," murmured her husband.

In a sort of stupor he went out, hailed a cab, and got in. Life got you. A scheme of morals? A shield against menace? What good did that do? Impertur—ha! Menace got you—no bigger than a man's hand at first, no bigger than a hatbox. . . . "Now, gentlemen of the jury . . . conspiracy . . . defraud the government . . . seditious . . ."

Mr. Monroe crept whitely through the wide street entrance to the docks. The last stragglers were piling baggage into taxis in the noisy channel beyond. A few suitcases and boxes were still coming down the travelling platform from the dock level above. At the bottom, where they tumbled in a heap, two guards stood to receive them. They were really porters, but Mr. Monroe thought they were guards. They had big jaws. One of them gradually turned into a state's attorney before Mr. Monroe's very eyes! The stricken husband wandered idly over to the other side of the moving platform. There stood a lonely, sinister hatbox, a trap, a pitfall, Exhibit A. "Now, gentlemen . . ."

"That your box, brother?" asked the state's attorney.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Monroe, "nope." The porter seemed disappointed. Mr. Monroe walked out into the channel where the taxis were. Then he walked back again; out again; and back again. The guards had turned away and were fussing with a trunk. Mr. Monroe trembled. He walked stiffly to the hatbox, picked it up, and walked stiffly through the doorway, out into the street.

"Hey!" cried a loud voice. Mr. Monroe broke into a run. "Taxi!" continued the loud voice. But Mr. Monroe was a hundred yards away. He ran three blocks without stopping, walked half a block, and ran again. He came home by a devious route, rested for a while outside his door, and went in. . . .

That night Mr. Monroe read to his wife from the morals, ethics, and imperturbability book. He read in a deep, impressive voice, and slowly, for there was a lot his wife wouldn't grasp at once.

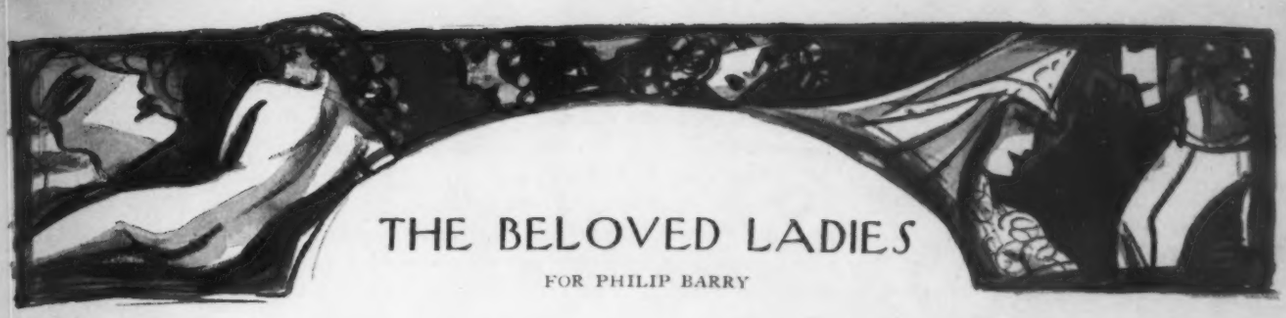
—JAMES THURBER

"Oh,
I do

•

The dog, a pure zhcvixky Ooof-hound, is about 15 inches long and is covered with shaggy yellow hair.—*Lincoln (Neb.) State Journal.*

As are all pure Ooof-hounds.



THE BELOVED LADIES

FOR PHILIP BARRY

SALOMÉ'S DANCING-LESSON

She that begs a little boon
(Heel and toe! Heel and toe!)
Little gets—and nothing, soon.
(No, no, no! No, no, no!)
She that calls for costly things
Priceless finds her offerings—
What's impossible to kings?
(Heel and toe! Heel and toe!)

Kings are shaped as other men.
(Step and turn! Step and turn!)
Ask what none may ask again.
(Will you learn? Will you learn?)
Lovers whine, and kisses pall,
Jewels tarnish, kingdoms fall—
Death's the rarest prize of all!
(Step and turn! Step and turn!)

Veils were woven to be dropped.
(One, two, three! One, two, three!)
Aging eyes are slowest stopped.
(Quietly! Quietly!)
She whose body's young and cool
Has no need of dancing-school—
Scratch a king and find a fool!
(One, two, three! One, two, three!)

NINON DE L' ENCLOS, ON HER LAST BIRTHDAY

So let me have the rouge again,
And comb my hair the curly way.
The poor young men, the dear young men—
They'll all be here by noon to-day.

And I shall wear the blue, I think—
They beg to touch its rippled lace;
Or do they love me best in pink,
So sweetly flattering to the face?

And are you sure my eyes are bright,
And is it true my cheek is clear?
Young what's-his-name stayed half the night;
He vows to cut his throat, poor dear!

So fetch my scarlet slippers, then,
And bring the powder-puff to me.
The dear young men, the poor young men—
They think I'm only seventy!

GUINEVERE AT HER FIRESIDE

A nobler king had never breath—
I say it now, and said it then.
Who weds with such is wed till death
And wedded stays in Heaven. Amen.

(And oh, the shirts of linen-lawn,
And all the armor, tagged and tied,
And church on Sundays, dusk and dawn,
And bed a thing to kneel beside!)

The bravest one stood tall above
The rest, and watched me as a light.
I heard and heard them talk of love;
I'd naught to do but think, at night.

The bravest man has littlest brains;
That chalky fool from Astolat
With all her dying and her pains!—
Thank God, I helped him through with that.

I found him not unfair to see—
I like a man with peppered hair!
And thus it came about. Ah, me,
Tristram was busied otherwhere. . . .

A nobler king had never breath—
I say it now, and said it then.
Who weds with such is wed till death
And wedded stays in Heaven. Amen.

FROM A LETTER FROM LESBIA

. . . So, praise the gods, Catullus is away!
And let me tend you this advice, my dear:
Take any lover that you will, or may,
Except a poet. All of them are queer.

It's just the same—a quarrel or a kiss
Is but a tune to play upon his pipe.
He's always hymning that or wailing this;
Myself, I much prefer the out-door type.

That thing he wrote, the time my sparrow died—
(Oh, most unpleasant—gloomy, tedious words!)
I called it sweet, and made believe I cried;
The stupid fool! I've always hated birds. . . .

—DOROTHY PARKER

UNOFFICIAL DOCUMENT

TO BE LEFT IN NOT TOO OBVIOUS A PLACE IN A TRADED-IN CAR

To Whom It Concerns Most Vitally:
DEAR SIR OR MADAM,

NOW that you have bought this contrivance—and remember, please, that your purchase was none of *my* doing—there are certain things you will want to know about it. There are certain other things you will not want to know which will become painfully apparent to you from time to time. It has occurred to me that a word of advice and explanation may not be out of place. I mean, now that the car is definitely out of my hands and cannot be forced back into them by any known legal process.

I suppose that the dealer who sold this car to you managed, by some means that is known to used-car dealers, to keep it from rattling and squeaking until you had completed the transaction and even driven a safe number of blocks from the scene of the disaster, as you will probably call it henceforth. The clattering and chirping must have come as a surprise and something of a shock to you, when it burst forth all at once from every quarter. I always thought myself that the chirping would be rather a cheery little sound, if it could be worked without the rat-tat-tats that are so reminiscent of the machine guns in the late war, but the two seem inseparable. You can't have the one without the other, and you can't have the car without both.

I haven't really much to say about the extraneous sounds that are destined to accompany you henceforth, whenever you travel. They were not listed on the bill of sale of the car, when I bought it in the first place, any more than they were on the document you got. They were almost as much of a blow to me as to you, although they put in their first appearance one or two at a time, giving me a chance to accustom my ears to them, whereas with you they probably manifested themselves all at once, when the glue, or whatever the used-car dealers use, wore out.

I don't suppose it will cheer you particularly, but it may interest you to know that certain of the sounds of loosened fastenings were brought on rather romantically.

There was a night when we were in Plattsburg and nothing but the fastest possible forced march could possibly get us to Montreal in time to drink legally; you will be glad to know that we made it with a little to spare, but I noticed that that drive marked the beginning of the clanketty-clank noise from somewhere underfoot.

The dull thuds that come from overhead when you hit a sharp bump made their first appearance after a certain weekend, when a young man borrowed the car and our hostess' cousin from Minneapolis and didn't come back until dawn; I don't know just what happened.

BUT I'm boring you. What you need—perhaps worse than you have yet found out—is a little sound advice. Well, you can take part of the rattle out of the windows by wedging them tight with a few common school erasers. Ink erasers are best. A folded cigarette-box shut into each of the doors performs much the same service for another sound. The scratching noise, I have been told, comes from the speedometer and can be fixed if you can get a garageman interested in it. Quite a lot of the screws in the doors and the body have rusted out and might be replaced to advantage, and the floorboards were looser toward the end than I remembered from the early days. The noises in the top are really astonishing, for what was formerly a one-man top has rusted into a twelve-acrobat affair; yet, although it is impossible to budge it with ordinary force, it seems to be looser than ever. A problem in physics, that.

From time to time you will also discover that the hand throttle jams to the steering post in such a way that you can't move one without moving the other. As this is likely to happen quite without warning, and just as you are making a sharp turn, it provides no little amusement to the police and other onlookers. You turn the wheel and the gas goes on full-tilt. All your slowing down goes for naught and the car leaps forward like a startled thing. When it did it with me, there were no women or children in the way,

"Oh, doctor, there must be something dreadful the matter with me—you look so pleased!"

"Don't bother, we're only looking around."

• •

I am glad to say, and it might be a good idea, in driving the machine, to avoid places where women and children abound.

When the man told you the car had four-wheel brakes, he did not lie. It has. One for each wheel. The only thing he failed to tell you (if I am any judge of character) is that they are independent little things and respond according to their individual whims. When you tramp on the brake pedal, what you expect usually is concerted action on all four corners, but that is not what you are likely to get in this particular chariot. The left hind brake may be all with you in your idea of stopping, but it can't count on cooperation from its fellows. The right fore brake, for instance, may be dozing just at this moment and not feel your signal at all. The result is spectacular.

If you are trying to obey the suddenly upraised hand of a policeman, for instance, it is not unlikely that the car will whirl around four times in its tracks and fetch up aiming in the other direction. If it does make this radical change in its course, the best plan, I have found, is to bear down on the accelerator and go elsewhere before the officer has time to say "Jack Robinson," or whatever else he had in mind for the occasion.

The only other driving hazard that occurs to me is the trick the machine has of shying at bumps. If you hit any series of sharp indentations at any high rate of speed, you will probably find yourself slewed around, as the car is skittish and prefers to approach bumps sidewise, as a horse does a snake. By twisting the wheel sharply, it is possible to slew the rear end in the other direction, and if you are really expert you need not slacken your speed materially, unless the road is crowded. It is fun, too, to go along swooshing from side to side, for all the world like one of those little Fourth of July businesses that you lay on the lawn and light, which thereupon spits fire, hisses, and is off in all directions.

IT is true, as you have found out by now, if you have been caught out in the rain, that the top and the windshield do leak a little. Not more, I should say, than a teaspoonful at a time, and the leaking doesn't start until the rain has been going on for three or four minutes. I spoke of this to the man who sold the car to me and he recommended an excellent make of raincoat. Possibly your dealer can do as much for you. And if you do get drenched, I can't speak too highly of a good smart rub with medicated alcohol (or Martini cocktails, if nothing else is handy), followed by a hot toddy. That treatment made all the difference, with me, between six or eight days in bed and a real case of pneumonia. And not once, mind you, but several times.

If the tires take to going flat on you, I think you may as well get some new tubes. I had the rottenest luck with punctures. I was just constantly picking up nails and bits of broken bottle and other sharp things, and I'm afraid the tubes must be rather badly patched by this time. That reminds me, by the way, that it would be a good idea to get a new jack, as I broke the handle of the one that goes with the car, and you can't always be sure where you'll get your punctures. You see, you have to lie on your tummy to work the jack without the handle, and I picked out a freshly oiled road in New Jersey one day.

The other matters are small:

There's no use wasting time trying to clean up that stain on the back of the seat. I don't know what it is that

beer does to imitation leather, but I do know that you can't carry beer in those ice-cream containers for more than an hour or so with any safety, and that even the best beer isn't nearly so pleasant on the outside of your neck as on the inside.

The horn, which is ordinarily a good appliance, and very convenient on more than one occasion, has a way of getting out of kilter now and again and refusing to make any sound louder than that of a stage wind-machine indicating a gentle breeze, about three miles from the audience. This can be remedied by a man in a garage in about eight seconds or, if you prefer not to trust garagemen, by yourself in an hour and a half. When the horn is not working, I have found, pedestrians don't like to respond to shouts, but you can attract their attention by a striking choice of words.

The engine of the car is really an excellent piece of machinery, much better than the sounds it makes might lead you to think. Every knock, as a friend of mine was saying only the other day, is a boost. There's no knowing how fast the engine would make the car go: possibly ninety or a hundred miles an hour. At fifty-five on macadam or sixty-four on smooth concrete the car leaves the road, so definite figures would be purely academic, anyway.

WELL, that's about all, I guess, except that I do hope you enjoy the car as much as I did. With careful attention, it may run for years or weeks, but I should advise you to trade it in—perhaps on an electric iron or a set of books—fairly soon. Something dropped out of it one day, just before I got rid of it, and I think there's going to be a whole cataract of things following before long.

I hear that the Hispano-Suiza is a good car, too.

With all sincere wishes for as good luck as can be expected, I am, dear Sir or Madam,

Respectfully yours,
—EDWARD HOPE

OF ALL THINGS

COMMANDER BYRD and his party took possession of the Antarctic in the sound old American way. When they saw beautiful scenery they tossed out tin cans and food.

•

We are given to understand that about eighty per cent of our daily bread is now baked outside of the home. Before long the domestic rolling-pin will be extinct except in comic strips.

•

It appears from the Soviet note that Russia is on better terms with China than with the United States. The Chinese should send us a friendly little note asking us to compose our differences with the Soviet Government.

•

Our people learned with relief that John D. Rockefeller, the Youngest, is gainfully employed with the Standard Oil Company. It was a problem which had given us many a sleepless day.

•

The President's message indicates that prohibition enforcement is doing fairly well but there is still room for improvement. Preferably with bath.

•

"Can you point to any other public officeholder who gives his life so willingly as the soldier?" asks Major General Smedley Butler. It is not polite to point, but the soldiers in our social set were not exactly eager, either.

•

The man who confessed in Copenhagen that he had a hand in the Wall Street explosion of 1920 got little publicity for his pains. Nothing was lost in that quaint old disaster except lives.

•

These are the zero hours when the college coonskin-coater is less grinned against than grinning.

•

Local stores report a lively holiday trade, yet every customer is treated like a happy surprise. This makes the situation practically perfect for all.

•

Mr. Ford, it seems to us, might give those seven-dollar jobs to the incorrigible optimists who staked the family plate upon the future of the motor industry and were thrown for a loss.

•

We are rather glad to hear that Moses is not to be ambassador to Mexico after all. It seems to us that the Senator's talents fit him for an undiplomatic career.

•

Our city is making experiments with a chemical snow-remover. And what will the new poor do then?

•

The book trade has passed the crisis and is expected to live. The industry was saved by the skill of Doctors Eddie Cantor and Chic Sale.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

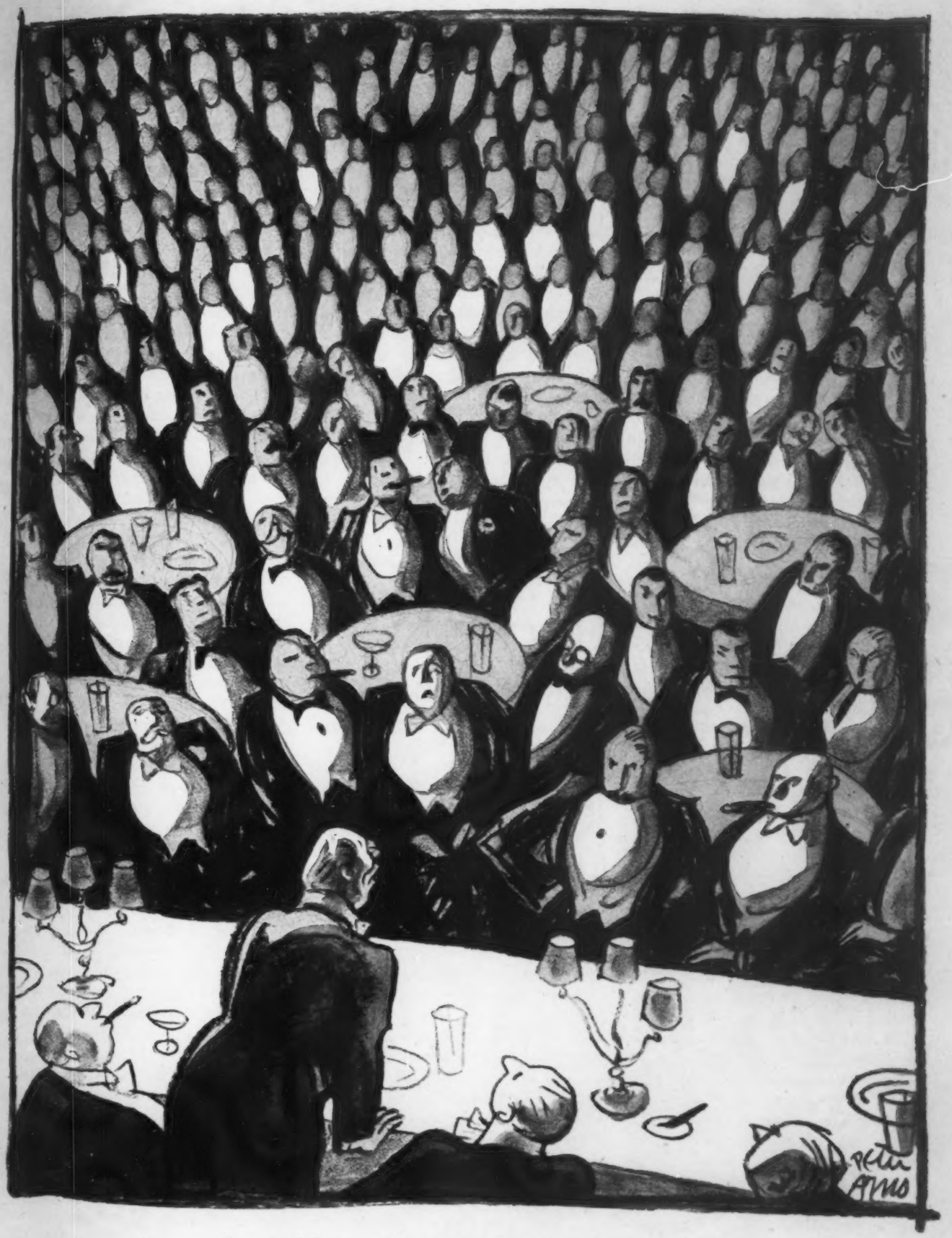
•

THE ECONOMISTS

Outstanding Examples, Taken from the Daily Press, of the Suppression of Wastefulness and Extravagance

CITY	THE ECONOMIST	THE ECONOMY
New York	John Buggiey	Allowed his wife five cents a day for spending money.
London	King George	Has worn the same pair of flannel trousers for ten years.
Dover, Ohio	City council	Abandoned curfew because of cost of steam to blow it.
Hottsbridge, Eng.	School-board member	Has not taken a bath since 1918.
Parkville, Mo.	Mrs. W. J. Brown	Erases the handwriting on Christmas cards, and sends them to foreign missions.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN



". . . and I may tell you, in strictest confidence . . ."

PROFILES

RAMPANT BUT RESPECTABLE

Lillian D. Wald

WHEN the name of Miss Lillian D. Wald was found inscribed on the D.A.R.'s blacklist of dangerous characters, jeers and catcalls went up from the benighted public—the public, as all superpatriots know, being debauched by Bolshevik propaganda. To the public, Miss Wald has long ranked as one of the national heroines, along with Jane Addams, Carrie Chapman Catt—who, incidentally, were blacklisted also—and a few others. The founder of the Henry Street Settlement is exalted in after-dinner oratory; her good works are applauded by bankers, social leaders, Tammany sachems, Republican statesmen, and nice old ladies. Miss Wald dangerous?

As a matter of fact, if one were a superpatriot one would be quite solemnly justified in regarding Miss Wald as a menace. She has been a pacifist, an internationalist, and an open partisan in labor disputes. She has never actually joined a socialist party, but she makes no secret of her radical sympathies, and she speaks kindly, if candidly, of the works of the Soviet government. From espousing the labor cause, at a time when people spoke of trade unions with shudders, to declaring for Smith in 1928, she has spent much of her life in flouting the prejudices of the best people. At times she has paid heavily for it. Yet in the long run the best people have continued to sing her praises and give her their financial support.

For one thing, they respect what she has done. You can't quarrel with nursing the poor. Besides, there is a psychological reason that Miss Wald, with all her heresies, remains respectable. Most leaders of the masses, gnawed by a sense of inferiority, hate the capitalists. Miss Wald has no sense of inferiority, and she hates no one.

Socially she is much in demand among the possessors of great wealth, and she is seen often at their houses, friendly, magnetic, disarming. Some quality in her dissolves, for the moment, the kinks and complexes of people with whom she comes in contact. She leaves them, if not endorsing her view of life, at least magnanimously admitting that there is much to be said on both sides. Miss Wald never asks anyone for money. Instead, with an embroidery of telling anecdote, she describes the need for more nurses. Or she depicts the pitiful straits of children without playgrounds, or the dismal makeshifts forced upon East Side society by its lack of decent halls for parties and weddings. One season a byword went round in rueful tribute to her persuasiveness: "It costs five thousand dollars to sit next to her at dinner."

HER achievements have been quite beyond the bounds of controversy. The Henry Street visiting-nurse service, which she founded and directs, is the parent of all public-health nursing—Miss Wald was the author not only of the latter idea, but even of the phrase. She was born in Ohio, and grew up in Rochester, New York, where her father was an optician. The young woman came of a cultivated Jewish family of doctors and professional people. The illness of an older sister planted in her mind the seed of her future career, because in Lillian's eyes everything noble and magnificent was embodied in the trained nurse who came to the house at the time.

After graduating from the New York Hospital training school for nurses Lillian, at twenty-six, was taking courses at the Woman's Medical College and, moved by a youthful impulse to do good, was holding a class in home hygiene for East Side women. One day a child came to her with a story of someone sick at home. Slums were slums in those days, and the squalor and degradation of the neglected East Side were so extreme that they were attaining a macabre fascination at the hands of Jacob Riis and other literary discoverers. Lillian seized her bag and followed the child to a hole in the wall where a sick woman had been neglected for days. There are two kinds of fastidious people: the kind who recoil from messes, and the other kind, far rarer, who stay to clean them up. The dark-eyed girl in the nurse's uniform was one of the world's illustrious examples of the second order.

Lying awake that night with her churning emotions, she thought: "If people knew about these things, they wouldn't allow them—I can make them know!" With a plan coming to life in her mind she recruited a friend from the training school, Mary Brewster, and after prolonged search they found a tenement in Jefferson Street which had a bathroom. Their idea was to live among the people, and they moved in accordingly, in the fall of 1893. Within two years Jacob Schiff was so impressed by the work the young women were doing that he bought them a house at 265 Henry Street.

From competent witnesses (masculine), one hears that Lillian, then in her late twenties, was a strikingly lovely creature, dark-eyed, smooth of skin, with youth enhancing the same warmth and vitality which distinguish her now. Mary Brewster was blonde, and the two of them, as they made their rounds, resembled later Sunday-supplement conceptions of angels of the tenements. The only nursing of the poor before their advent was in connection with free dispensaries or sectarian organizations. Miss Wald felt that in order to reach everyone the nurse should function independently, and by encouraging people to pay what they could, she put the matter on a self-respecting basis. The Henry Street service today operates a staff of two hundred and fifty blue-uniformed nurses, with headquarters at 99 Park Avenue and eighteen local nursing centres.

NO. 265 Henry Street is an old red-brick house with white facings, built after the War of 1812, when the neighborhood was fashionable. Its yard, fitted up with swings before the dawn of recreation centres, was the pioneer among playgrounds. Miss Wald has made her home there for thirty-four years and the house is furnished with simple old mahogany and shining brasses from Grand Street.

Two similar dwellings across the street were also restored by the Settlement. One is occupied by Miss Elizabeth Farrell, an old companion in arms who introduced special classes for backward children in the public schools.

The other activities of Henry Street grew naturally out of the nurses' visits. Seeing children kept out of school by small ailments—or staying in school with big ones and giving them to other children—Miss Wald proposed having school nurses, and the city adopted the idea in 1902. She also suggested to President Roosevelt the establishment of a federal children's bureau and she became a die-hard opponent of child labor, because these things were forced on her mind by daily observations.

That is characteristic of her mode of thought. She starts with the concrete factor and works out to the general proposition, and the concrete factor of which she is overpoweringly aware is the human one. She is a person to whom introspection is largely a waste of time, and patter—including the patter of social work—a nuisance. There was once among the residents at Henry Street a young lady fresh from college. Word came to the Settlement of a girl who was going to have an illegitimate baby; Miss Wald sent for the young social worker.

"Here is a girl about your own age who is in trouble," she said. "Go and see if you can find some friendly way to help her."

The college miss looked frightened. "But, Miss Wald, I haven't had any experience doing case work—"

"Who said anything about a case?" replied Miss Wald in exasperation. "I asked you to go and see a *girl!*"

UNTIL the star of Alfred E. Smith became ascendant in Tammany she accomplished most under various reform administrations. Yet she gets on harmoniously with almost all politicians. She never misses an opportunity to allude to "our able **Department of Health,**" et cetera. Before Boards of Health and Boards of Estimate and legislatures and special investigating commissions she has been a pleader for all the social reforms of the past thirty years. Most of them were damned as socialistic when first proposed, but Miss Wald's artful and compelling statements have a way of avoiding irritating generalities. Letting the underlying issues slumber peacefully on, she talks instead of little Louis, the deplorable condition of whose scalp is denying him the blessings of education. Or she describes tenement industries; in one home they manufactured fuzzy angora bonnets for babies, and a child crawled among them with a case of scarlet fever; in another family apartment where finishing was done, a cloak was used to cover someone in bed with an infectious disease. Such are the conditions, shocking, gruesome. They ought to be remedied.

Well, no one is going to be caught denying that, and while enjoying the taste of sweet humanity, people find that before they know it they have painlessly swallowed a whole social platform.

Years ago when the East Side workers, horribly underpaid, were in the first throes of labor organization, Henry Street took sides in their strikes with reckless abandon. On one occasion Jacob Schiff, the lifelong friend of Miss Wald, was scolding her for what he considered her misguided sympathies. It was finally agreed that he

"I have it! Another new use for Listerine."

should bring the manufacturers to a conference, if Miss Wald would produce the workers and contractors. When they met, one of the employers talked coolly of supply and demand in the labor market.

"Under the law of supply and demand," said he, "I may pay such low wages out of one pocket that I give charity out of the other pocket."

Mr. Schiff departed, boiling, and sent money to the workers until they won the strike. As for Lillian, one hand was converting bankers and the other was equally busy coaxing strike leaders into clean collars, in her undying ambition to make extremes meet.

Later she helped to organize the Women's Trade Union League and the Joint Board of Sanitary Control. During the shirtwaist strike in 1909-10, a Henry Street representative sat in court all day bailing out arrested pickets. In 1912 the Settlement was a headquarters of "fair consideration" for the unpopular side of the Lawrence textile strike.

Yet Miss Wald never sailed her own course quite so boldly as she did in 1916. At about the time her friend Ramsay MacDonald was being thrown out of his golf club for opposing war, Miss Wald was losing thousands of dollars in contributions for similar reasons. Amid the mounting delirium of 1916 she saw one thing only: that nations are made up of people, and that people are lovable—and helpless. She helped to organize the American Union Against Militarism, and served as its chairman, under a torrent of anathema. After the return to peace and sanity she and Paul U. Kellogg of the *Survey* people metamorphosed one element of the Union into the Foreign Policy Association. Except on two occasions she has avoided political labels. In 1912, won by Roosevelt's humanitarianism, she turned Progressive, to the disgust of the Socialists. Last year she caused a ruction by coming out for Smith. Differing with his prohibition views, she nevertheless appreciated that they were honest. Miss Wald, though dry, is dry with a realistic detachment which annoys the Carrie Nations.

MEMBERS of her board of directors pay tribute to her abilities in finance. It is fun to speculate also on her potentialities as a politician. She could have gone far in politics on her

"I wouldn't have taken him back, would you?"

"A toreador costume, please."

•

gift for remembering birthdays, alone. She remembers hundreds of them with ease, by a sort of supernatural endowment. That is one of her talents; another is summed up in the matzoths. These Hebrew ceremonial biscuits often appear on her table, Miss Wald explaining cheerily: "Here is the unleavened bread which our neighbors eat at Passover. We like it so well we eat it with our salad." Such touches of local color go over immensely with visitors from uptown.

She administers a budget of six hundred thousand dollars a year, but the night telephone rang at her bedside until a fellow-worker forcibly removed it a year or two ago. Despite the enormous pressure on her time she manages to read a good deal and go to the theatre, and whenever possible she retreats to her farmhouse at Saugatuck, Connecticut. The East Side is her hobby; she loves it, wants to see its fine old houses rehabilitated, and is proud of her part in suggesting the huge new apartment block which is to go up at Grand and Broome Streets. Lieutenant-Governor Lehman is interested in it, and Mr. Lehman is a Henry Street alumnus. He taught a class there after leaving college.

At sixty-two, she looks years younger. Ample of build, responsive, she might be called motherly, except that the term implies a degree of softness and Miss Wald, with all her boundless sympathies, is not soft. Dozens of estimable causes have been pleasantly turned down by her because they were not sufficiently grounded on realities. The texture of her mind is as clear and firm as her skin.

She dresses with excellent judgment, except that she indulges a penchant for forbidding hats. On the whole, however, her external details seem curiously elusive. What one remembers after talking with her is not the way she looks, it is the impact of a personality. Her vitality is pure outward flow. Someone remarked that the Henry Street enterprise is more a personality than an organization—although its organization is the last word. It is the personality which attracts such an astonishing range of people. "Babouschka" and Theodore Roosevelt, Kropotkin and Hughes, Ramsay MacDonald and Al Smith, and scores of others, have visited her in Henry Street. They respect her knowledge, which is far-flung, earthy, compact of human realities. Few people have thrust such roots into the soil of New York.

—Helena Huntington Smith

THE DRAMA-LOVERS

"'Skylight' is good enough entertainment, but it is far from being finished drama. You know what I mean. It's full of theatre. And the night I saw it Neilsen, who has the lead, didn't seem to get under the part. She couldn't project herself. She's like that sometimes.

"Hicks has some good ideas but no gift at all for plot cohesion. That is plain enough to anyone who sees 'Skylight.' It is apparent in all the plays he writes. A lot of his lines are stuffy. If 'Skylight' has a long run, it will be because Hicks had a couple of good ideas, and exploited them. The main theme, of course, has been done before. I'd like to see what Tchekov would have done with some of Hicks' ideas. . . . Now this Englishman—you know the one I mean—"

"St. John Ervine?"

"Heavens, no. I mean the chap who wrote 'Journey's End.' He put in too little of the qualities that fellows like Hicks always overdo. He ruined his play, in my judgment. 'Journey's End' is inhibited drama. You can't get away from that. I could show him at least a dozen places where the play should have been built up. The fellow's biggest mistake, of course, was not bringing the woman into the action. He missed a wonderful chance there. Suppose all the action *does* take place in the trenches. What of it? Give her a pair of heavy walking shoes and an Englishwoman will go anywhere.

"As I was saying, Hicks is too much the other way around. Apparently his attitude is that if he does it, it's good. He must think he's Eugene O'Neill or somebody. Take the second act of 'Skylight.' Have you seen the piece yet?"

"Yes, I saw it last night. It's full of theatre."—George Cecil Cowing

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OLD DIVINITY

If you at length remain
Though all your garlands wilt—
Awake in me, like pain,
Afire in me, like guilt—

Not fading, as fades smoke,
Or snowfall, swift and serried—
Be pierced by one sharp stroke
And die thus, and be buried,

Cast in some unmarked spot
With granite that does not bloom
(Insensate, as I am not),
To serve you as a tomb.

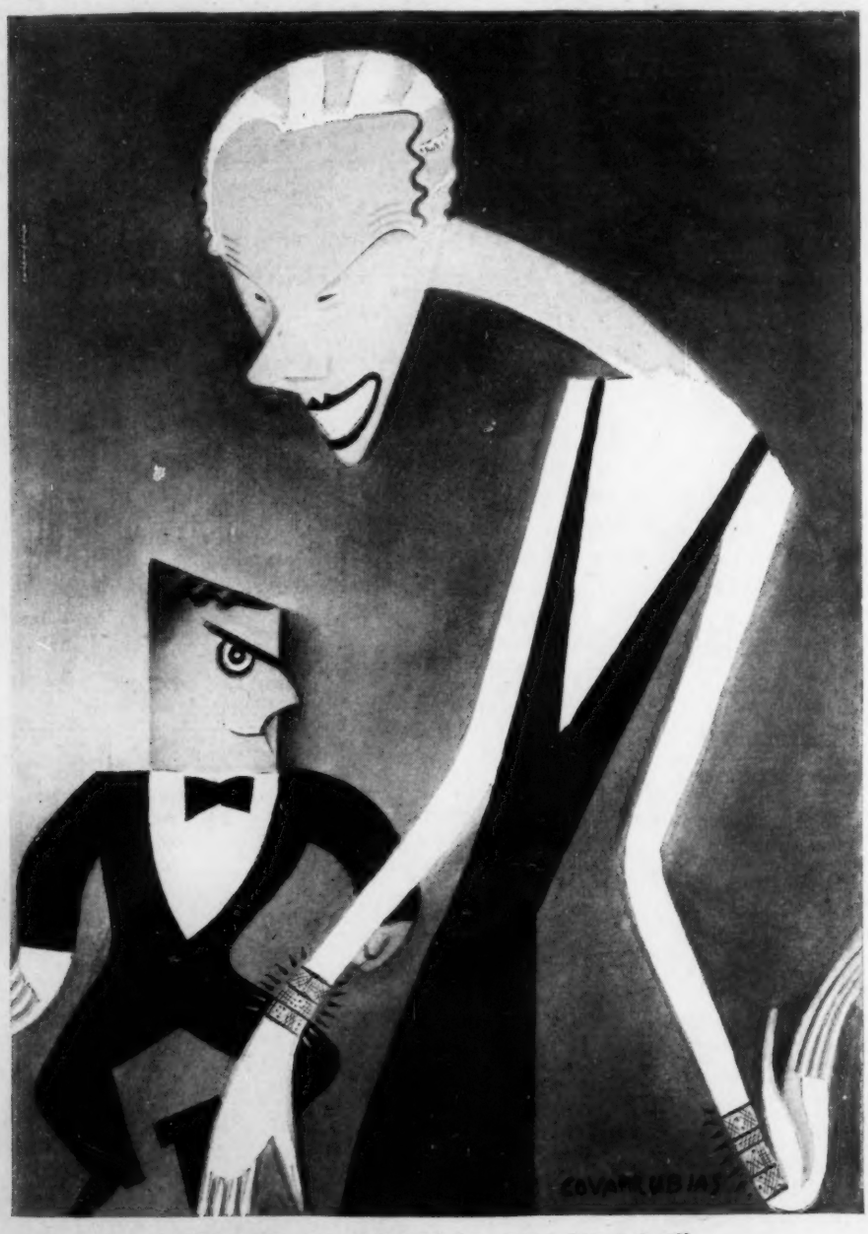
—L. B.

THE THEATRE

SEX RESURGENT

IT looked for a while last season as if Sex had rather run its course—in the theatre, I need hardly add on looking around me at the rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes here today. It seemed as if the playwrights had said all that could be said on the subject, and perhaps a little that *couldn't* be said, and were willing to call it a night and open up the windows.

But that just shows. The whole matter has been revived again this season, and while no new angles have been discovered (after all, there are only just so many angles to the thing and then you have to begin all over again), the authors are going at it just as wide-eyed as if they had hit upon a fourth emotional dimension, or even a fifth. What with "A Primer for Lovers," "Young Sinners," and "The Amorous Antic," if you don't finish up this season by discarding that old Stork Theory of yours, then *nothing* will convince you, that's all.



"GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS"

Two of the surviving members of the old George White Stock Company which has been supplying New York with lavish entertainment for ten years. Mr. White himself is the gentleman in immaculate evening attire and the lady is Miss Frances Williams (as if you didn't know).

I SAW Sex rearing its attractive head in the second act of "Young Sinners," and, although I am not a squeamish man nor one to redden easily, I frankly ducked out before it struck. Young Mr. Raymond Guion had been much too engaging a character up to that point to get mixed up in any such embarrassing truck as I could see coming. And I gather from the morning papers that I didn't see half of what was really coming. It is seldom that I gauge my exit so neatly. But I knew the minute I heard the noble sentiments given off by the evangelical prizefighter who had been engaged to reform the young profligate that when the author did get sexy he would get good and sexy. People who talk about the "joy of achievement" and the "thrill of service" are usually pretty heavy-handed when they try to take on Little Dan Cupid. It takes a good low-life to treat sex delicately.

I AM not imputing such a character to Mr. Ernest Pascal, however, when I say that he treated sex delicately in "The Amorous Antic." He treated it so delicately and so analytically that the play closed in less than a week. In spite of several very amusing scenes, given more than their full value by Messrs. Frank Morgan and Alan Mowbray, the whole thing sounded about as much like an antic as the reading of a paper on "*Recherches sur la Sexualité*" before the morning session of the Third Philosophical Congress. Its basic idea was a sound one, however; namely, that no matter how thin you slice it, it is still boloney.

ANOTHER play which closed its eyes before they really were open was "Whirlpool." This was a good clean play, as earnest as "The Amorous Antic" was flippant, and so old-fashioned that the preacher in it was

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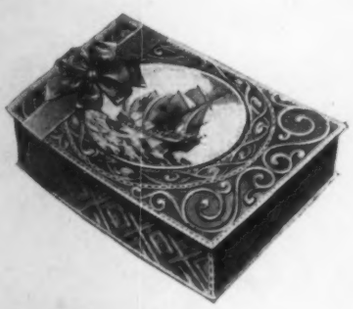

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Ask The Man Who Owns One

actually an honest man. The precipitous closing, in the same week, of these two plays, as far apart as the North and South Poles (courtesy of the New York *Times*), proves something about what type of play will go and what will not. You can figure it out for yourself. My guess would be that you can say anything so long as you don't get tiresome about it.

EVEN those in the audience who are least excited at "Headquarters" will have to admit that, with the exception of the first scene, things happen in it. You may have seen some of them happen before and you may be able to guess at the others, but they keep on happening with considerable rapidity, so that the eye is held even if the emotions are not. There is one room in which every corner, and a great section of the bookcase, is practically alive with activity, and you would hardly be surprised to see the ceiling open and twelve dead Cossacks drop out from a hidden counterfeiting den or the floor slide back disclosing a pool for the disposition of unwanted hijackers.

Even with all these modern household appliances, "Headquarters" is an old-fashioned cop drama, with William Farnum giving it just the right old-fashioned touch as the cuckold police-inspector. It would seem that the surest way to get efficient police-work on a murder problem is to have a daughter or wife of one of the police officials mixed up in it somehow. It took Inspector Regan just one hour to solve the mystery in which his little girl was under suspicion. Perhaps, if that night at the Park Central Hotel when Arnold Rothstein was hurt—oh, well, what's the use of dragging up *that* old affair? At any rate, the Police Commissioner who appeared for a few minutes in "Headquarters" didn't wear a carnation; so the whole thing is probably just fiction anyway. And as fiction of the type it sets out to be, it is all right. After seeing "Headquarters," however, it is pretty certain that the author, Hugh Stange, meant seriously every word of the dialogue in his other play, "Veneer."

THOSE of us who feel like giving up writing every time we read anything by Booth Tarkington should be greatly encouraged by seeing what a bum comedy he has made out of "How's Your Health?" He and Harry Leon Wilson wrote it a long time ago, and it is said that it has been knocking about in an old trunk for ten years. Ten years is none too long for a comedy like this to lie in a trunk. About nine years ago, however, Mr. Tarkington should have let the Salvation Army take the whole thing away, trunk and all.

Of course, it might have been funnier ten years ago, but my parents tell me that even ten years ago people had got a little tired of laughing at hypochondriacs and doctors. The present producers probably had a suspicion that the old gags would need rather vigorous massaging, for they engaged three well-known musical-comedy comedians to work on them. Messrs. Herbert Corthell, Donald Brian (I'll bet he wishes he had gone into that revival of "The Merry Widow" instead), and Roy Atwell do all they can to slap a glow into the dialogue, but even they can do no more than bring it to a pastel pink. If masters like Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson could have sent a play like "How's Your Health?" to the typist, then certainly the rest of us hack-writers are entitled to a little slump now and then. I'll take mine right now. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

HOW A SUNDAY NEWSPAPER IS ASSEMBLED

PERHAPS no feature of modern journalism is so puzzling to the layman as the Sunday newspaper. Few readers, wading through the interminable maze of special sections, magazines, rotogravures, comics, society, want ads, and radio on Sunday morning, can understand how this vast collection of printed matter and pictures was ever assembled and put together. Still fewer can understand why.

Yet so vital is this great weekly enterprise to the American public that, if these newspapers failed to appear at their accustomed time on a single Sunday morning, it is estimated that over three million kitchen faucets would be mended, storm windows adjusted, and letters written to Aunt Harriet.

The organization of a Sunday newspaper may come as a shock to most readers, few of whom hitherto suspected that there *was* any organization. Contrary to popular belief, a Sunday newspaper does not collect, like a

THESE ARE THE DAYS

when even the most rigid Stoic will unbend a little . . . and feel the better for it. For at this time we of a rather realistic age still find pleasure in giving Christmas gifts . . . sincerest gestures of our affection and esteem.

Much may be asked of gifts of such significance. But above all they must bring the greatest happiness to those who receive them. For it is this happiness, given to others, that in its last analysis *is* Christmas.

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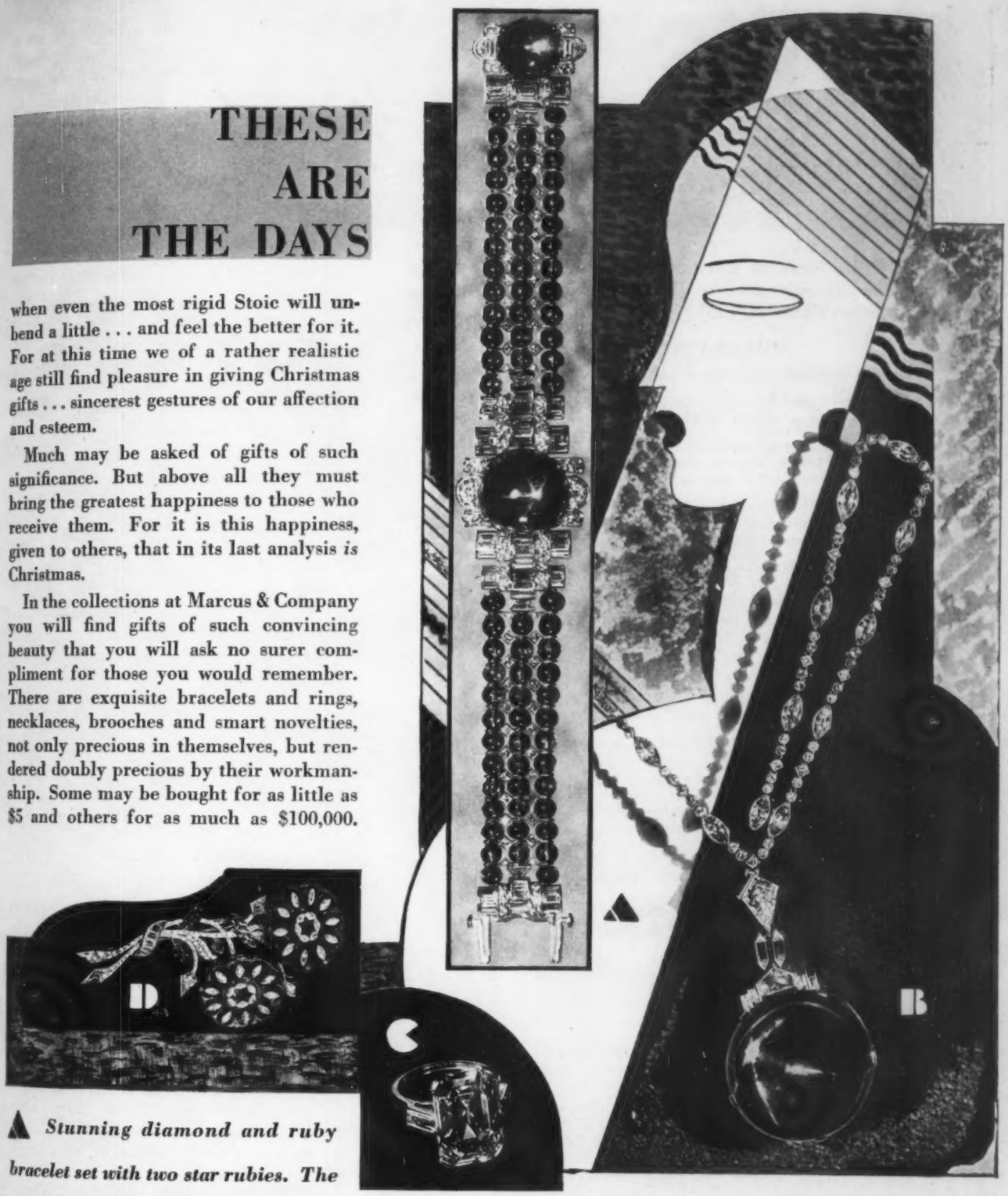

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crowd, but instead is organized on a very definite plan, similar to the present Regional Plan, except that there is no provision made for a tube to Staten Island.

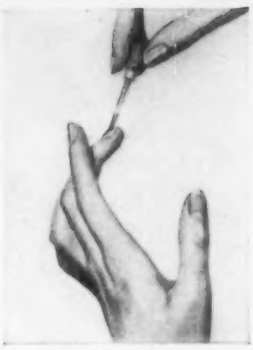
According to this plan, the pages are all carefully numbered, and these pages are grouped in Sections, which are also carefully numbered. These Sections are now placed one within another, Section Three going inside Section Fourteen, for example, and Section Fourteen inside Section Nine; the Rotogravure Section (Five) is slipped over the rest; and the pages are arranged so that any three sections, when added together and divided by twice the amount, will give the approximate mental age of the reader.

THE character of these Special Sections, of which a Sunday newspaper is largely composed, is determined by the mental capacity of the reader, the advertising dummy for that week, and the latest divorce case. Every effort is made to keep the readers entertained and happy, and to please both grown-ups and children. In some newspapers the Magazine Section, long a favorite department with the kiddies, deals exclusively with current scandal, true confessions, and back-stairs revelations; while for the adults there are the colored Comic Section, in which the funny possibilities of cutting off a leg are developed to an unprecedented degree, the "Red Magic" Section, and cross-word puzzles. In other newspapers Rotogravure Sections form a weekly feature; and eager readers may look forward to identifying the same old pictures week after week, under new and startling captions. Another standard feature in certain journals is the Sympathy Section, with the snappy articles on the Central Park Zoo, homeless cats in the big city, or "How I Lost My Job in New York," by a Bum. Such articles are written by the pound, like sausages.

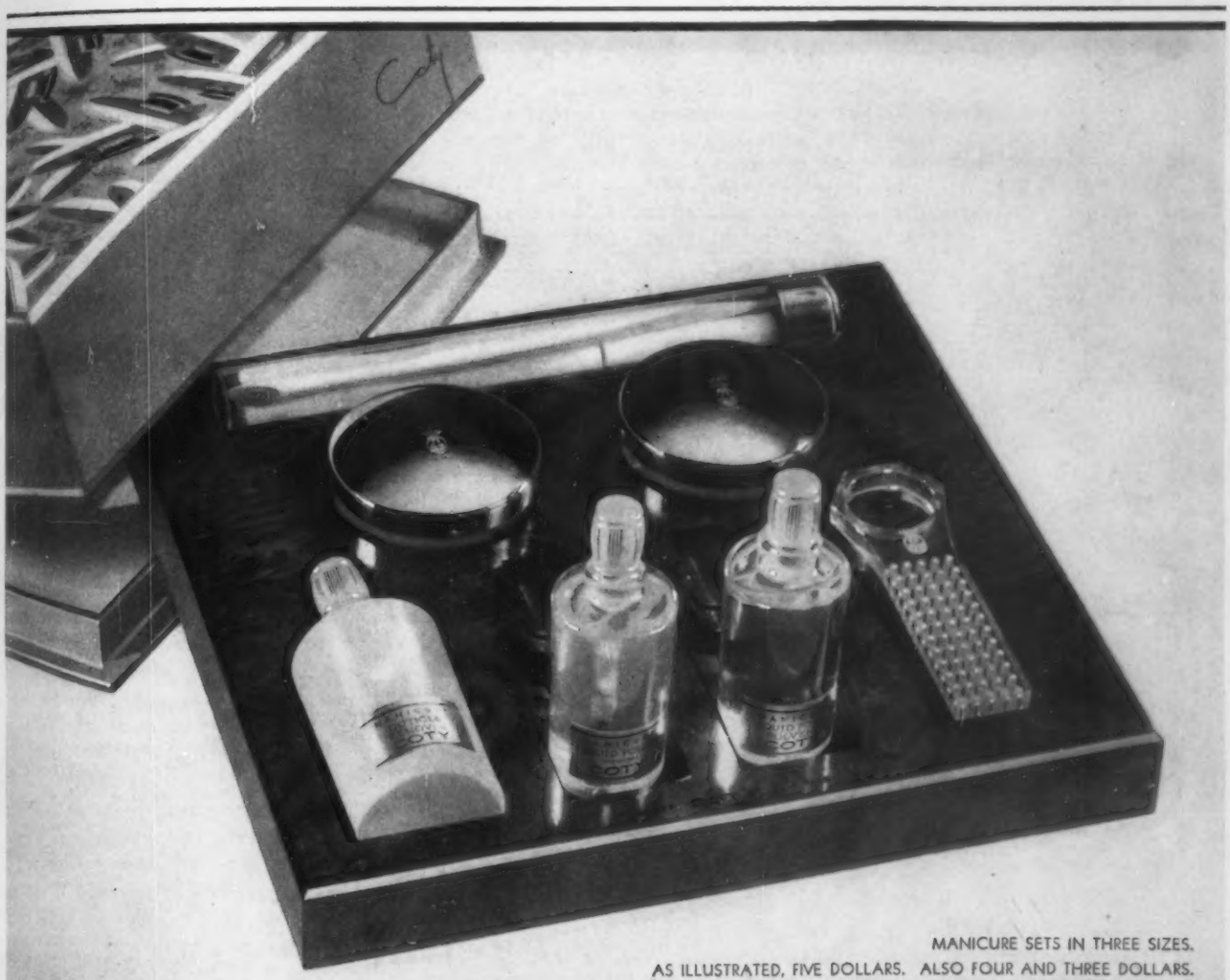
After the articles have been written (as it is called) they are gathered together and inserted through the advertising according to a selected dummy, usually the Editor. Each Section is printed on a separate press. They are then delivered to the newsdealer, who arranges them with the Comic Section on top, and leaves them on the doorstep in a high wind. As a result of this they are rearranged once more, along the area-way, and later assembled for the last time by the next-door neighbor.

—COREY FORD

A NEW GIFT!



TO COMPLIMENT LOVELY HANDS



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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

OUR OWN 100 NEEDIEST

NOW, when the snow spreads its glistering mantle across this old town of ours, and the hearts of every one of you are aglow with the Christmas spirit; now, when the Christmas magazines have all been shoved aside on the library table by the lean, brave January issues, and you wonder where in hell you put all that gay tissue paper and ribbon you thriftily smoothed out and saved for wrapping up the presents you yourself would give this year, it is time to remember that here and there in this great city there are those who will be quite forgotten on Christmas morning unless you—you who read this page today, you who constitute the greatest assemblage of magazine addicts that *can* read without moving their lips—will come forward and share your bounty with them.

While the Salvation Army and the New York *American* appease the *physically* hungry; while the *Times* and the *Post*—God bless us, every one—make it easy for the beneficiaries of our economic system to come across with a slight annual dole to some of that system's more conspicuous victims, it is the province of THE NEW YORKER to point out a few of the less obvious cases of distress, a few of the subtler but none the less touching needs which the great charitable organizations are likely to overlook.

THE NEW YORKER'S own 100 Neediest Cases, published here last week, have already elicited a generous response from its readers, who are, I do assure you, a more old-fashioned, warm-hearted, folksy lot than you would ever suspect from a glance at its snarling columns or a perusal of its glittering advertisements.

To readers unfamiliar with the mechanism of this outlet for their annual benevolence, it should perhaps be explained that the entire cost of administering the fund is borne by THE NEW YORKER, and that, as a rule, none of the gifts is appropriated by members of THE NEW YORKER staff, who are watched constantly. The fund is administered by a committee consisting of three willing workers, who are all toiling together like beavers, with none of the internal bickering that hampers most committees. The members are:

A former Dramatic Critic of the New York *Times*
A former Dramatic Critic of the New York *World*
The w.k. WOR Town Crier.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Previously Acknowledged	$171.50
A Friend	5.00
In Memory of Dear Ones	5.00
In Memory of Gertrude Ederle	14.00
In Memory of "The Channel Road"	12.00
A. K.-K. 17 copies of "Whimsical Whimsies" by Annie Kilburn-Kilmer.	
A. W. 10 pairs of book-ends.	
Proceeds of a bazaar held by Lottie K., Elmer W., Gladys V., Tiny, and Tottikens	2.45
Edna Ferber	1.00

WHILE many of the cases listed last week have already been magnificently responded to, there remain some which have not yet touched the hearts of our readers. A few of these shy, unheard appeals are therefore reprinted here with a faint note of insistence:

CASE 15
Charlie's Sorry Plight

Charlie is a great, big daddy financier—Chairman of the Board of Directors, if you please, of the second largest bank in the whole wide world. Charlie likes nothing better than to arrive from Europe and tell all the grateful shipnews men at Quarantine that the prices of securities in Wall Street are grotesquely conservative. Now, when for the first time in several years he might make this announcement with some semblance of moderation and sagacity, Charlie, having cried "Wolf, Wolf," or, rather, "Bear, Bear," once too often, cannot make any announcement at all for fear of provoking laughter, hoots, catcalls, and other dismaying outcries of contumely. For more than six weeks, now, he has had to subsist on a diet of crow and raspberries. What he needs for Christmas is some good, serviceable prestige. If any of you have some outgrown or slightly worn prestige left in the guest-room closet, please remember that Charlie can use it.

CASE 92
The Desperate Directors

The Theatre Guild has always been too proud to ask for anything, except subscriptions to its performances or to its building programme. But behind its heroic stoicism there lurk some aching needs. Contributions should include, if possible, (a) a new play-reader, (b) just a dash of personal charm for use as an emollient, and (c) a Columbus to assist the Guild in discovering America.

CASE 75
Franklin's Autobiography

Franklin is a newspaper man himself. He had cleaned up a little jack in Wall Street just in time to lose it and therefore be eligible this Fall for membership in the New Poor. In this era of impersonal journalism, and further handicapped by the popular fad for silent suffering, he has been unable to mention his distress, except to members of his immediate circle and to readers of the New York *World*. In the fear that these confidantes, while sympathetic, couldn't scare up a dollar among the lot of them, the readers of THE NEW YORKER are asked to share their Yuletide blessings with this poor old *schlemiel*.

CASE 41
Anxious Alexander

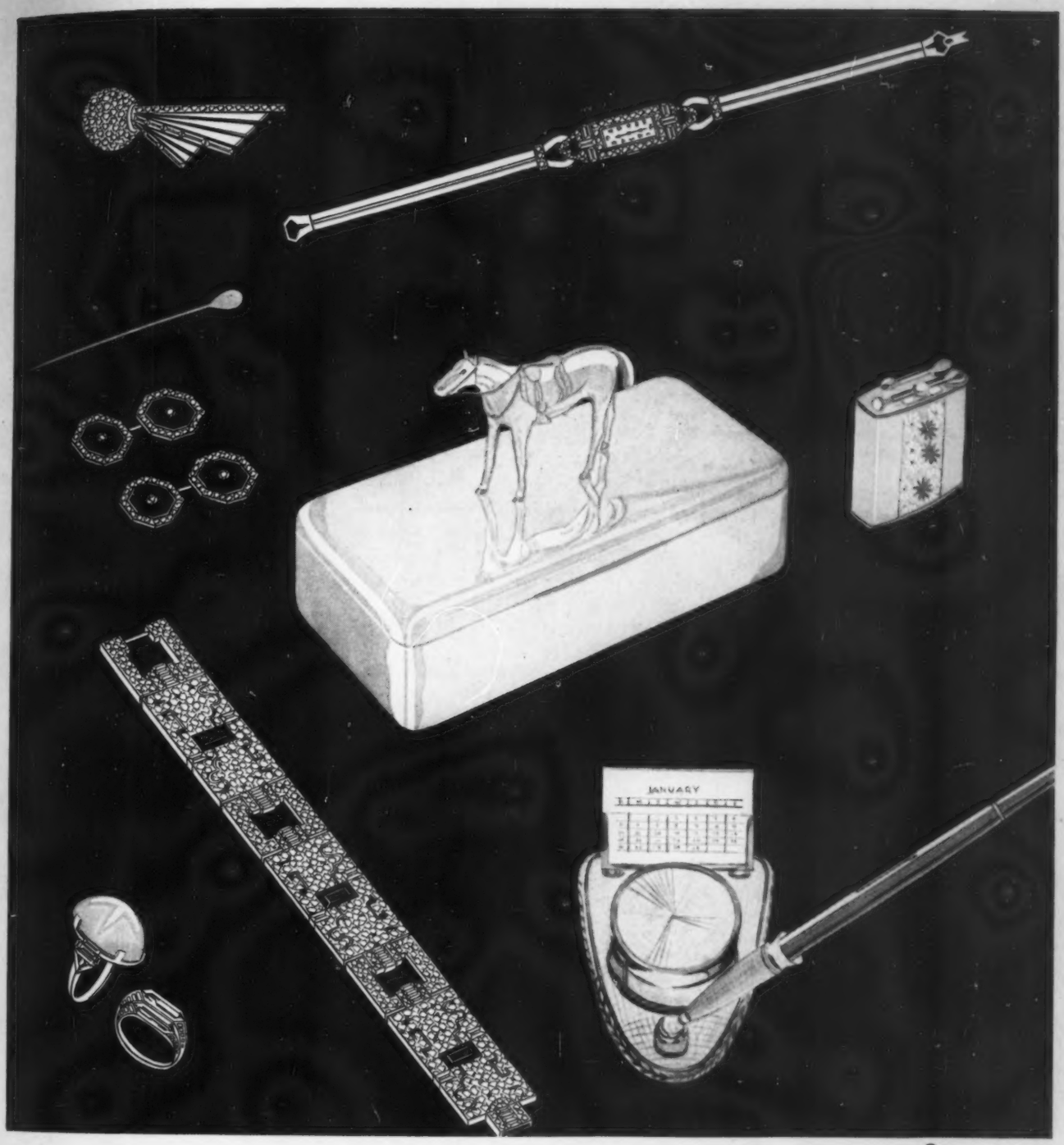
Alexander is really the neediest of the lot. Annually, when asked by his friends what he would like to find in his stocking Christmas morning, his ingrained integrity has made him answer: "Cash, first mortgage bonds, or liquor that has stood the test of time and Munsch-Protzmann." Annually, his friends have laughingly ignored this palpable whimsy, with the result that now the forlorn, old chap has more book-ends than he has books. He is book-end poor.

The offerings from the impulsive readers of THE NEW YORKER are often accompanied by the most touching letters, and I only wish I had space here to print all of them. Here is a fair sample:

> I am just a tiny, golden-haired lass of seven. Tonight I heard my Mumsey and my Daddykins read aloud all about the poor people you were trying to help. I felt so sorry for them that I asked my Mumsey and my Daddykins to let me send in the five dollar bill they had promised for my Christmas. Please take it, Mr. Shouts and Murmurs Man, and spend it as you think best.
>
> LOLA

Thanks, dear little Lola, but, in your harum-scarum way, you forgot to enclose the money. Send it along quick, like a rabbit, or the big Shouts and Murmurs Man will pull your goddam golden curls out by the roots.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT



GIFTS • *The leaves of the calendar turn toward Christmas—and the world's imagination centers around gifts. For lasting beauty, there never has been anything more cherished than the gift of fine jewels or precious metals from institutions famous for both.*

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For information, etc., any Cuban consul, any travel agency, any steamship, railroad or airplane ticket office, or the Cuban National Tourist Commission, Havana.

THE ART GALLERIES

One Man and Some Wire
—From the Vanguard—
A Few Selected Britons

SATURDAY, December 14, will be the last day this year to see the handiwork of Alexander Calder, who has been having a fortnight's show at the new Fifty-sixth Street Galleries. We have raved about Calder every time he has appeared on the horizon, and additional contacts with the young man's work only go to augment our first impression. Here is an artist with a good deal more content than is at once apparent in the thin line of wire that he mainly uses for a medium. The manifest irony and the obvious fun that first strike the eye when viewing anything that Calder has created may lead you away from a serious consideration of what he accomplishes.

If we were running the art schools of the country, we would put all the students through such a course as Calder has chosen. With an unbroken wire for his stock in trade, he is held to the essentials. His line must be perfect, his economy rigid, and his composition and balance all that the laws of gravity demand. Calder gets more grace and beauty into the left hind leg of his lion than many old-timers do with a square yard of canvas and a pail of paint. His acrobats are all superb examples of structural drawing. His animals are for the most part kindly caricatures, but nevertheless essentially possessed of those qualities that differentiate them in their kingdom. He is not quite so happy in his wood, though we think he will eventually find his major work in this medium. His animals are true here as well; the gauche beauty of the giraffe, the ponderousness of the elephant, and the slinkiness of the cat come through the tough grain of the ebony and walnut.

WE mention only two departments of the young man's show. There are also some humorous toys, now on the market, and some oil paintings, relics of an early phase. In the canvases an analyst might find a key to the amazing inner workings of the sculptor. He suffers from youth's sudden discovery that life is too short and that

Tankards

The Tankard was the most artistic and best liked form of drinking cup throughout Northern Europe from the 16th to the 18th Century, and its decorative merit is cordially respected today. The example shown is of silver, excellently designed and graciously chased. It was made by Timothy Skottowe in Norwich, England. Hallmarked 1642-43. Those who purchase rare old things and tasteful reproductions, and those who advertise them, find the Saturday Antiques and Interior Decorations Section of The Sun an incomparable source of interest.

The Sun

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NEW YORK

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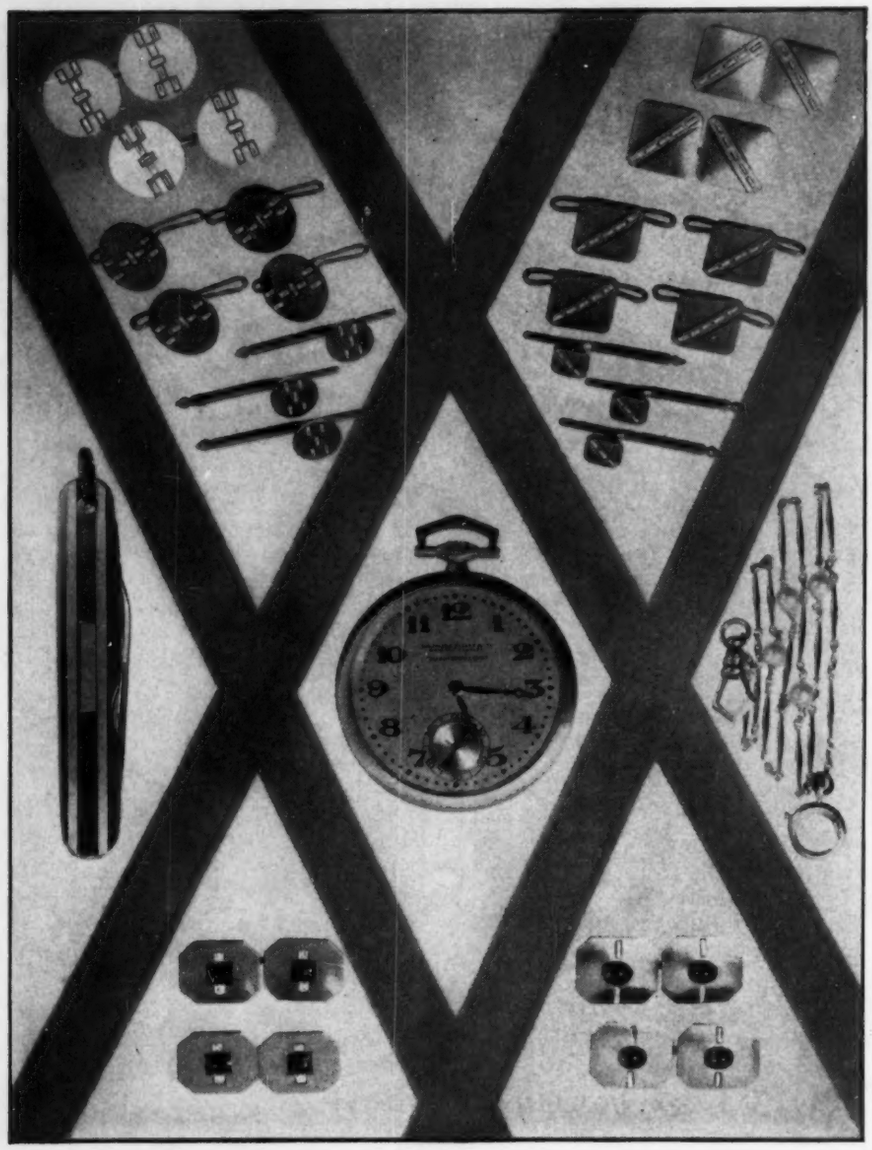

dress set of cuff links, vest buttons and studs . . . all platinum, set with baguette diamonds . . . $1100

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platinum and gold striped knife with monogram panel . . . blade and file . . $38

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diamond and sapphire cuff links . . . all platinum. $375

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an unusually beautiful, all-platinum watch . . . wafer-thin . . . audemars-piguet movement. $675

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dress set—studs, vest buttons and cuff links . . . platinum top, gold back, set with baguette diamonds. $825

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formal vest chain of platinum and pearls . $200

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cabochon emerald and baguette diamond cuff links . . . all platinum . . $625

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there are too many things of beauty in it for mature deliberation. Pell-mell he throws out his sparks; some of them take fire and others do not. We are not sure, though, that any other method would work for Mr. Calder. Deliberation and studiousness would not enrich his output, we feel certain.

THE exhibition of modern art now on view at the Bourgeois Galleries is important in many ways, but mainly because it is the record of a man who has done a lot for art in this country, and who is less talked about than anyone else we know in his field. In the foreword to the catalogue, Mr. Bourgeois tells how he was of the vanguard, one of the hardy pioneers who tried to introduce modern art to America way back in the dark ages of 1912. The blast of hate that met his endeavors seems to have been strong enough to send him back to his philosopher's stool, content to watch the silly struggle ironically. Now that Cézanne and Van Gogh have become fashionable, he comes forward to chuckle a little at those who get their art through the book. We regret that Mr. Bourgeois has been so out of the running. Whenever he has decided to have an exhibit, it has been something worthy of his almost infallible judgment.

We are willing to go halfway with him in his appraisal of the men in his present show, who he claims are among the American immortals. On two or three we cannot agree with him, but the others are held together by that great passion for integrity which always makes for fine painting. In any list of American achievements of the past two decades we would place high at the top the names of Arnold Friedman, Vincent Canadé, Emile Branchard, and Stefan Hirsch. This is a dissenting opinion, we know, and may cause pain here and there. The casual, who are too often misled by mere virtuosity and mere glibness, find this school somewhat meagre. To us, however, there is more real residue in these men than in the far-travelled painters who see much and carry away too many impressions of the booths where are displayed the varying modes of the day. What Friedman, and Canadé to a lesser degree, put upon the canvas comes out of their very souls. They paint from that inner necessity which plunged Van Gogh into his shining immortality, and which kept Rousseau trotting down to the laughing Salon every year with a bigger and better canvas. They paint whether the public

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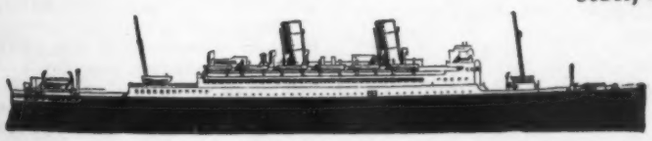

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GUARD THE DANGER LINE

buys or not; and as a rule the public does not. It seems a pity that parades organized in behalf of true artists find the line of march leads across the artists' bitter graves. However, we suppose there is no other way; the American genius is almost sure to be good and poor.

Along with the painters in this show is Remo Bufano, who has done some sculpture in the way of masks and terra-cotta heads. It is an important exhibition, and one you should see, whether you agree or dissent with this chronicle.

SOME British artists, selected by Thomas Agnew, are on view during December at his gallery. There is a Daumier-like Orpen, and there are some things by Roger Fry. The latter has a good deal more clarity in his canvases than in his dissertations. Richard Walter Sickert leads the exhibit. He has gone in for a vague sort of statement, perhaps inspired by Matisse. The show is worth while if you are interested in a full record of art, but we doubt if all Britons would agree with Mr. Agnew on the limited list he has chosen as representing the nation.

ON THE CALENDAR: The American Water Color Society is holding its annual exhibition in the Fine Arts Building. . . . There is a Christmas selling show at the G. R. D. Studio. . . . Roy Brown is exhibiting water colors at the Arden Gallery. . . . George Hellman's private collection of Americans can be seen at the handsome Roerich Museum, 103rd Street and Riverside Drive. . . . There is a sale of Christmas cards by well-known artists at the Art Alliance of America, 65 East Fifty-sixth Street. . . . William S. Horton's paintings and pastels are on view at the Durand-Ruel Galleries. . . . On December 15 the young men who are saving humanity under the banners of the John Reed Club will give their first exhibition, at the United Workers Coöperative Apartments, 2700 Bronx Park East. Hugo Gellert, I. Klein, William Gropper, and Art Young are among those present. . . . Leopold Seyffert has portraits at the Hackett Galleries until December 28. . . . Katharine Kinsella has paintings of Italy at Wildenstein's. —M. P.

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PECK & PECK stockings for evening wear, the sheerest of silk with the most delicate of clockings, packed in individual boxes, $5 the pair.

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A Peck & Peck gift of rare loveliness is "Silken Snare" newest of net stockings, $3.75.

Sport jewelry, of which the Peck & Peck collection is unusual and brilliant, makes a splendid gift.

The "Roustabout" is a Peck & Peck raincoat of tweed, gaberdine-lined, perfect protection against anything this side of a tidal wave, $25.

Peck & Peck crew-neck and striped pullover sweater of silk and wool at $15 and a double-faced scarf of silk and wool at $7.50 make a top-hole Xmas combination.

And there's the Peck & Peck smart new windbreaker of pliable and supple featherweight suede, $25.

More Gifts for the ladies

PECK & PECK bags in unusual designs made of "Hillbilly" cloth, an exclusive mountaineer fabric. They come in many lovely shades, $16.50.

The Peck & Peck "Roustabout" sport shirt, pebble stitched of silk and wool, in all colors, $7.50—and a very swank sleeveless jerkin of washable chamois, $25.

The Peck & Peck "Dromedary" is a coat of pure camel wool with a comfort all its own and a smartness of line that's unmistakably Peck & Peck. In natural colors, $110.

Peck & Peck feature a ravishing new two-piece skating ensemble in a cashmere that will keep its wearer snug against the bitterest frosts. It comes in blue, grey, rose, green and brown, $50. And there's a very fetching suede jacket to accompany it at $35.

And Gifts for gentlemen

PECK & PECK hand-clocked silk socks for evening wear, $2.50 the pair, and exclusive jacquarded mufflers of English silk for formal wear, $9.50.

Peck & Peck dressing robes of English foulard tie silk in stunning colors, and patterns as British as the Bank of England, $35. Others to $95.

PECK & PECK lightweight socks of English wool with distinctive clockings, not to forget a clinging rib that fits them snugly on all ankles, $2.50. Others $1.50 to $5.50.

Peck & Peck neckwear in Peck & Peck patterns — Austrian Mogadores, French moires, and the famous Peck & Peck "Birdseye" repps in the new seven-fold version, $4.50 to $7. Other ties from $2 to $7.

In the Peck & Peck imported lisle socks there's a wealth of smart designs and patterns, shaded textures and embroidered clocks, at $3.50. In plain colors, ribbed, $2. Others from $1.50 to $3.50.

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THAT WAS NEW YORK

ITEMS FROM THE PRESS IN 1778

News:

THE war continues & the Rebels suffer more and more and soon will have no more men with which to fight. It is said that very few have heart for it and only continue for the tyranny of their leaders.

England & Ireland groan under the weight of heavy taxations and it is said the burden will not be lighter would we humble the Americans. But there will then be places on the Continent for our Ministers to dispose of and the world will then be convinced that in these men self interest has the precedency of Public Good.

Sharpers & Rum Jockeys, foreseeing a shortage of produce, have so exorbitantly raised the prices that the country has been pillaged & robbed by them while these Gentlemen have acquired such immense fortunes as to enable them to set laws and taxes at defiance. It has been easy for a Rum Jockey &c to make 2 or 3 hundred pounds clear in a week, and some more.

Last Wednesday night the City Watch detected a number of Villains in a house in Maiden-Lane where was found sundry sorts of dry goods that they had at different times plundered from the honest Inhabitants of this place. These Villains came from Philadelphia.

On Sunday, the 5th instant, to the great Satisfaction of the Inhabitants, the Church at Brooklyne was opened and Divine Service performed by the Reverend Doctor Sears who preached an excellent Sermon & baptised a little Child.

As the weather grows cold it may not be amiss to put the Inhabitants in mind of having their Chimneys regularly Sweeped.

Sports:

A MATCH to be played of Cricket on Wednesday next by a select number of gentlemen on the usual ground opposite the Hand & Flower in the Greenwich Road. The stumps to be pitched at ONE precisely. Previous to the game will be a foot race between two able competitors 500 yards for 10 guineas. Great Betts are depending. An Ordinary at Three, as usual.

For Sale:

FOR sale, on reasonable Terms, Buffalo Skins, ready dressed for sleighs or coaches, by Abraham Willson, upper end of Bridge-Street.

Hair Powder manufactured & Sold by Richard Speight, chymist in Queen-Street.

A small quantity of lime, so necessary at this season for whitewashing houses, to be sold by Benjamin Hugget, no. 43 Nassau-Street.

Philip Lenzi, confectioner from London at Hanover-Square at no. 517. May be had almost every day, ICE-CREAM. Also a great variety of sweetmeats.

Robert Smyth, Taylor from London, makes Gentlemen's Cloaths in the newest and neatest fashions as at present wore in England. In South-Street three doors below General Jones.

Ship Bread & Fresh Rice to be sold by HAYM SOLOMON in Broad-Street no. 222 near the Post-Office.

Jonas, furrier from London, living in Broad-Street, opposite the Post-Office, has for sale a general and complete assortment of muffs and tippets in the newest taste, ermine, cloth linings, &c. Also a parcel of ground squirrel muffs and tippets, & the very best Black Martin.

A Cow & Calf to be sold. The Cow is remarkable for giving milk and being in good order; the calf which was dropt on the 10th instant is large and strong. The purchaser may be accommodated with Hay. Enquire at Mr. Hull's, William-Street.

This day is published by Hugh Gaine and to be sold at his book store in Hanover-Square. . . . Letters written by the Late Right-Honorable Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, to his son. . . . The Wonderful Life & Surprising Adventures of that renowned Hero, Robinson Crusoe, who lived 28 years on an Uninhabited Island, which he afterwards colonized. . . . A little Lottery book for Children, containing a new method of "playing" them into a Knowledge of the Letters, Figures &c., Embellished with above 50 cuts and published with the approbation of the Court of Common Sense.

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Daniel Humphreys, Attorney-at-Law, finding that nothing is to be done at present in the business to which he was bred, has for the support of his family opened a school in little Queen-Street, near Smith-Street.

Wanted, a Genteel Pair of Horse Pistols. Enquire of the Printer.

Elizabeth Evans takes this method to acquaint her friends and the Publick that she has returned to this City where she has been employed for several years and given general satisfaction in making up in the neatest manner possible and the newest taste all sorts of upholstery work such as festoon beds & window Curtains, field & camp Beds, Kitty Fishers, wrought Quilts, chair, sofa & settee Cases, also ladies' boned Waistcoats & Stays, all of which she will execute with care and punctuality. And commands for her sent to Benjamin Getfield, the breeches maker in Queen-Street opposite Burling-Slip will be immediately attended to.

Dr. Dastuge, no. 13 Duke-Street, continues practicing surgery, likewise making artificial teeth & bandages for all kinds of Ruptures and other pieces proper to repair the defects of the human body, some of which decency will not permit him to explain.

Mrs. Maclean (formerly Mrs. Glass) MIDWIFE, begs leave to inform her friends that she is removed to the corner house opposite the Dutch Church once occupied by the late Mrs. Garland, and will be obliged for a continuance of the favors of the Ladies she has had the pleasure of serving.

Rewards:

SOME time in October or November there was taken by mistake or stolen from Franklin's Wharf near the New-Slip an ANCHOR weighing 11 or 1200 groce weight. Any person giving information thereof shall receive 15 dollars by applying to Samuel Franklin.

Stolen upon Friday the 7th instant, about three o'clock in the afternoon

FOR THE GOLF WIDOW'S CHRISTMAS LIST!

Give that golfer-man of yours a gift that will keep him home and happy. CHIP SHOT is like that. It keeps him on the carpet when the snow is on the green.

CHIP SHOT is the new golfing game that brings husbands back to golf-grass widows. It will improve the mashie game of the dub and supply invaluable practice to the par-shooter.

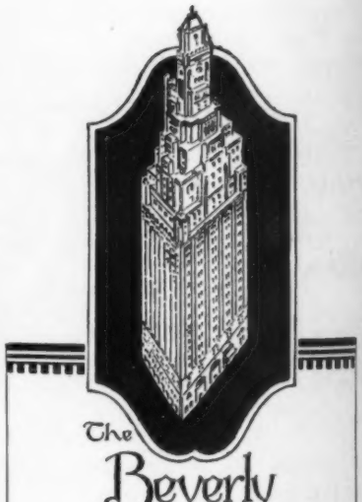
The living room is the course, the five numbered holes in the canvas target are the objectives. CHIP SHOT can be set up in one minute on five feet of space. It is as quickly tucked away when play is ended.

Ask your local store to demonstrate. Or send us your check for $15 and we will send it direct. Money-back guaranty, of course.

CHIP SHOT PATENTED

CHIP SHOT, INC.
Dept. A
35 State Street,
Albany
New York

"The Ball Rolls Back to You"



The Beverly
Residential Hotel
125 East 50th St.

A distinguished residential hotel with serving pantries, electric refrigeration and Beverly-Divan restaurant cuisine of noteworthy excellence.

1 to 4 rooms, furnished or unfurnished on seasonal or yearly lease.

WALLACE K. SEELEY, *Manager*
Telephone Plaza 2700

from no. 28 in Wall-Street, a dark brown coat & waistcoat of superfine cloth with double gilt yellow buttons. They were carried directly to Connor's Tavern in Water-Street, and sold for 2 dollars & some liquor. It is said that some person who frequents the fish market purchased them. Whoever can give information so that they may be recovered shall receive 4 dollars reward from the Printer.

Personal:

WHEREAS an advertisement hath appeared in this paper for some time past charging Elijah Sneedens with having feloniously taken some wearing apparel from Mr. Stephen Ladlaw, this is to inform the Publick that the said charge is entirely false & groundless. ELIJAH SNEEDENS

Whereas an advertisement of the Subscriber some time ago appeared in this paper importing that Elijah Sneedens had stolen some wearing apparel from Stephen Ladlaw, and the said Sneedens having most impudently contradicted this advertisement as false & groundless, I do in this Public manner declare my former advertisement to be an absolute fact and provable in all circumstances. STEPHEN LADLAW

As a certain Stephen Ladlaw has attempted to asperse my character and as a Controversy through the channel of a paper can only serve to render my opponent conspicuous and not elucidate the point in dispute, I shall in future treat him with that contempt he deserves, conscious of the rectitude of my conduct and convinced that nothing can reflect on my reputation but an altercation with a fellow of his infamous character, the notoriety of which renders every proof needless. ELIJAH SNEEDENS. —DAVID BOEHM

(*This is the fourth and last of a series of clippings taken from American newspapers of the Revolutionary period.*)

•

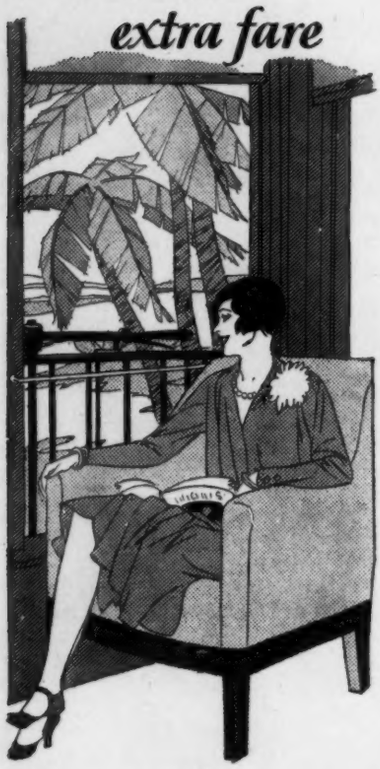
TO A BROKER PROMISING MUCH

Have done with your bold words!
When we construe
The writing on the wall in spite of you,
Why so complacent? Have we you to thank?
Nobody knows the syntax of a bank,
And prophecies are sometimes indiscreet
Here is a symbol, if you like! Today
Among the sooty pigeons of the Street,
I saw a sea gull that had lost its way.

—G. H. C.

PIERRE PRECIEUSE
(Precious Stone)
LIONCEAU
Most exclusive of Holiday Gifts . . . this New Creation by Lionceau. The subtle and incomparable fragrance of a new perfume, shrined in a golden, gem-like bottle, and a jewel-like case of golden green. A price of $50, moderate for so rare a tribute to a lovely lady.
PARFUMS LIONCEAU
Incorporated
Paris
110 Rue Demours
New York
565 Fifth Avenue

Visit *both Coasts of* Florida *without extra fare*



THE privileges of a round-trip ticket to "The Palm Beaches" and Miami, via Seaboard, permit you to visit Tampa, St. Petersburg, and other West Coast resorts without additional fare.

Seaboard's hospitality and southern cooking make this the most enjoyable route south.

Orange Blossom Special
1st trip Dec. 19th
Leaves Penn. Sta. New York—9.30 a.m. Daily

Southern States Special
Leaves Penn. Sta. New York—10.10 a.m. Daily

New York-Florida Limited
Leaves Penn. Sta. New York—6.40 p.m. Daily

For further information or reservations, consult

W. H. DONNY, General Eastern Passenger Agent
8 West 40th Street, New York City
Phone PENnsylvania 3283

Florida via Seaboard AIR LINE RAILWAY

PARIS LETTER

PARIS, DECEMBER 4

THE recent unpleasantness in Wall Street has had its effect here. In the Rue de la Paix the jewellers are reported to be losing fortunes in sudden cancellations of orders, and at the Ritz bar the pretty ladies are having to pay for their first ten rounds themselves. In the Quartier de l'Europe, little firms that live exclusively on the American trade have not sold one faked Chanel copy in a fortnight. A wholesale *antiquaire* in the Boulevard Raspail has a cellar bulging with guaranteed Louis XIV candlesticks which are not moving. In the Rue La Boëtie a thrifty young Frenchwoman, who as a Christmas gift bought herself a majority of stock in the art gallery where she works, finds that all the forty-nine blue Dufys are still hanging on the wall and that it is not likely her stock will pay a dividend. In real-estate circles certain advertisements have been illuminating: "For Sale, Cheap, Nice Old Château, 1 Hr. frm Paris; Original Boiserie, 6 New Baths; Owner Forced Return New York Wednesday; Must Have IMMEDIATE CASH; Will Sacrifice."

Generally, the French people's sympathy in our disaster has been polite and astonishingly sincere, considering that for the past ten years they have seen us through one of the worst phases of our prosperity—which consisted of thousands of our tourists informing them that we were the richest country in the world, that they should pay their debts, that we had made the world safe for democracy, that we were the most generous people in the world, that they should pay their debts, and that we were the richest country in the world. Only in a few malicious French quarters has it been suggested that now certain small American investors can afford to paste Wall Street stocks on their suitcases or toss them to the crowd, as they pasted and tossed five-franc notes here that marvellous summer when the franc fell to fifty.

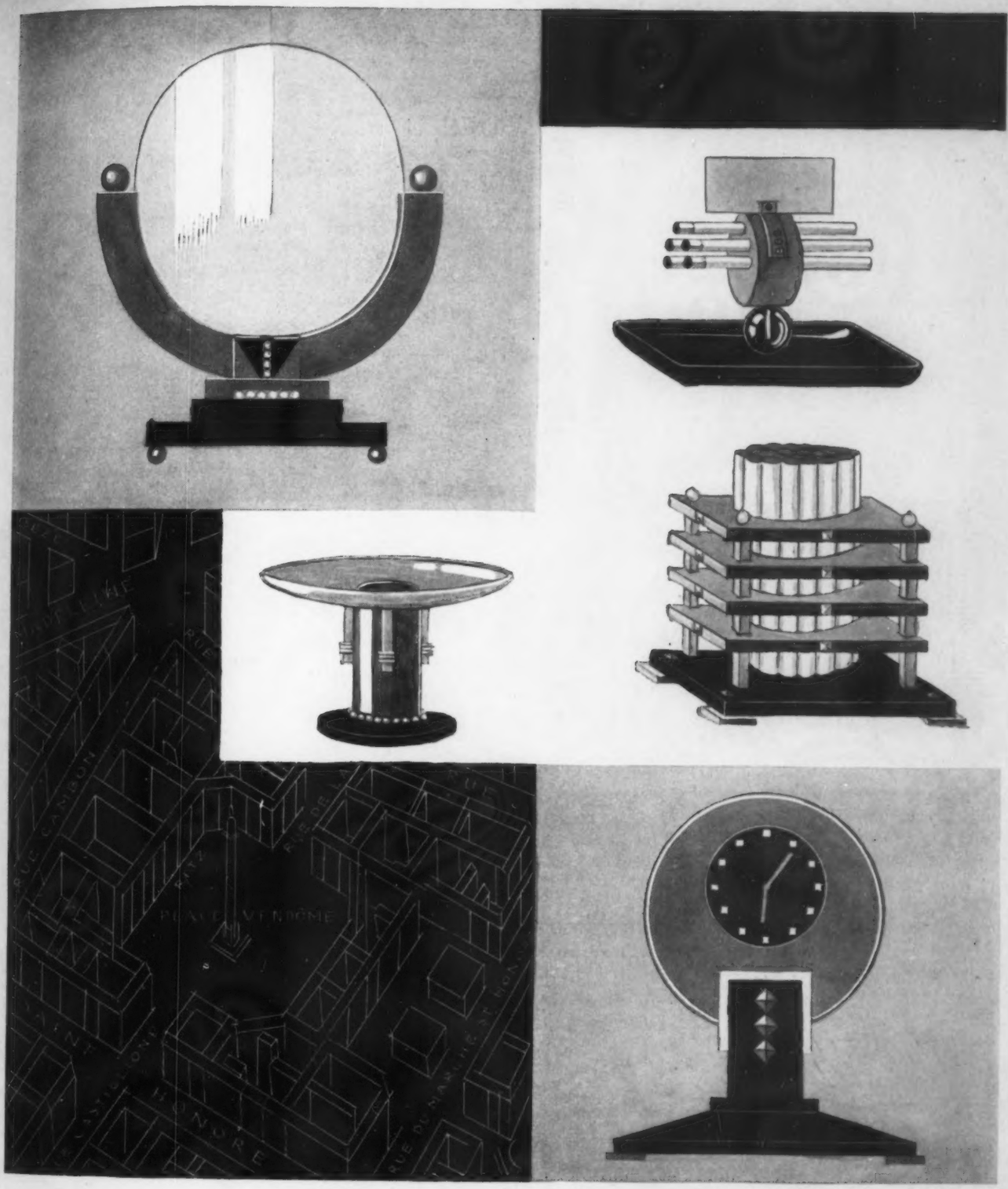
CLEMENCEAU was considered the greatest Jacobin and fighter of his time. He fought everybody, including his government, until he was near to his ninetieth year, died poor, and asked to be buried standing upright. The position suited him. Even his enemies never questioned his probity, and by his friends it was known he never lay down before events; he even attempted not to lie down for the last event of his life. Forced to bed, finally, he still kept his clothes on.

He was a lifelong member of any Opposition and defender of all Lost Causes. After the fall of the Commune, he fought for the Communists' pardon, he fought for revision in the famous Dreyfus Case, he fought for Zola during his infamous *Procès*, he fought for Impressionist art, and posed to Manet for his portrait when posing to that painter was still a brave deed. In 1917 he fought the French Defeatists with one of the most terrifying battle cries ever hallooed over Europe: "*Je fais la guerre, je fais la guerre, je fais la guerre.*" He fought for the morale of the tired soldiers by trudging the front line and addressing anyone less than a general as "*mon enfant.*" As the French now know, he made a good war and a bad peace; but so great was his godhead after the armistice that it cost *Le Matin* half its circulation when it prophetically pointed out the fact.

French men of state are rarely ballad writers, ex-saloonkeepers, or reformed ward heelers, as in the States. Clemenceau was by profession a doctor, wrote a book on "The Generation of Atomic Elements," taught school to Americans somewhere in Connecticut, wrote a novel entitled "Les Plus Forts," an essay on philosophy called "Au Soir de Ma Pensée," a one-act play produced as "Le Voile du Bonheur," and was a member of the Academy.

He was buried without benefit of clergy. All his life he thought coldly and believed hotly. As he said, "The greatest sin of the soul is to lack warmth."

ELMER RICE's "Street Scene," as "Dans la Rue," was a theatrical scene of extraordinary disaster. The best French masons built the tenement façade on the stage of the Apollo, but they might as well have built it on sand. The piece—such is the supposed momentary popularity of anything Anglo-Saxon—was scheduled by Jane Marnac, Apollo lessee, and one of the shrewdest of the many shrewd women producers in Paris today, as being good



. . . in addition to their brilliant creations in Diamonds and Platinum, offer a collection of interesting Fantasies . . . for favors, prizes, place cards and gifts. They include Cigarette Holders, Photograph Frames, Jewelled Clocks, Ash Trays and many other creations in Jade, Coral, Crystal, Lapis, Onyx and Gold. These delightful conceits will be welcomed by those who are ever searching for the original, and who will rejoice at finding smart gifts and favors which can be obtained only at Van Cleef & Arpels Paris and Van Cleef & Arpels Inc. New York.

THE CHARM OF THE PLACE VENDOME — REFLECTED IN EVERY STONE — IN EVERY CREATION

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS JOAILLIERS *Place Vendôme* PARIS

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS Inc. JEWELERS · FIFTH AVE., at 53rd ST., NEW YORK

Where do you dress for the evening?

THE commuter-executive let his wife pack his bag. One cuff link. One shoe. An unmistakable footprint on his shirt-front! And a dinner date waiting! Why can't those stenographers go home? Dressing in the office is uncomfortable enough without an audience. Spend the winter season in Tudor City and dress comfortably, with time to make a good job of it. And walk to your date. Here are all kinds of apartments, both hotel and housekeeping. Laundry, valet, nursing and maid service. Garage facilities, private policemen, radio experts, a private school. Two green parks and a miniature 18-hole golf course. And only four minutes' walk from Grand Central. Ask particularly to see Apartment 24F.

A wide choice of apartments in 9 buildings. Hotel apartments 1, 2 and 3 rooms: $65 to $225. Housekeeping apartments, 1 to 6 rooms: $84 to $325.

FRED F. FRENCH MANAGEMENT COMPANY, INC.
Renting office at East end of 42nd Street (Vanderbilt 8860)

LIVE IN
TUDOR CITY
AND WALK TO BUSINESS

Write for the new descriptive booklet NY-8

FRED F. FRENCH MANAGEMENT COMPANY, INC., 5 Prospect Place, N. Y. C.
Please send me without obligation your new 32-page booklet describing Tudor City

▼ NAME ▼ ▼ ADDRESS ▼

for at least a month. It was not good even for the first night. As Germaine Beaumont astutely remarked in *L'Art Vivant*, the French do not comprehend our moralizing over profane emotions, and being profane about sacred ones. Also, Parisians do not have a milkman but send the cook out with a pitcher as, in better days, our forefathers sent out for beer. Thus a play dealing with the peculiar professional and personal problems of a milkman was socially incomprehensible here. Moreover, the adaptation made by Francis Carco (who was selected as competent to deal with Manhattan tenement-dwellers because he is an authority on Montmartre apaches) was as unfortunate as might reasonably have been expected. A few more inept importations such as "Street Scene," "The Hairy Ape," and Hollywood talkies with an Illinois accent, and the French public will contentedly go back to bed and to triangle plays, one way or another.

HOWEVER, the novelist Jean Giraudoux, known to you for his charming "Suzanne and the Pacific," should momentarily satisfy with his typically French, witty, neo-classical comedy at Jouvet's famous Comédie des Champs-Elysées, where the fidelity of the wife of the Theban general, Amphitryon, so astounding that it has already intrigued thirty-seven French dramatists in ages past, is offered for fresh surprise as "Amphitryon 38." It is a delicious, modern, literate play for educated ears. In it one sees Jupiter, in gold tail coat by Lanvin, and Mercury, in metal dinner jacket and smart evening helmet with wings, amorously roaming the earth, with Alcmene, the general's beautiful bourgeoise wife, scandalizedly putting the gods in their places. As a sensuous romanticist with a capacity to excite credulity in love, Giraudoux is unique. He alone has the skill to show Parisians the delicious gods as having truly lived, and dear domesticity as never having died.

This is only Giraudoux's second theatrical venture. The first one, "Siegfried," which got off to a slow start, he said would run two nights. It ran two seasons. "Amphitryon 38" opened as a success; at that rate (nor shall we mind) it should run forever.

—GENÊT

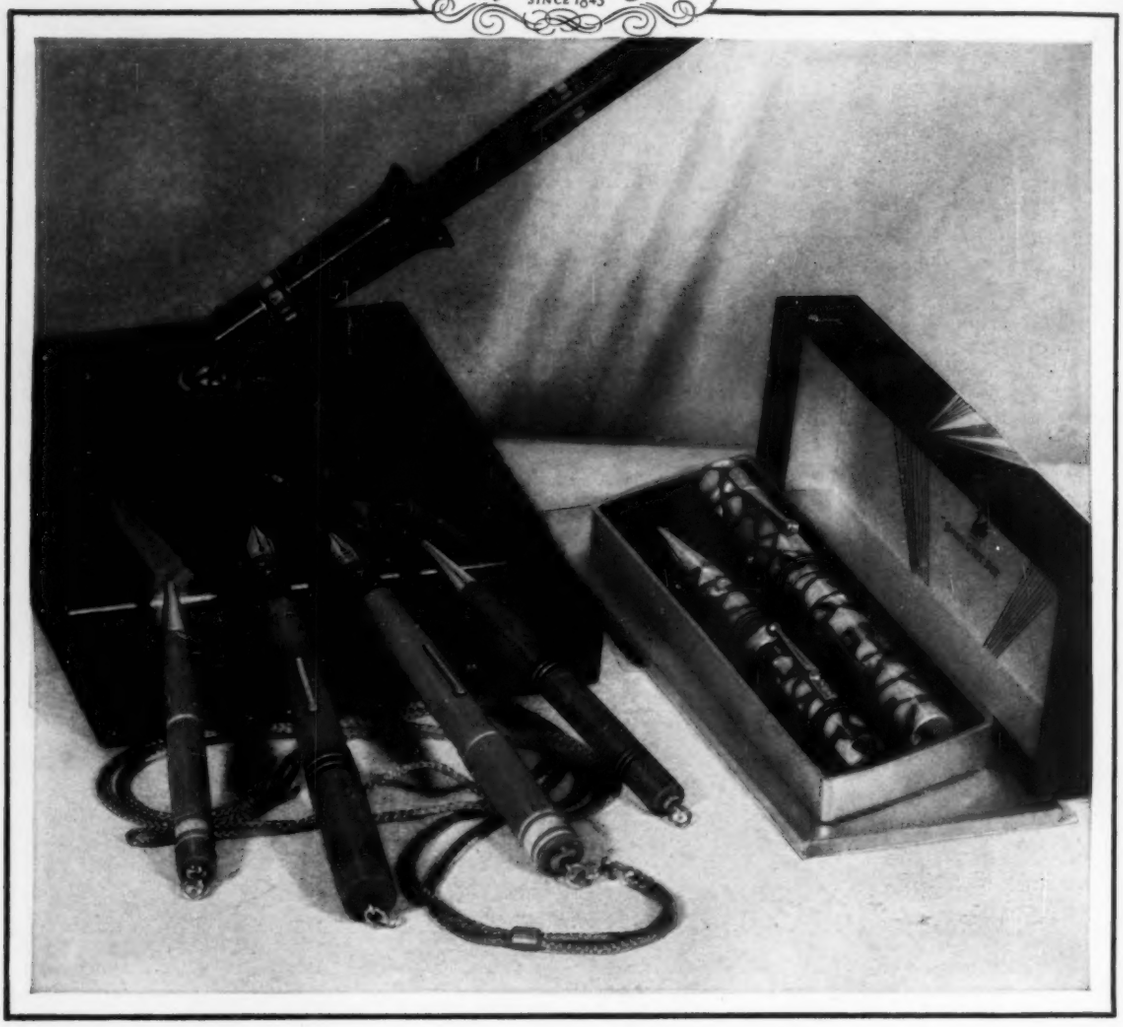
•

JOHN—I have reduced 40 pounds and am still losing. Write me at 1601 Wyandotte. PEARL.—*Adv. in Kansas City paper.*

While there is yet time.

MARMON
BIG EIGHT
A new big fine Marmon — road mastery, poise, character and distinction — bringing up to today everything Marmon has meant in the past + + + THE ENGINE—125 H. P. straight eight + + + THE BODY—roomy, beautiful, spacious + + + APPEARANCE—immediately Marmon, but a Marmon unmistakably of this new day + + + pictures, specifications and prices on application + + + Marmon Motor Car Company, Indianapolis

The SWAN Pen
Pen of the British Empire
SINCE 1843



WHERE Big Ben booms beside the Thames, where temple bells tinkle by the Sacred River, *Swan* PENS have helped to write the history of an Empire. Soldiers and diplomats have daily put to proof their instant response, their effortless glide. To give a *Swan* ETERNAL PEN is to give the finest in the world—the perfect writing instrument. Made by the hands of expert craftsmen, it is adjusted to scientific precision and its adjustment is permanent. It cannot fail. It is guaranteed eternally.

Swan PENS

MABIE, TODD & COMPANY

NEW YORK: 243 West 17th Street

CHICAGO: 209 South State Street

LONDON SYDNEY CAPETOWN BRUSSELS BARCELONA PARIS

HOCKEY

Down on the Farm—
Dice and the Trainer—
Barber-Shop Duet

INSTEAD of practicing for Pittsburgh when they got here on Saturday, the Rangers spent the day loafing around their hotels, taking walks, and going to the movies. They hadn't played a game for a week, but they had been working hard just the same. Most of them would rather be travelling around the circuit, putting on a game every other night, than working out somewhere in the country during one of the momentary lulls in their schedule. Games are better fun than practice, and in town they can amuse themselves when they're not on the ice. On the farm they eat at a training table and keep strict rules.

THERE is no rural implication in the fact that a training camp is called a farm. The Rangers' farm at Springfield consists of certain rooms in the Charles Hotel, and a special, long table in the dining-room there. The Springfield team, owned by Madison Square Garden, lives at the Charles too. When the Rangers are sent to the farm for practice, the two teams eat together and play against each other. They ride out to the rink in a bus that Springfield kids recognize and yell at. Sometimes an hour and a half of hard practice fails to make the players feel that they have had enough exercise and they start a football game in one of the fields on the County Fair Grounds, where the rink is. A few of them keep their lacrosse sticks up there and look for a chance to get them out and practice passes. They get knocked around as badly at these amusements as they do playing hockey, but that's what they like. In the evenings some of them go down the street to catch the early movie show. They have to be in bed at ten o'clock. Some teams play Red Dog a lot, but the Rangers have never been card-players. Coach Patrick would let them play all they wanted to. The only game forbidden on the Springfield farm is craps. Patrick doesn't object to craps on ethical grounds, or even because of the arguments that might get started. He believes, probably quite correctly, that crouching on the floor for several hours

Whole CHICKEN
Better in 4 New Ways

1. Cooked whole ready to heat and serve, or slice cold.

2. With all natural flavors and juices saved by Flavor-Sealing.

3. May be kept on hand for instant use. Sealed from contamination.

4. Healthy, wholesome birds. Each U. S. Inspected and Certified.

Chicken is now the quick, easy, healthful home meal—for mansion or kitchenette. Ready cooked, Whole Chicken—that may be served cold—fried in 5 minutes, roasted in 15.

And so superbly cooked—*Flavor-Sealed!* All the flavors and juices saved that ordinary cooking loses. This chicken is cooked in the sealed package. Flavor is cooked *in*, not *out*.

In its own jellied juices—marvelous for soups and gravies.

There's a wonderful Milk-Fed Chicken in every package. Cleaned and plucked to perfection. Trimmed of all useless parts. No waste; economical. Each chicken U. S. Inspected and *Certified* to be healthy, wholesome, clean. Never before could you be sure of such a bird every time.

At leading food stores. Whole Chicken, or Halves. 2 to 4½ lbs., net weight. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

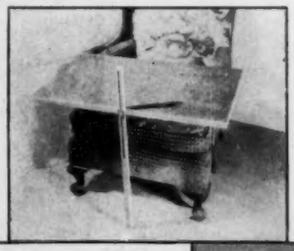
To Fry—Warm package and pour off juices; brown in hot fat 5 minutes.

To Broil or Roast—Pour off juices, wipe chicken dry; give 15 minutes in hot oven.

★Flavor-Sealed Foods are first sealed in the vacuum package. Then cooked. All flavors and juices are saved.

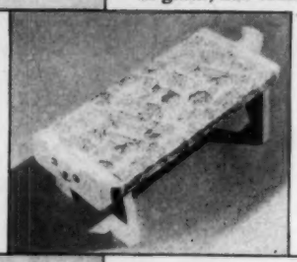
★Flavor Sealed
HORMEL
MILK FED
WHOLE CHICKEN

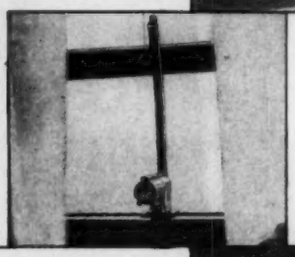
GIFTS Janet Gray SAW AT LEWIS & CONGER



THE One-legged Table saves me a lot of mental wear and tear because it's the sort of thing you can give to young or old, married or single—which I do. It rests across the arms of a chair, or it can be held on the lap. The height is adjustable. You use one soft padded side for cards. Or, if you wish, you can turn the top over and find a hard, smooth surface for writing or sewing. Lacquered in red or green; also comes in mahogany finish. $7.50

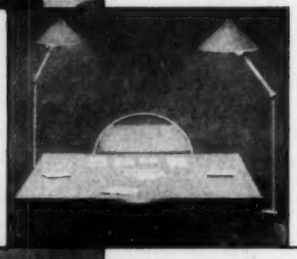
SALLY has three youngsters. So Steppup ought to be most welcome there. He boosts small folk up to wash basins, thereby making clean-up time really popular. Steppup's smiling puppy face forms one end of the stool, his jaunty tail makes the handle. Around his middle is an oilcloth blanket. He comes painted pink or blue, and costs $3.00

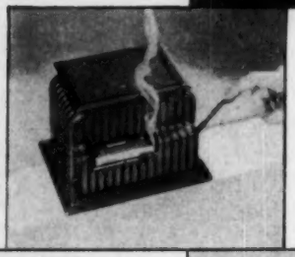




THE Big Chief is giving the Window Closer to ever so many of his friends. You see, it closes the bedroom window. Fastens to the ledge. Has a clock that you set for half an hour or so before getting up time. At the appointed hour the clock releases a coil spring and down glides the window quietly. Enameled a soft gray. $13.50

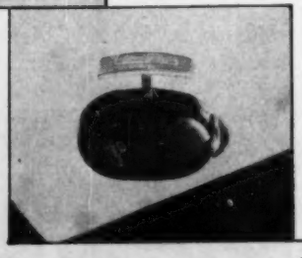
THESE Twin Bridge Lights are new. They come in pairs and fasten to alternate legs of the card table. Each light rears aloft on an adjustable jointed arm. These lights cast an even light on the table without glare in the eyes and without shadows. Enameled in green, lacquer red, or black. $6.00 a pair.





THE Servasmoke all but smokes your cigarette for you. Certainly it does the next thing to it—hands the cigarette to you already lighted. The top of the Servasmoke holds 40 cigarettes. Press the lever, down rolls a cigarette, on flashes the flame and lights it. Now I ask you, could anything be neater! $15.00

THE Big Chief saw the Pygmy Flashlight and immediately bought it. "It'll do as a gift for someone," he said. The Pygmy fits comfortably into the palm of the hand. It generates its own electricity—has no batteries at all. All you do is press the handle up and down, and you have light. $6.00



Janet Gray

© Lewis & Conger, 1929

LEWIS & CONGER

45th Street and Sixth Avenue, New York City VANderbilt 0571

at a stretch stiffens the knees of crap-shooters and slows down their skating.

MOST big-league teams do not own a farm-team of their own, but make casual arrangements with minor-league clubs to try out recruits they have bought. It takes a few months anyway, sometimes a year or so, to season recent amateurs to the professional game. There are no discarded major-league players with the Springfield team. All the fellows on the farm are recruits who are expected to develop into Ranger regulars. Besides the twelve on the Springfield squad, seventy-five minor and amateur-league players are listed in a card-index in the Garden. Scouts are sent out to watch the men on that list and report how they are developing and what offers other clubs have made to them. Every year, each major club can take an exclusive option on four players, but it has to bid in open market for those it wants outside of this allowance.

HOCKEY players wear out quickly and new ones have to take their places. Competition for good recruits is so active that any team's success depends a good deal on the efficiency of its scouting, so after a rookie has been lined up for any team the club-owner usually looks him over personally. While the six-day bicycle race was in the Garden and the Rangers were training at Springfield, Colonel Hammond went north to see an amateur whose name he asked me not to publish. He had found that though this rookie was on the Rangers' reserved list, another club had offered him a lot of money to break his agreement and go with them. Early in the morning Hammond arrived at a town on the Canadian border and went to a barber shop to get shaved. He felt that coming up there had been a smart move. Unless the scouts of rival bidders had found out that he was coming and reported it to the local press, he would be able to see the game that night and even talk to his prospect without being recognized. In the back of the barber shop sat a boy playing a banjo, and Hammond started talking to him.

"Yes, sir, we've got a great town here," said the banjo-player. "Good theatre, hockey team—"

"Have you got a good team?"

"*Have* we? Well, H—— plays on it, and I'll tell you how good he is. They say this fellow Colonel Hammond from New York has come up here today to take a look at him." —N. B., Jr.

Maillard's
Chocolats Miniature

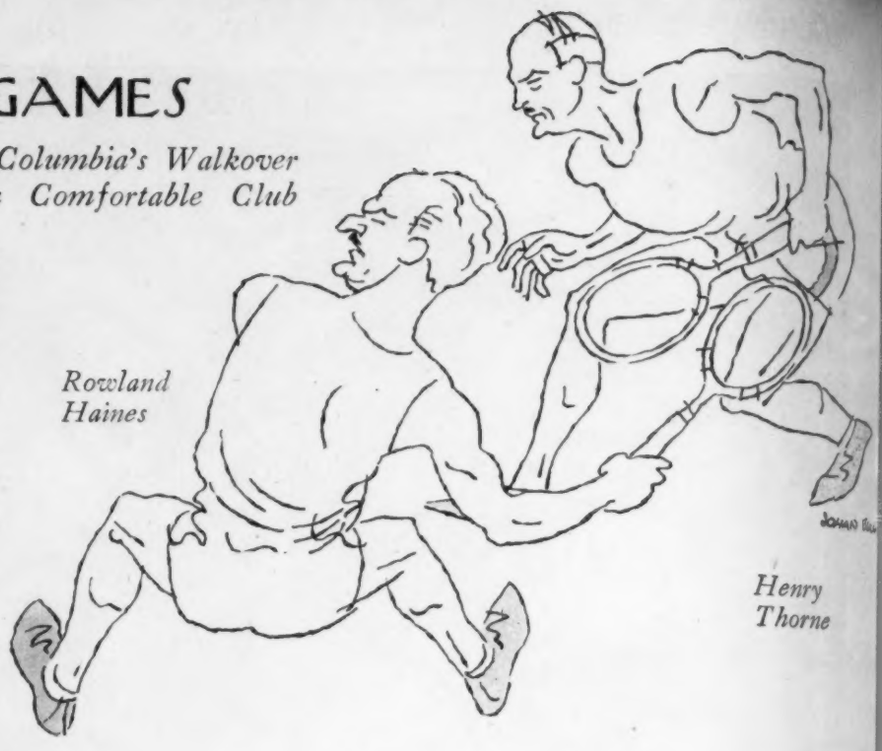
© 1948 HENRY MAILLARD INC.

IN NEW YORK
Two Dollars the Pound
IN PARIS
Sixty Francs the Pound

TUCKED into this NEW metal box of red and pink you will find the culmination of all Maillard's eighty-odd years of experience and all Maillard's genius in the making of exquisite confections—Maillard's Chocolats Miniature, little candy masterpieces in miniature size that will give you an entirely new idea of delicacy in candy . . . Your selection of Chocolats Miniature as your gift candy will mark you as a connoisseur of good taste . . . To be had at stores where the best of candies are sold.

COURT GAMES

A Champion Returns—Columbia's Walkover —Pros, Pupils, and a Comfortable Club



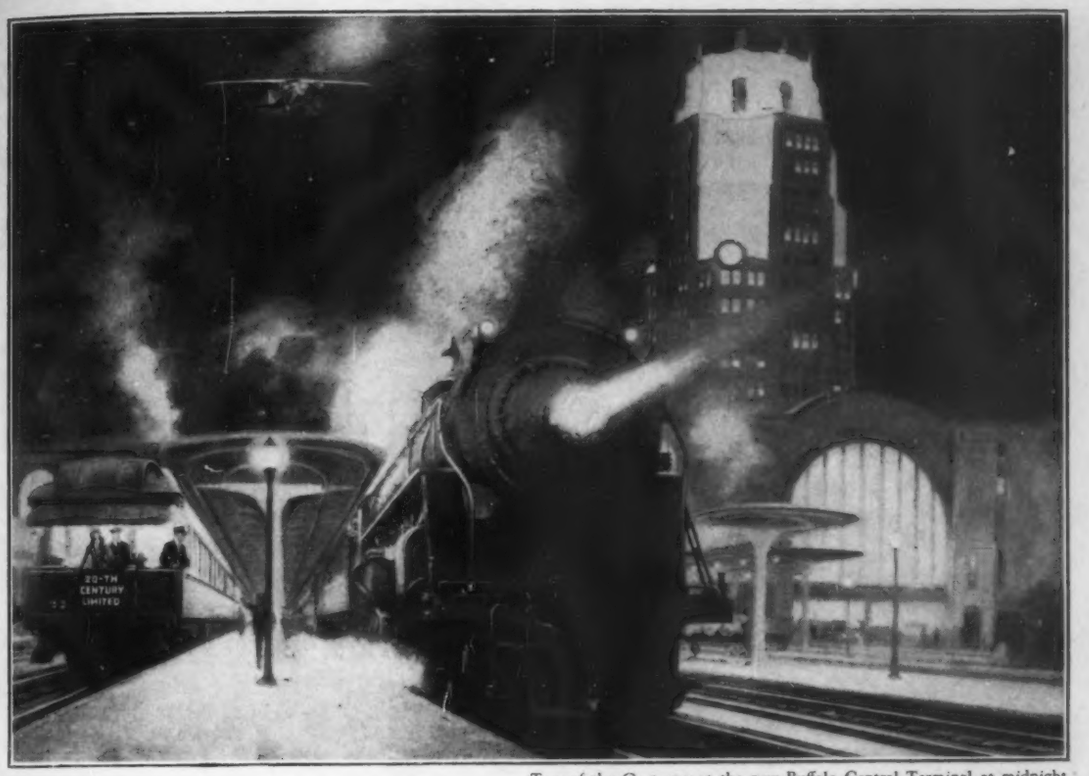
Rowland Haines

Henry Thorne

BY defeating E. R. Larigan of the Crescent A. C. in the final round of the fall scratch tournament, Rowland Haines destroyed the hoodoo that had been besetting him for three dreary years. Whether he sacrificed a few burnt-offerings of brand-new squash racquets to the gods of the National Squash Tennis Association's annual fall scratch tournament is not generally known; no odor of incense was detected by even the most whimsical spectators, and the only spectacle visible to the naked eye was the very non-mystical one of the national champion battering away with almost monotonously dazzling speed. Larigan put up a stiff fight during all four games.

SINCE then, in the interclub activities that are now being renewed, Larigan has taken another beating. This time it was at the hands of Harry Wolf, the boy wonder from Montclair, whom, paradoxically enough, Larigan handily defeated in the quarter-final round of the fall tournament. Wolf took the first game and led 9–1 in the second, before Larigan pulled himself together to the tune of 11–13, only to lose the next two points. On the same evening Columbia added to its string of victories by overcoming the Yale Club players. R. W. Haines contributed his bit by winning two out of three games from Henry S. Thorne, who played No. 1 man on the Yale team. The Kenneth Ward-Gardner Hirons encounter resulted in the only Yale victory of the evening, all members of the well-nigh mythical Coward-Guernsey-Cordier trio being absent—to the considerable alarm, if not indeed surprise, of Frank Lafforgue.

LAFFORGUE, incidentally, has been active in court games for nearly thirty years. He doesn't look as if he could possibly be forty years old, but way back in 1903 he was an instructor at the Racquet and Tennis Club. At the same time he was widely known for his prodigious feats as a bicycle rider and a cross-country runner. His favor-



Two of the Centuries at the new Buffalo Central Terminal at midnight
—*From a painting by Walter L. Greene.*

THE 20th CENTURY LIMITED
leads the world's greatest fleet of DE LUXE FAST TRAINS

NIGHT after night the world's largest fleet of de luxe fast trains speeds over the smooth water level route of the New York Central Lines —the great central artery of travel between the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic Seaboard.

For more than a quarter of a century the standard bearer of this service has been the *20th Century Limited.* Because of the great public preference for the *Century* between Chicago and New York, this famous train is now operated as a fleet of trains in two divisions—the first division bearing the name of the *Advance 20th Century Limited.*

As a further extension of *Century* service, with a later afternoon departure from both New York and Chicago, New York Central Lines recently inaugurated the new 20-hour de luxe train, *The Commodore Vanderbilt.* The two *Centuries* and *The Commodore Vanderbilt* carry the great majority of men and women of affairs who travel between the two cities—and who place a high value on restful sleep en route.

New York Central 20-Hour Fleet

New York to Chicago

ADVANCE 20TH CENTURY LIMITED
Lv. New York 2:00 p. m. Ar. Chicago 9:00 a. m.

20TH CENTURY LIMITED
Lv. New York 2:45 p. m. Ar. Chicago 9:45 a. m.

THE COMMODORE VANDERBILT
Lv. New York 4:00 p. m. Ar. Chicago 11:00 a. m.

THE WOLVERINE (via Michigan Central)
Lv. New York 5:00 p. m. Ar. Chicago 12:00 noon

Chicago to New York

FAST MAIL
Lv. Chicago 9:50 a. m. Ar. New York 6:50 a. m.

THE WOLVERINE (via Michigan Central)
Lv. Chicago 11:00 a. m. Ar. New York 8:00 a. m.

ADVANCE 20TH CENTURY LIMITED
Lv. Chicago 12:00 noon Ar. New York 9:00 a. m.

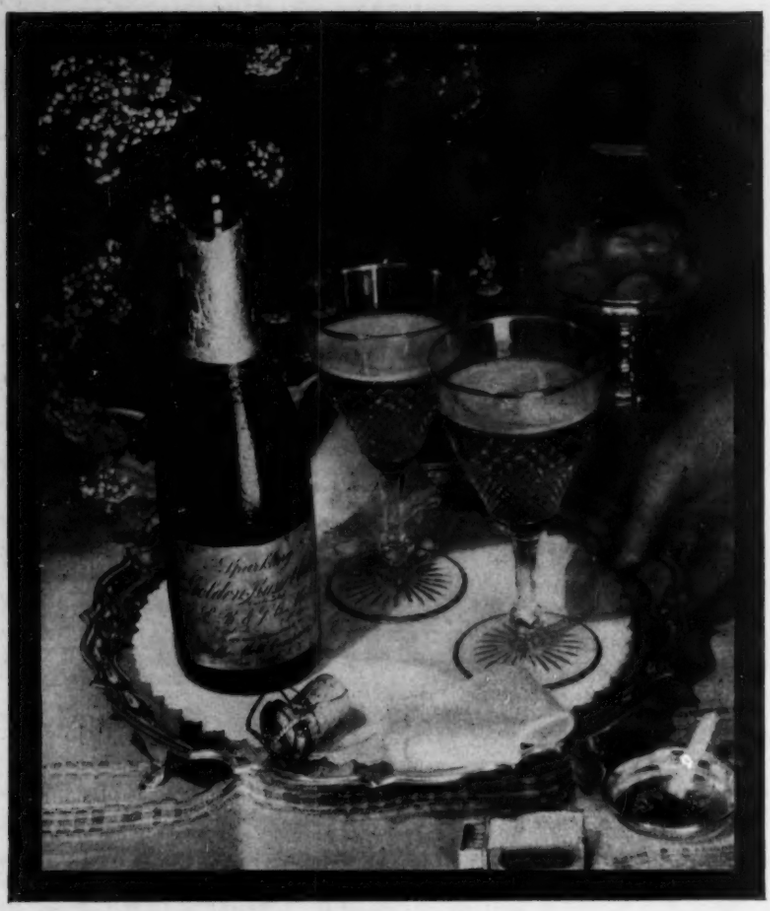
20TH CENTURY LIMITED
Lv. Chicago 12:40 p. m. Ar. New York 9:40 a. m.

THE COMMODORE VANDERBILT
Lv. Chicago 2:00 p. m. Ar. New York 11:00 a. m.

This is the only route between New York and Chicago that is protected all the way by the Automatic Electric Train Stop—commended as "an outstanding contribution to safety in travel." It is the only route that finds a low-level pass through the Appalachian Mountain barrier. The broad steel highway of the New York Central Lines is nearly at sea level for a thousand miles. And this, too, is the only route that takes the traveler through the Hudson River Valley, one of the most famous scenic highways of the world.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED: *Chicago, New York, New England* ~ SOUTHWESTERN LIMITED: *St. Louis, New York, New England*



when the festive cork pops ceilingward

A wine-cork wired-in and foil-sealed, in the time-honored continental way. Capping regally a bottle worthy of the beady essence within. Essence of golden russet apples, reared in luxury. Close your eyes, taste, and you're back at the Café de Paris, no less. Truly a drink worthy of your best champagne glasses! The coupon below is for your convenience, just in case your grocer doesn't happen to have Duffy-Mott Sparkling Golden Russet Cider.

DUFFY-MOTT CO., INC., 502 West 25th St., NEW YORK CITY

Please send me express collect ☐ a case of 24 pints of Duffy-Mott Sparkling Golden Russet Cider, $9.25 enclosed or ☐ four pints, $1.80 or ☐ one dozen quarts, $9.25 or ☐ 3 quarts, $2.50.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

Kindly state your grocer's name here_____

ite bicycling grounds were the old Madison Square Garden and Coney Island; and he would run, as a member of the St. Bartholomew's Association, over any part of the country where a race was being held. Old-timers recall that he had no form at all, but would stagger in ahead of everyone else more often than not, usually by virtue of a last-minute dash supported entirely by his nerve. An amateur runner, his professional status in the squash world kept him from entering the Olympic Games. Today, as mementos of his prowess, he has a large number of medals, and fifteen watches, all of which he modestly keeps in the bottom of an old trunk.

MOST of the professionals, like Lafforgue, have been predominantly interested in athletics since boyhood; I have yet to find one who has given up a business career for squash, although the reverse sometimes takes place. Bob Cahill, at the Park Avenue Squash Club, is one of those who have recently taken entire charge of a club's court games. Twelve years ago he became a pupil, then assistant, of Walter Kinsella at the Squash Club. When the Squash Club went out of existence, Kinsella and Cahill started things going at the Fraternity Club.

Last year Cahill came to the Park Avenue, a club of recent vintage, but the most luxurious in town as far as the actual playing of squash is concerned. There are five courts—two for squash racquets, three for squash tennis, all equipped with lights that make them bright as day. For purposes of space-economy, they are built one on top of the other; the players enter (and leave) by means of a ladder from the gallery. The galleries themselves are actually comfortable: no splintery wooden steps or wobbly campstools, but everything covered with thick carpets. F. A. Sieverman, Jr., who was put out by Larigan in the semi-finals of the recent tournament, is the only first-ten player in the club, but Cahill is an ambitious coach, and hopes for great results in a year or two. He was a promising piano and violin player as a boy, and having given up music for squash as a career, wants to have something to show for it. —G. T. H.

•

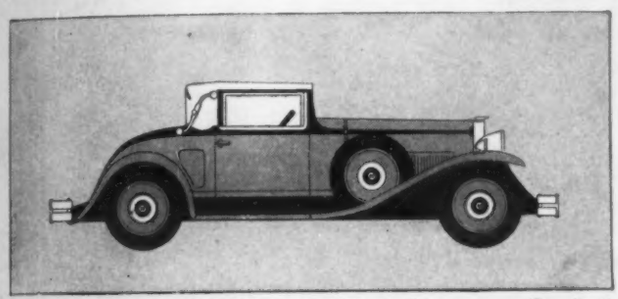
NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

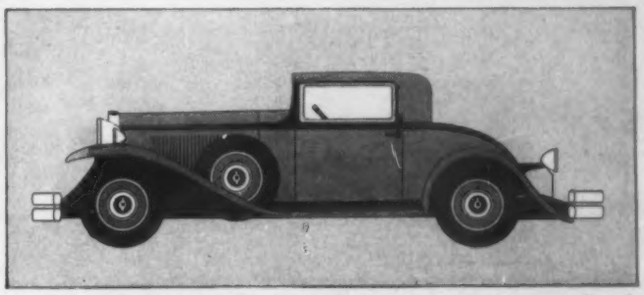
The outstanding exhibit of the show was the group of chrysanthemums covering 150 square feet of Mr. J. P. Morgan.

GIVE A 1930 HUPMOBILE FOR Christmas 1929

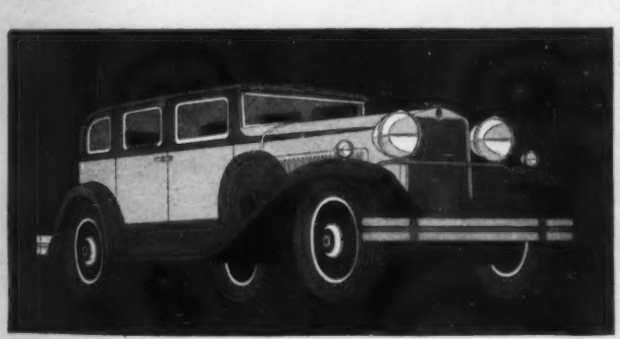
Give a *next* year's car *this* year. Step a year ahead of the Christmas buying parade, as Hupmobile has stepped a year ahead in motor car performance and design . . . Perhaps *next* Christmas the whizzing speeds, the overwhelming power, the original and distinguished beauty of these new Hupmobiles will be a twice-told story. But it's a *new* story now. The newest and most fascinating story in motordom. One look, one ride, and a half-hour at the wheel tell the tale. A true tale of achievement that confirms, for the twenty-second year, Hupmobile's right to be called *"The Car of the American Family."*



1930 HUPMOBILE SIX CONVERTIBLE CABRIOLET. 2-passenger. Standard equipped $1075 . . . Custom equipment available at slight extra cost.



1930 HUPMOBILE EIGHT TWO-PASSENGER COUPE, with rumble seat. Standard equipped $1595. Custom equipment available at slight extra cost.



1930 HUPMOBILE SIX FIVE-PASSENGER SEDAN . . . Standard equipped $1060 . . . Custom equipment available at slight extra cost.

1930 HUPMOBILE EIGHT FIVE-PASSENGER SEDAN . . . Standard equipped $1595. Custom equipment available at slight extra cost.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NEW 1930 HUPMOBILE SIX

70 miles per hour . . . 70 horse-power. Acceleration from 5 to 25 miles per hour in 7 seconds; 5 to 50 m.p.h. in 20 seconds . . . The famous Hupmobile engine improved with counterweighted crankshaft. 4-wheel Hupmobile steeldraulic brakes . . . more leg and head room . . . Smartened by cleverly tailored sheet metal and sweeping fenders of the new French type . . . Prices f. o. b. factory.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NEW 1930 HUPMOBILE EIGHT

80 miles per hour . . . 100 horse-power. Acceleration from 5 to 50 miles in 16 seconds . . . The first motor car ever designed by which a single style motif is used throughout, presenting a unit of harmonized beauty . . . Dual elimination of vibration by counterweighted crankshaft and vibration damper . . . New hydraulic shock absorbers, greater spaciousness and comfort. Prices f. o. b. factory.

We shall exhibit at the New York National Automobile Show, at the Grand Central Palace, January 4 to 11, 1930.

THE NEW 1930 HUPMOBILE

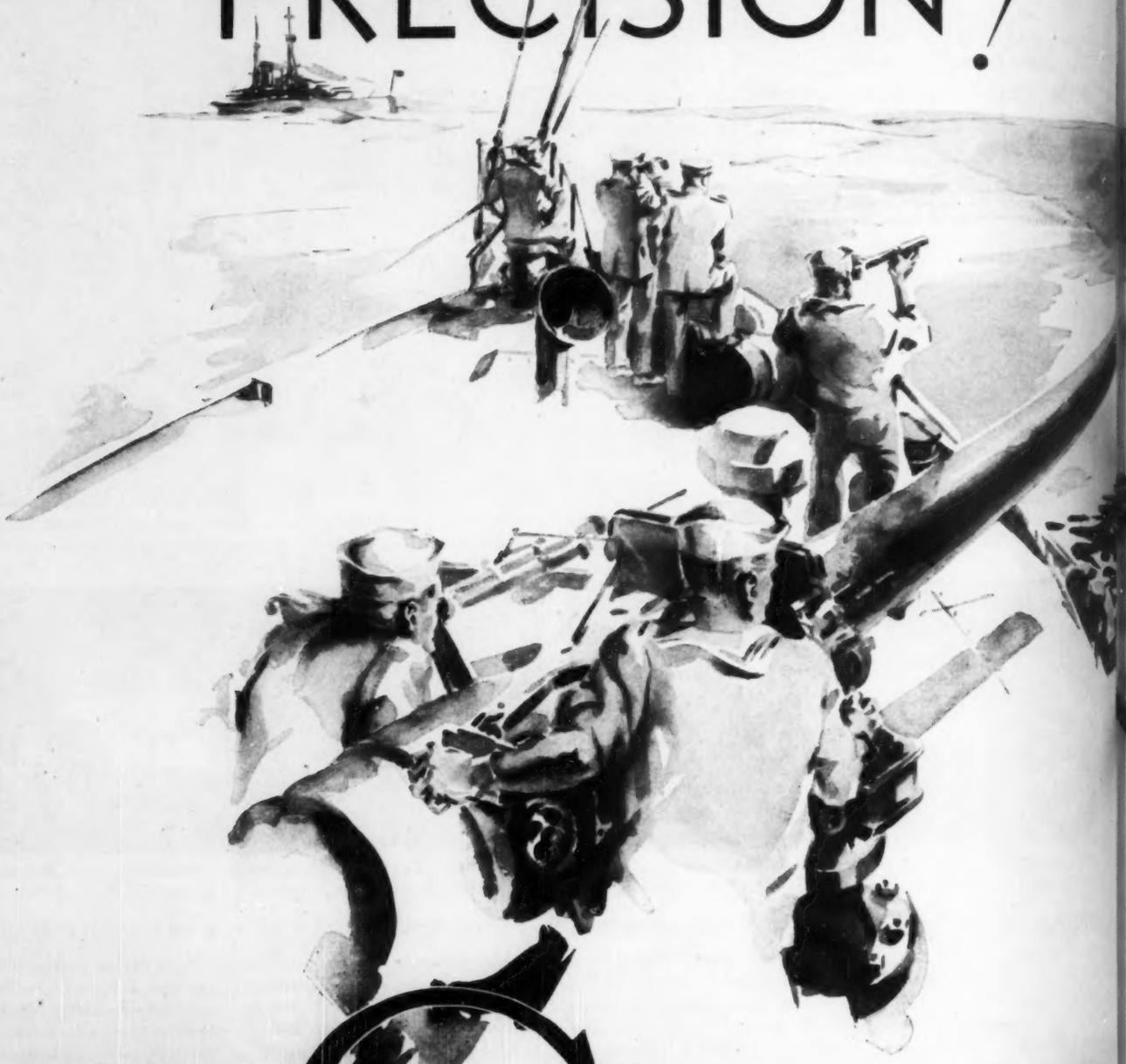
SIXES AND EIGHTS

VAN ALSTYNE MOTOR CORPORATION

1871 Broadway, New York City, COLumbus 7660 . . . 1231 St. Nicholas Ave., New York City, BILlings 5240 . . . 1294 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, PROspect 9941

...with the guns it's

PRECISION!



Chester

SUCH POPULARITY

© 1929, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

...in a cigarette it's TASTE!

GOOD marksmanship, you might say, explains Chesterfield's success. We aim at taste—and hit it squarely!

* * *

No smoker can taste Chesterfield without realizing that here is a cigarette made to precise formula—exactly balanced, accurately blended and cross-blended, the standard Chesterfield method.

* * *

An "extra something" of mildness . . . of rich and spicy aroma . . . of the satisfying "character" of good tobaccos perfectly blended—a direct hit on the target of good taste—

TASTE *above everything*

erfield

ITY ST BE DESERVED

MILD, yes . . . and yet THEY SATISFY

"down in the mouth,"

gold in them fills, to be sure, but it's infinitely more pleasure to fill a seat at the rivoli—united artists

where one may see mary and doug, as natural as life in "taming of the shrew" an old united artists custom which practice makes perfect.

at the rialto

gary cooper in "the virginian" leafs out of owen wister's book, abstracted by paramount with much success.

at the criterion

"the love parade," an amazing procession formed by lubitsch with maurice chevalier ahorse and jeanette macdonald afootback . . . paramount.

at the paramount

"marriage playground" . . . not simmons' . . . edith wharton's "the children" promising paramount progeny with mary brian as first born. music by the crawfords and those organs.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Barrymore Profile—South Seas, a Circus, and a Very New Dress Suit

THE few new pictures of the week are rather dull, disappointing affairs, very much on the made-to-order pattern. The most pretentious is the John Barrymore offering, "General Crack," at Warner Brothers' Theatre.

This is romance and adventure in the days of perukes and voluminous spreading skirts, the Austria of Leopold II. In the story John Barrymore is part nobleman and part gypsy, and altogether Barrymore. As a strenuous, audacious gallant with a mean temper, he manages to get the Empire under his control for a moment, to threaten the Emperor, and generally to make himself a disturbing element in this by no means tranquil community.

The action in the picture is only at times stayed a bit to give us long, leisurely moments of study of Mr. Barrymore's especially aquiline features. There can hardly be uncertainty anywhere in the country by now whether or not the line from Mr. Barrymore's brow to the tip of his chin is undeviatingly straight. Aside from these periods of pause for this serious contemplation, the plot runs hurly-burly through a series of love affairs with archduchesses and gypsy ladies, and warfare with rivals and political enemies—and with the ladies too. When he is not doing his duty by his profile, Mr. Barrymore can give as sure a presentation of the mean streak in one with gypsy blood as you could care to see.

The picture is sadly trammelled by its dialogue. There are such lines as the one in which a Hapsburg archduchess, receiving a compliment that she seems to feel she has forced from the lips of her admirer, resorts to the humble vernacular of the twentieth-century small town and protests: "I'm not fishing." All the pictorial splendor of the Viennese court, plus even the Barrymore profile, cannot quite balance such lapses as this.

WHATEVER curios of dialogue there may be in "South Sea

dogs

(not alive)

Dogs, full breeds and also plain Mutts. These Dogs are made of China but are so darn cute you could just love them, there are so many kinds that we don't even know the names of them all.

Puppy Dog with Fly on tail 3 in. ea. 35c
Police Dog. Standing position 4 in. ea. 50c
Wire hair Terrier. Standing position 2½ in. ea. 25c
Bull Dog. White with Black Spots 3½ in. ea. 25c
Setter Dog Group 3 together. 3½ in. ea. 50c
Dog with fly on Stomach 3 in. ea. 35c

Besides Dogs we have over 10,000 different novelties which go to make the most interesting store in the world. Favors for all kinds of Parties, also the nicer kinds of Tree Decorations. Then again we are supreme in New Year Favors in addition to Hats, Confetti and Noise Makers.

B. SHACKMAN & CO.
The name is important
906 Broadway at 20th St. New York
East side of Broadway
Look for the name Shackman's before entering

AT 15 WEST 51ST STREET

A shop full of unusual gifts for the home selected by an interior decorator to simplify your Xmas giving.

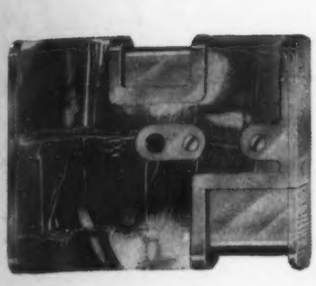
NATHANIEL B. BEAM'S SONS
INTERIOR DECORATORS SINCE 1840

THE PERFECT FIVE-DOLLAR GIFT

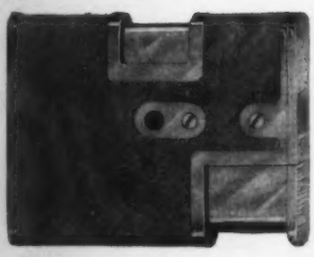
Why rack your brain trying to find something different for each member of the family when you can buy one gift that is sure to please them all—at least all who smoke?

Automatch has an appeal for everyone who uses it. Father will like the compact mechanism that does away with all outside gadgets... Mother will enthuse over the asbestos wick that never wears out... Sister Augusta will think the automatic flint-replacement signal SIMP-LY G-R-AND! . . . Brother Benton will rejoice that a penny or a dime is the only tool needed . . . Timid Aunt Bertha will be charmed with the safety catch...and the whole family . . . even fussy Uncle Frederick...will be fascinated by the sliding manifold that causes Automatch to light every time.

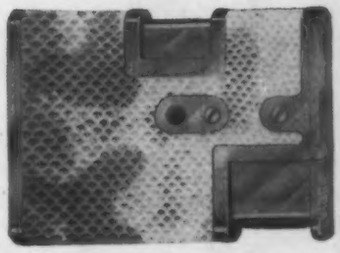
Covered with genuine leathers and reptile skins, Automatch looks oodles more expensive than its $5.00 price. End your "What-to-Give" worries by going to your favorite department store, jewelry store, specialty shop or drug store and ordering an assortment of as many as you need. Automatch Corporation, 267 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



ALLIGATOR—It was a man's-size job to dispatch the alligators whose sleek skins now cover Automatch in blue and brown. Perhaps that's why these models make an appealingly masculine gift.



OSTRICH—An ostrich, most natural with his head in the sand, and a blue streak on the run, contributes his skin in both these colors as a decidedly acceptable touch on this Automatch for the man.

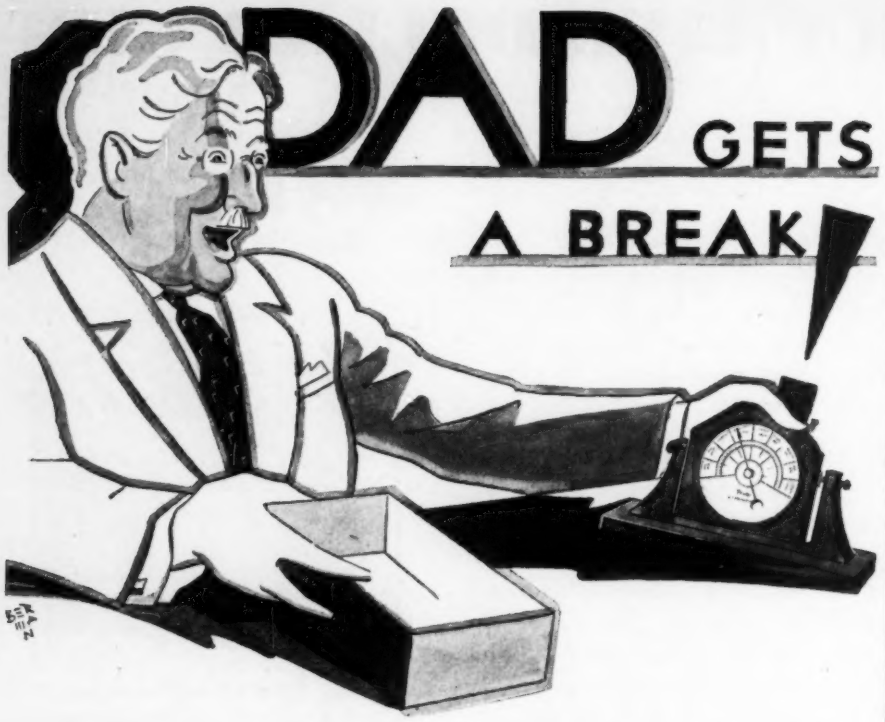


WATERSNAKE—Although snakeskin—on a snake—provokes unmitigated feminine horror . . . when it encases an Automatch 'tis considered the height of chic!

LIZARD—The lowly lizard has turned green with envy upon seeing Automatch covered with his skin—not to mention many other gay colors which delight the feminine eye.

$5 **AUTOMATCH** $5

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



GOOD old dad—for years he's been giving everybody big checks and grand presents and drawing nothing much out of the Christmas tree himself but blanks.

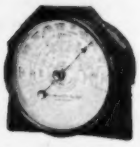
But this year Dad gets a break—for some wise and thoughtful member of the family has given him a Stormoguide. And Dad's scientific soul (which has always been disappointed in Christmases that did not bring a lot of mechanical things to be wound and investigated), is completely happy.

Stormoguide forecasts the weather 12 to 24 hours in advance, the year 'round. You simply hang it in a convenient place and plan your pleasures accordingly. By referring to a Stormoguide you know *for certain* if you should carry an umbrella or wear your best coat, or take that drive up north for over the weekend. Stormoguide is as easy to see as a hot dog stand and a lot more attractive.

This year solve the problem of "what to give the men" by Stormoguide. You will find a great variety of sizes and models at sporting goods and hardware stores. By the middle of January they'll be wondering how they ever got along without one.

Taylor Stormoguide (Standing Pattern) has a handsome clock-like case of polished bakelite, walnut finished. It has 4½" gold-toned dial, good grade aneroid movement and is adjustable for uses in altitudes from 0 to 2,500 feet. Price, each . . . $15.00. Taylor Stormoguide Junior, same as above, without stand and with white dial, suitable for wall use. Price, each . . . $10.00.

Taylor **Stormoguide Jr. No. 2258**



A sturdy, reliable little weather forecaster. Walnut finished, bakelite case and white dial. Price.....$10.

Taylor **Standing Pattern**

Stormoguide No. 2259

Handsome easel stand and gold-toned dial. Price $15.

New Yorkers are fortunate in having so many splendid stores where Stormoguides may be purchased. We suggest you patronize them or write direct to us.

Taylor Instrument Companies

ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.

CANADIAN PLANT, TYCOS BUILDING, TORONTO

MANUFACTURING DISTRIBUTORS IN GREAT BRITAIN

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Taylor

Stormoquide

Rose" remain a mystery on account of the muffled effect of the sound mechanism presenting it. One gathers, though, that Lenore Ulric is playing a young lady who is popular throughout the South Sea islands, that a passing sea captain, thinking she has a fortune, marries her and transplants her to his New England home. Starting off on a romantic basis, the story turns to broad farce when moved to the land of the Puritans—but not very funny farce. Lacking those whiskbroom skirts of her girlhood habitat, South Sea Rose shocks New England with her step-ins; but the picture is careful not to shock the audience, nor does it even stir its spectators to many laughs.

THERE are some well-pictured scenes in Charles Rogers' "Half Way to Heaven," as there always seem to be in films of circuses and trapeze performers. It presents a tale of love and jealousy among the members of a troupe of those young people who swing about in death-defying leaps and plunges high above our heads. Performers of this sort, of course, have special facilities for ridding themselves of rivals or disagreeable partners, and that is the particular problem presented in the plot.

"SKINNER STEPS OUT" deals with more conventional people, in fact the most conventional I can think of at the moment. The young man in the story, Glenn Tryon, is a head cashier who is urged by his wife to demand a raise, and then to assert himself more definitely in the social milieu open to them by buying evening clothes. It is all done in the vein of broad comedy, and the only thing that struck me about it was the fact that the theme has not been worked quite as much of late as it used to be some years ago. I begin to wonder whether the public is not growing weary of "success" stories, and if we are not approaching that day when the young people will grow bored with the idea of "making good" and will be diverted by other ideals—but exactly what ideals I cannot imagine.

—J. C. M.

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It is a pleasure to note that Mr. Hemingway's serial has achieved renown similar to the first two Van Dine stories serialized in SCRIBNER'S.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

"Oh, well," Mr. Hemingway probably said, "it all comes under the head of pleasure."

COLD COFFEE MAKES COLD HEARTS

The beautiful MENLO urn possesses much of that dignity of contour which one finds in a fine old Russian Samovar. Accompanying the Siphonator above are a sugar bowl, a cream pitcher and a heavy tray in design symphony with the coffee urn.

In chrome finish, the price is $87.50.

She poured. He tasted. She smiled. He scowled. She wept. He left. And thus was another romance drowned in a cup of pallid coffee. Higher courts have ruled that grounds in the cup are grounds for divorce in every state in the Union . . .

Better, far, to own an Edicraft Siphonator! It makes the kind of coffee that keeps men from leaving home, and causes friends to happen in for breakfast. It makes nine breakfast cups of clear, aromatic, piping hot and *perfect* coffee—coffee made by the *drip* method endorsed by all connoisseurs from Mocha to Manhattan.

If you like your coffee strong, the Siphonator will brew it as black as midnight. If you like it weak or medium, a twist of the left-hand tap will give you hot water to dilute it to your taste—or to supply the tea hounds at the table. The coffee is kept hot, too, long after the current is turned off.

The Edicraft Siphonator is electric, automatic in operation, massively-modern in design, and a worthy product of the Thomas A. Edison Laboratories. It answers, and admirably, the what-shall-I-give-for-Christmas question. With the Edicraft Speed Toaster (of course you own one!) it makes every breakfast the beginning of a perfect day. . . . Most good stores have Edicraft Products—we'll gladly send you the name of one right in your own neighborhood.—Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, New Jersey.

Edicraft Siphonator

CHANGE YOUR MIND

GIVE IT
NEW BEAUTY
NEW INTERESTS
AND NEW EXPERIENCES

CAST off your Occidental worries for a while. Make a cruise Around the World. Feel the spell of the Orient . . . the languor of starry, scented nights . . . the mystery of ancient lands. Watch the monkeys skipping over the walls of Jaipur . . . and a stately Indian squat down in the street to make tea on his portable brazier. Enjoy the musical comedy customs of Korea . . . where a man shows his top-knot thru a stove pipe hat of wire netting. 33 countries to see . . . including Indo-China and Borneo . . . 140 days to absorb them. The luxurious

RESOLUTE QUEEN OF CRUISING STEAMERS

to connect them. She is experienced, you know . . . for this is her 7th Around the World Cruise. So sail eastward from New York January 6th . . . on

"The Voyage of Your Dreams"

arriving in every country at the ideal season.

Rates $2000 and up include an extraordinary program of shore excursions.
Write for illustrated literature.

Hamburg-American
LINE
39 Broadway New York

209 Tremont Street, Boston; 177 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago; 262 S. Broad Street, Philadelphia; 1026 Locust Street, St. Louis; 574 Market Street, San Francisco; 807 South Hill Street, Los Angeles; 614 St. James Street West, Montreal; 274 Main Street, Winnipeg; Adams Building, Edmonton. Or Local Tourist Agents

BUSINESS AS USUAL

THE watch was a present; not a very handsome one, for it was a plain wrist watch with a leather strap, but it was supposed to go. It was even supposed to keep time. The Recipient picked it out himself at the counter of a great department store.

But the watch did not keep time; did not, in fact, go. Several times the Recipient secretly took it back without complaining to me, for he is nice in some ways. But I am nice too, and soon I noticed that he did not wear his new watch, and I found out why—because it would not go. He said that it was probably his fault, that no watch ever had gone for him, probably none ever would. (He is apt to be a little pessimistic at times.) I said, no, he must not let himself think like that, and that I would take the watch back myself and have everything made right.

I was an innocent as a child. I took it back three times in quick succession, and the third time I had an idea. I asked the floorwalker in the watch department, who had begun to recognize my face and to be touched by my industry and self-forgetfulness, if he would do me a favor. He answered he would surely do anything that modom asked. Well, modom asked that the next time the watch was repaired a report on its condition should be sent with it. I could see he thought the plan singularly childish and futile, but he agreed to it. He promised me.

But of course the next time the watch came home, there wasn't any report; and when, plunging back through the traffic, I reproached him, he did not seem to remember quite as well as before. However, after I had told the whole story from the beginning to several people, he did recall the trivial incidents I seemed to be so much excited about, and he smiled and bowed and said: "Yes, modom, and you have had your report." I fell into the trap like a fool, by contradicting him. He smiled down upon me. "Yes," he said. "Because when such a firm as ours returns a watch it is a report that it is perfect."

Soon after this things happened rapidly. The Recipient, whom from now on I shall call Harry, won a good watch that has always gone perfectly, at a raffle on the New York Stock Exchange, if I may mention such a disagreeable subject. I withdrew my account from the great shop, writing that I had had an unpleasant experience there which I should be glad to explain to a representative, but would not discuss over the telephone. So, naturally, a few days later a young man with the most offensively optimistic voice I have ever heard called me on the telephone during my working hours, and we had a short interview which ended disagreeably. And the incident seemed to be closed, except that every few months thereafter I got a letter from them which began:

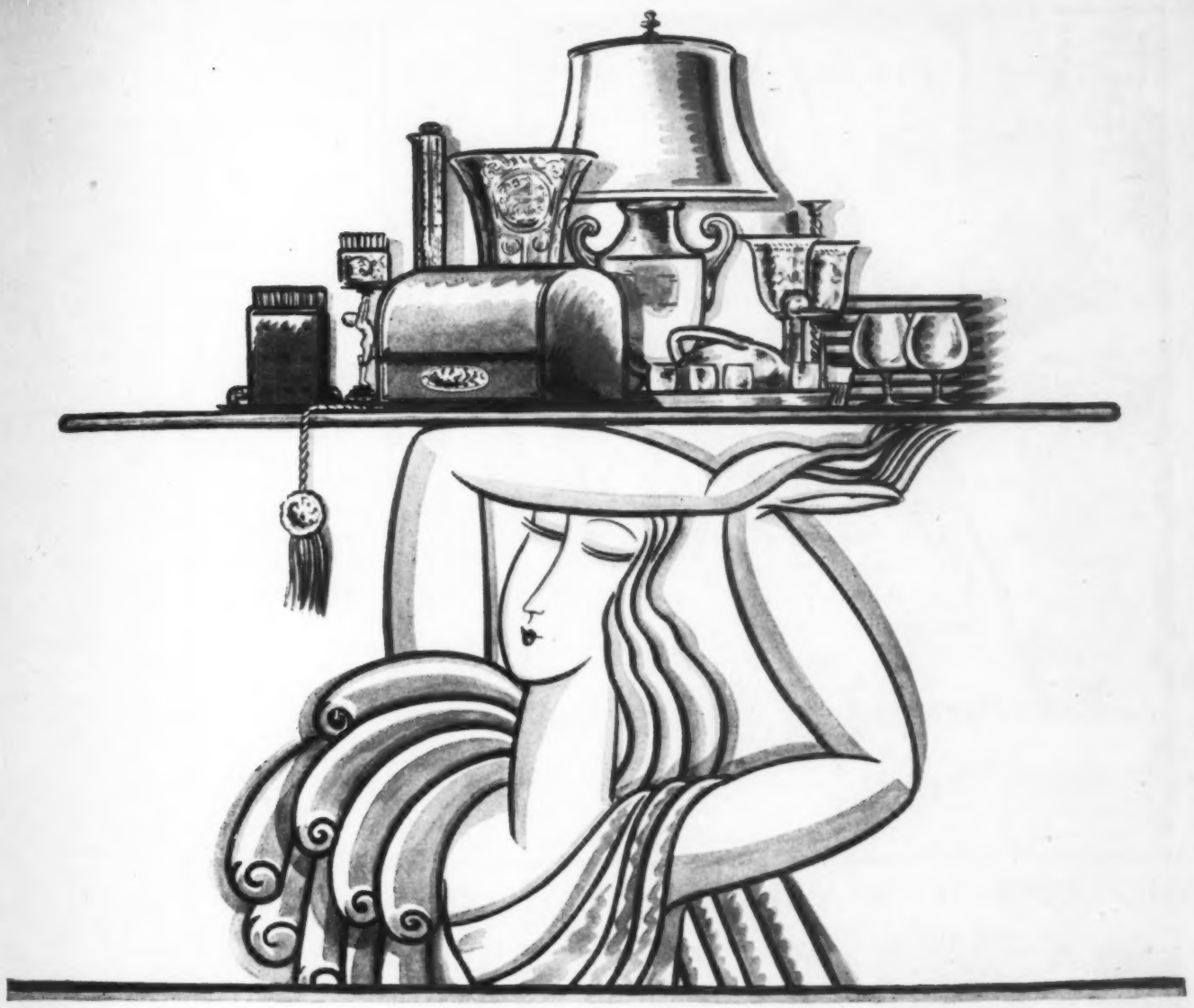
DEAR MADAM: We notice that you have not used your account with us for some time. May we not know if you had had any reason to be dissatisfied? . . .

Or sometimes they varied this by noticing that I never had an account with them, and they would be oh, so glad to open one, provided I could supply the necessary references.

I HAD almost forgotten the incident until, last spring, I received a bill from them for ninety-five dollars. I returned it with a few lines saying that as I had had my name taken off their books and had not entered their shop for years, the bill could not be mine.

Their next moves I cannot be sure about, for I went abroad for a few months, and I don't know what they did, except I am sure they stuck consistently to the universal principle of department stores never to answer the matter contained in any letter addressed to them. But a few weeks ago I had another communication from them.

DEAR MADAM: May I not have a few



The Guerdons of a hundred cities . . . the Gifts of a thousand towns

FROM little towns and from great cities the world over, glorious gifts have trooped to Ovington's! Gifts strange and new, gifts beautiful and useful, gifts in ten thousand guises but all with the twin virtues of good taste and good value. So, do your searching where it will end swiftly! Do your shopping where the shortest time will result in the greatest rewards. You can do it all at Ovington's and do it superlatively well.

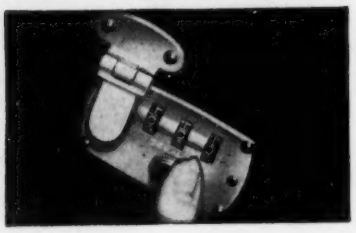
OVINGTON'S

"GIFTS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD"

437 Fifth Avenue, New York

$6.00
$2.95
$6.75
75¢
$14.00
$2.50
$5.00
$13.50
$6.00
GIFTS
FOR THE
BUSINESS MAN
If there is a certain desk in which you are interested—you will find in New York's finest and most complete stationery store, the very smartest articles for its adornment. Space permits picturing only a few gifts. There are scores of others on display at the store. You are cordially invited to stop in and look at them
THE NEW YORK
GENERAL STATIONERS
CORPORATION
260 W. Fifty-Seventh Street, New York — COL. 0157
OTHER STORES: 30 Church Street — 70 East 125th Street — 95 Court Street, Brooklyn
Executive Offices: 122 East 42nd Street

NO KEYS TO REMEMBER—OR FORGET



WE HAVE ALL TYPES OF LUGGAGE AND NOVELTIES
EQUIPPED WITH . . . . . .
SESAMEE
. . . . . KEYLESS LOCK
DALE

369 MADISON AVE., ROOSEVELT HOTEL, NEW YORK

Six Printings in Ten Days

EX-HUSBAND

(Anonymous)

"Ex-Husband is a loud, long laugh at those unstrung persons who make the public pay and pay and pay for their sex catastrophes."
—The New Yorker

$2.00

MACAULAY · PUBLISHERS · NEW YORK

minutes of your valuable time? We note that your account has been unpaid for several months. Is this consistent with your usual honorable record? . . .

And it was signed with a real name.

Although I am by nature a little lazy, there was something about the tone of that letter—the willingness to take my little hot hand in their big strong one and lead me to the right—that made action easy to me. I drew my typewriter to me and, although it skips letters, runs words together, and needs a new ribbon, I wrote a magnificent reply, which, of course, began: "Dear Mr. So-and-so: May *I* not have a few minutes of *your* valuable time? . . ." It was a splendid dramatic narrative of all that had occurred. It seemed impossible that I should get no answer to it, but I never did. Mr. Whatever-his-name-was has passed out of my life, and remained out.

At last, after weeks, a letter did come, but not from him. It was a printed form. It said that after investigation it appeared that a bill had been sent to me in error. It was not—and this was going to be a big surprise to me—my bill at all. It was, in fact, somebody else's. They urged me not to pay it, and they regretted if they had caused me, not apoplexy or heart disease, but what they described as any trouble.

Now, in a sort of apathy, I am waiting for their next letter beginning:

DEAR MADAM: We notice that you have not used your account. . . .

—ALICE DUER MILLER

•

THE TRANSLATOR

I found it upon my desk.
  Utterly undecipherable
It seemed to be
  A short poem
In praise of chaos.
  Upon closer inspection
The damaged relic
  Turned out to be
A laundry check
  Pinned to a bit of rag.
My last shirt!
  It was indeed,
As I had suspected,
  A fragment from the Chinese.

—PERSIS GREELY ANDERSON

•

Walking sedately before the bride, came her small nephew George Slaughter 3rd, carrying the ring and two little nieces of the groom.—*Roswell (N. M.) Dispatch.*

Who had probably been on their feet all day.

CHENEY SILKS

CHENEY WEAVES

STACCATO*

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. APPLIED FOR

Drawing by Pierre Demaria

On the sands* or *by the radiator

No longer is the dressing gown simply the covering that enables one to dash from tubs in a semi-respectable manner!

The modern dressing gown is a thing of beauty—where color and design play a vital part. In fact, the one pictured was designed by Lanvin Chemisiers in Paris of "Staccato" silks.

And "Staccato" is a group of Cheney Silk designs especially created for the leisure moments of the elite.

Brilliant, gay, forceful, they are the exact medium for creating the lounging robes that men will pridefully wear in the privacy of their homes—but not privately.

Les droits de la femme ? Quel ennui ! Le droit le plus important est celui d'être ravissante – Si vous ne pouvez pas plaire, votez – si vous n'êtes pas sûre de plaire – essayez un parfum de Lenthéric

Lenthéric PARIS
Ses Parfums

245 RUE SAINT-HONORÉ, PARIS, FRANCE ... LENTHÉRIC SALON AT FIFTH AVENUE & 58th STREET, NEW YORK ... ALSO AT ALL HOUSES OF FASHION

MEMO AND ANOTHER MEMO

Nov. 30. Remind Miss Inglefess make no lunch dates for me next wk. Must clean up foll. Xmas list:

Father—Churchwarden pipe if Dunhill's have. Vat 69.

Mother—brass coffee tray like Mrs. L's & trick brass (?) cups with removable cup part. Ask Mrs. L. where to get?

Ted—punching bag with gadget to hang from.

Gladys—Amer. in Paris (both records. Think it's in 4 parts). Also orange juicer (maybe)

Ted jr.—model yacht from place on Mad. Ave.

Little Glad.—kid painting set saw in window on Mad. Ave. or maybe 57th St.

Kate—bag saw on Mad. Ave.

Sue—lamp. Kind snaps on book.

Frank—spurs (must be U. S. Army kind to go with 7th Reg. uniform).

Don—cleek (find out how long old cleek was)

Dick—shooting seat

Helen M.—Currier & Ives (any, just so it's C. & I.)

Helen R.—riding crop (must have thong for over wrist so she won't lose like last one)

Dec. 23. Remind Miss Inglefess remind me cash cheque for foll. purchases. Remind Miss I also estimate how much spend on various purch.

Father—Churchwarden pipe (if arrived). Call Edouardo about Vat 69.

Mother—flowers, candy, books (?)

Ted—cig. lighter with shield (see about when seeing about pipe) (Monogram?)

Gladys—flowers, candy

Ted jr.—$5 gold piece (get when cashing cheque at bank)

Little Glad.—$5 gold piece (get when cashing cheque at bank)

Kate—See Mr. J. at Black Starr & Frost. Mustn't spend over $100.

Sue—Flowers

Frank—tie & handkf. set (maybe two or gloves)

Don.—same

Dick— "

Helen M.—flowers

" R.—book (All Q. on West. Front)

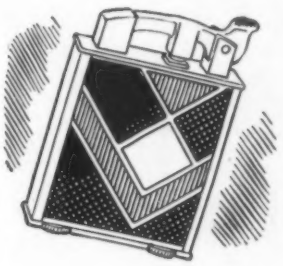
—JOHN O'HARA

•

YEN TO BE NEUTRAL IN CHINESE REVOLT.—*Headline in the Times.*

Our feeling exactly.

MEN OFTEN WONDER WHY WOMEN DON'T THINK OF GIFTS SUCH AS THESE

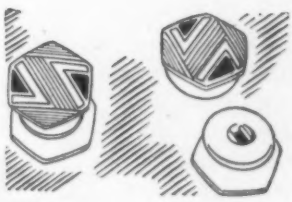


If he wants rapid fire

A man with a Carlton Automatic Lighter never fights for fire. Just "snap the lever —there's your light," without fuss or two or three tries . . . a Carlton is sure-fire. And because a Carlton is the thinnest lighter made you're barely conscious of carrying it. Extra slimness makes Carltons popular with men and women. Priced at $5 and up.

If his wrists are worried

Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons make comfortable, clean-cut cuffs. For Kum-a-parts hold the softest cuffs neatly and trimly in place. Just slip them in and—*snap!* When you want them open—*snip!* Kum-a-parts will snip-snap for a lifetime. That's a guarantee! Reasonably priced up to $25.

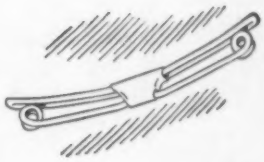


If he's bothered with bills

Money Klip keeps folded bills compact and orderly in the pocket. It presses the bills thin enough to prevent an uncomfortable bulge. Plain, or ornamented with a choice of colorful sporting decorations. A smart and convenient article of jewelry that any man will appreciate. From $1 to $15.

If he wants collar control

Swank keeps collar points smartly in place (even the long unruly ones) adding trimness to a man's neckwear. Just slip it on and slip it off. Swank looks like a pin, but isn't. No points to puncture a man's neck or make his collars unsightly with holes. Swank costs from 50 cents to $5.



Kum-a-part Products

Sold at jewelers' and men's shops

BAER & WILDE CO., Attleboro, Mass.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

SHOVED heartlessly to one side, stepped on and trampled by the Christmas rush, the fashion world still displays its stamina and goes on and on. Right now, all kinds of preparations are afoot for those people who insist on heading southward right after Christmas (and I suppose they will continue to do so, no matter what the stock market may say), and pretty decorative these preparations are, too.

In the first place, though I hate to babble "I told you so," Antibes, Nice, and other fashionable resorts have suddenly decided to confirm this department's cry that the informality of the beach prohibits elaborate ensembles, fancy pajamas, and other musical-comedy trappings. They just aren't appropriate, and many a battle we have had for saying so, too. The shops will be showing various versions of shorts or trouser ensembles for the beach, done in the simplest possible way. One grand costume has pants of white duck, buttoned down the side-front like sailor trousers, with a tuck-in round-necked jersey and a beret to match. Berets seem to be worn with absolutely everything, in linens, fancy straws, jerseys, and fabrics, to match part of the costume. Tennis dresses, which probably are only four inches below the knee, but seem longer to this unaccustomed eye, go in for fullness below a tight, low hipline and a belt at the normal waist. If you don't wear a beret, you wear a tight turban with a ruffle at the back of the neck. Dotted Swiss, our childhood favorite, is making a shy little effort to be seen about among all the many cottons.

WHENEVER summer clothes are concerned, Best, who excels in youthful, informal forms of chic, gets extra positive. Every conversation down there began with a devil-may-care "We are sponsoring—" Very well. Best is sponsoring: (1) shorts or regulation simple pants for beach wear, and eliminating completely the beach pajama as it was formerly known; (2) absolutely backless bathing suits, with a piece of string or something around the neck to hold up the front; (3) lots of little hats in beret, turban, and bandanna style in every possible fabric for informal occasions; (4) floppy leghorn hats, the brims slightly wired, for formal afternoons; (5) eyelet embroidered batiste for afternoon; (6) flower-printed cotton net, made in Kate Greenaway style, for youthful evenings; (7) Rodier cottons, in browns, yellows, and oranges, for tunic bathing suits, quilted jackets, and accessories; (8) stripes, all day long, à la Chanel.

AMONG the new fabrics that have jauntily thrust themselves upon the attention of this department there are several—not at all spectacular to the casual eye—that stand out. One is Melo-Polo, a dull, flat-surfaced silk with an alpaca finish, but not the attendant stiffness of this fabric. Shiny-surfaced silk started looking very démodé for informal dresses last year, and this is an excellent solution. A light ratteen is much used for tailored daytime clothes. Stehli has a swell striped shirting silk with a dull finish for sports; and shantung still holds its own, being used

"Is she dry, oily, or normal?"

"ANYBODY who is found observing, by abstinence from labor, feasting or any other way, Christmas Day, shall pay for such offense, five shillings."* What fun for our noble ancestors! Now Christmas is a time of honest merriment, engaging the whole world in a conspiracy of love. To insure the success of the plot come to W. & J. Sloane, where you can shop leisurely. Exhaustive holiday buying has not exhausted our luxurious stock. We suggest—lovely figure lamps of French porcelain, pewter, brass or Chinese pottery, a coffee table, a pier cabinet, a magazine rack, French porcelain cigarette boxes, ash trays of semi-precious stones — literally hundreds of accessories for the home.

**An old Massachusetts Blue Law of 1659*

Joining you in this conspiracy, we wish you a most Merry Christmas!

W. & J. SLOANE

575 Fifth Avenue at 47th Street

NEW YORK CITY

Palms and Oases

That Haven't Changed Since Abraham Fed His Flocks

PARIS itself, afloat and dancing. ⁂ The most famous chef who ever went to sea. ⁂ A crowd who couldn't be lured by the usual stodgy cruise. ⁂ A South Atlantic crossing, straight to the African coast. ⁂ Nine ports with indefinite stopovers ... second calls and inter-cruise exchanges that permit you to rejoin the "*France*" on subsequent sailings.

Jan. 11 .. Feb. 12 .. Mar. 15 .. Apr. 25

Santa Cruz de Tenerife, Casablanca, Morocco, Gibraltar, Barcelona, Algiers, Naples, Monaco, Marseilles, Cannes ... Algiers and home.

Five and a half days to Plymouth

Up "the longest gangplank in the world" from the heart of Manhattan, via the express service of the

***"Ile de France,"* Jan. 17, Feb. 7**
***"Paris,"* Jan. 24, Feb. 21**

Calling at Plymouth, for London ... a few hours later the covered pier at Havre, three hours, Paris.

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE NEW YORKER,
25 West 45th Street, New York.

Please enter my subscription to THE NEW YORKER for—

☐ 1 Year—$5.00 ☐ 2 Years—$8.00

(POSTAGE: Canada, 50c; Foreign, $1.00 additional per year)

Name.....

Address.....

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least three weeks prior to the date of the issue with which it is to take effect

by absolutely everybody, in calm ignorance of the fact that I was sick of the darn stuff long ago.

YOUR choice of costumes for winter sports will be far more limited by tradition and utility. In the essentials, at least. In detail, your imagination can carry you as far as you like. All of the best sports departments are making a terrific to-do about chamois in natural color, not only for the familiar gloves and handbags, but also for jumpers, pull-ons, jackets, berets, and linings for practically everything. As a good, solid practical note (for I know all you readers look to me to guide you in the more sordid details of fashion), I call your attention to the fact that although natural chamois becomes smudged practically at once, an artist's Art Gum eraser will do magic in cleaning it. Many of the chamois things are supposed to be washable, but I'd try the eraser first, if I were you.

Abercrombie & Fitch are making a special uproar about chamois in every form—of which more anon. The old familiar suede windbreaker has re-emerged in the smart world, in a softer version and more brilliant color; suede is also used extensively for one-button jackets of the riding-habit type, and for belted Norfolk jackets. Those of you who think about foundations undoubtedly already know about the suede bloomers for skaters at Saks, the light rabbit's-wool underhose (invisible) at Jay-Thorpe, and the fact that Best's Somersets have appeared in a winter weight, which is light but warm, and in a winter guise—the little shorts now coming in a modified bloomer form.

An attractive new note in skating costumes (and one that looks equally chic among the tweeds at any tweedy occasion) is some version of a suit with a circular skirt and a shortish jacket of

the windbreaker type, some of the jackets lined with chamois. Very flattering to the figure, and allowing you all the freedom of movement that you require.

OTHER LITTLE ITEMS ABOUT TOWN: Macy has opened an Accessory Shop (on the third floor, somewhere near the well-known Little Shop) where the cream of the Macy handbags, scarves, handkerchiefs, gloves, and so on are assembled to save the Park Avenue shopper the trouble of wading through the first floor in an effort to find bargains. . . . Wanamaker is singing the praises of its new Ajax dryer, in the Tribout hairdressing salon, which, by means of six tubes, with a rotating fan in each, sends warm air scuttling over your hair without disturbing so much as a wisp, and dries the heaviest head in five minutes flat. Nothing rests directly upon you, by the way. . . . At 23 East Sixty-third Street, a new shop called Young Books, run by Mrs. Charles S. Payson and Mrs. Richard Kendall, has, in addition to all kinds of nursery trifles, a circulating library for children. . . . Bonwit Teller are showing an official St. Moritz skiing suit of waterproof navy-blue gabardine, conservative and correct, for $39.50. Bright scarves, socks, and other accessories are available to supplement this, of course. . . . Look at the marvellous skiing caps and scarves from Ochs Frères at Saks-Fifth Avenue, if you want to do Lake Placid in the gayest possible way. —L. L.

FROM SANTA TO YOU, WITH LOVE

IF you *have* procrastinated, there is nothing to do about it but take advantage of the eight early mornings left in which to shop. This is our final classified list, but next week we'll have lots of miscellaneous items for last-minute choosing. And that will conclude our Xmas program.

Indexes:

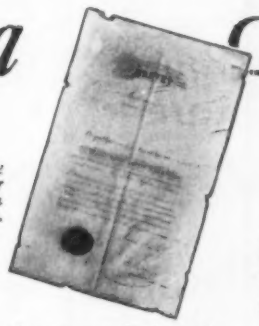
November 16 . . . Secretaries and shoppers, caterers, entertainers, musical gifts, animals and their accessories.

November 23 . . . Perfumes, soaps, and such, jewellers, furs, antiques, dining-room things, custom-made shirts, tips on mailing.

November 30 . . . Bookstores, rare and fine editions, what the well-dressed mind will wear, the big, bewildering stores, semiprecious jewelry, men's jewelry, for children (Part I).

December 7 . . . Specialty shops, children's clothes, beauty, sporting gifts, servants' presents, Christmas wrappings, for the house, for children (Part

Fragrant Echoes of a CENTURY AGO



A reproduction of the 1° Patent of Parfumeur to the Court of Queen Marie Amelie of France. April 11th 1834.

ONE of the most beloved queens of all Europe was Queen Marie Amelie of France. A fascinating woman whose life with King Louis Philippe was an inspiration in days of intrigue and unrest.

Ever particular in matters pertaining to her person, she selected perfumes whose very essence gave subtle evidence of her great personal charm. So pleased was she with the perfumes of M. Lubin that in 1834 she appointed him Royal Parfumeur to her court.

Today, in the better shops, you will find fragrant echoes of perfumes which were modern a hundred years ago. The secret of Lubin's flower-odeurs and perfumes has been handed down as a legacy to this generation and finds true expression in new and exotic odeurs contained in smart and modern flacons.

Parfumerie LUBIN Inc.
6 WEST 48th STREET NEW YORK CITY

Adventures IN FLAVOR

"YOU charming Americans are so deucedly clever!"

"Flatterer!"

"No, truly! Never in all my life have I dined with such a titillating tickle to the gustatory senses!"

"Tush! Tush! How you do run on!"

"No! I mean it! Your exquisite little dabs are really rollicking adventures in flavor! My lips fairly smack in their memory! I truly am lost for words to express my pleasure!"

"Lost for words? Bend low the ear, old dear, and I'll whisper the *one word* that tells the whole story—*Cresca.*"

For smart New Yorkers and smart folks everywhere, CRESCA Food Delicacies, from the simple seasoning to the elaborate chef-d'oeuvre, possess that touch of artistry and distinction that so subtly appeals to the well-bred and aesthetic class of Americans. Cresca products are sold by quality grocers everywhere.

Partial list of delicacies

Cresca Plum Pudding with Rum	Cresca Hearts
Cresca Spanish Muscatelle Raisins in Fancy Tins and Bundles	Cresca Purée de Foie Gras
Cresca Tonic made with Cognac and Fresh Eggs	Cresca Exquisite Queen Olives
Cresca Bigarreaux Cherries in Genuine Maraschino Flavor	Cresca French Peas in Butter
Cresca Stuffed Figs	Cresca Marrons Glacé
Cresca Bar Le Duc	Cresca Boneless Sardines
	Cresca Hors d'Oeuvre
	Cresca Goose Livers
	Cresca Truffle Sauce

CRESCA COMPANY, Inc.
153 Hudson St. New York
Paris & Bordeaux, France

BE MODERN!
Write today for the Cresca Booklet "Adventures in Flavor." Full of smart recipes for tickling tired palates.

CRESCA Food Delicacies

II), for the motorist, sticks and umbrellas, leather things.

This week:

Games and their equipment, below
Candies and sweets, page 89
Groceries and delicacies, page 90
Flowers, trees, and stockings, page 96
Drinking accessories, page 102
Smokers' gifts, page 104
Cameras, still and movie, page 106
For his desk, page 108
Gifts for the sick, page 109
Then, too—, page 111

And you will find titles of recent publications in *Among the New Books* on page 129.

GAMES AND THEIR EQUIPMENT

BY games, in this department, we are not referring to grim sports such as golf, but to sort of indoorish games that are, supposedly, productive of a certain merriment—though bridge has long been a paradise for wranglers, and backgammon is rapidly entering the same class. All kinds of bridge sets, both plain and fancy, are to be found all over town, and to list them would wear us out completely. There are countless books on the subject, the newest of which seems to be George Reith's "Contract," a tome by the chairman of the card committee of the Knickerbocker Whist Club, with specialized chapters by well-known experts, and "Contract Bridge of 1930," by Boyden and Warren. Another book, called "Bridge Puzzles," by Fabyan Mathey and Harry T. Hallahan, contains problems in auction and contract that should keep fanatics occupied. Beyond this information, we wash our hands of bridge fiends as social menaces.

Poker sets are also available everywhere at all prices. The toy departments of all department stores are filled with every kind of game for children of all ages. Anagrams, which reached the public via the intelligentsia, and backgammon, which arrived via the Racquet and University Clubs, are still going strong.

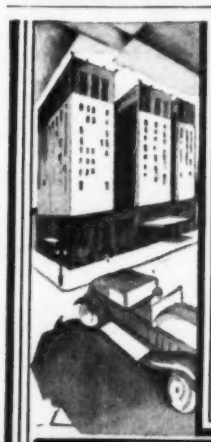
ASIDE from this general information, we are listing a few of the aids to dull evenings to be found in

In Pinehurst's Cheerful Atmosphere

THERE'S a pleasant thrill on first awakening in a cheerful bedroom of the Carolina Hotel. Friendly sunlight streaming through open windows. A whole day of pleasure to anticipate. Delicious meals. 5 famous golf courses (with new grass tees), polo, riding, outdoor sports at their best. A brilliant throng at the Pinehurst Country Club. Bridge, theatre or dancing at night. Luxurious Carolina now open.

For booklet or reservations, address General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA
America's Premier Winter Resort



TRULY A MODERN HOTEL

A splendid hotel in a splendid city. You will enjoy its atmosphere, its food and its service. 600 rooms, each outside, with bath, servidor and circulating ice water $3.00 up.

Powers Hotel, Rochester, N.Y., under same management.

HOTEL SYRACUSE
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

TO THOSE who PUT IT OFF..OFF

A HAVEN for LAST-MINUTE SHOPPERS

WHAT if you *didn't* do your Christmas shopping early? The new Dorothy Gray shop at 683 Fifth Avenue is a peaceful place where you can leisurely select perfect gifts for the fastidious feminine world. Here you will find exactly what you seek, whether it be some tiny yet graceful remembrance, or some really important gift.

Dorothy Gray has dozens of prudently priced yet flattering frivolities: new lipsticks, compacts, wee pots of cream rouge, dusting powders, bath salts. Then there's a novel double compact for four dollars, a set of four matching compacts for five dollars; a gay new gift box holding six Dorothy Gray preparations is ten dollars, and Dorothy Gray perfumes are ten dollars. Cosmetic-filled dressing cases of both simple and luxurious types make a substantial gift. They range in price from sixteen-and-a-half to sixty-five dollars.

Then please give yourself a gift. Go to the second floor. Sink deep in a soft big armchair in a quiet treatment room while the deft fingers of a skilled operator pat new radiance into your skin. Amidst the holiday hurly-burly a Dorothy Gray treatment is doubly valuable: it rests you utterly, and it sends you forth to your parties triumphantly lovely. Make an appointment today, by calling WICkersham 6109.

DOROTHY GRAY

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

© DG 1929

Now... SPEEDY TOAST *to stay the family* TOAST FAMINE

Load it! Close it! Forget it! **The Edicraft toasts both sides of two slices at once. When the toast is done, the Edicraft opens up like a morning-glory, and there's your toast beautifully browned to just the shade you ordered by the timing lever! . . . No watching! No burning! No turning! The Edicraft is automatic—and *intelligent*. Even when the toast is done, the Edicraft courteously keeps it hot until you're ready for it! . . . Streamlined in modern beauty—simple as only perfection can be—the Edicraft is startlingly new. It is the only toaster made in the Edison Laboratories and authorized to carry the personal signature of Thomas A. Edison.**

TRADE MARK Thomas A. Edison, INC., ORANGE, N. J.

Edicraft*speed* Toaster

THE *double*-SLICE.. *double*-SIDE.. *double*-QUICK TOASTER

various stores about town. We have seen them at sporting-goods houses, at department stores, and some of them at the big jewellers. Abercrombie & Fitch have a complete and comprehensive collection.

Anagrams: Boxes of these on wood blocks; $1.

Chess: Hand-carved ivory men, in tuya-wood case, $175; leather case, $250. Silver and silver-gilt men, medieval design; $360. Special combination, in an ivory reproduction that is most convincing, Staunton pattern; $12–$45.

Travelling chess and checker sets: Tiny pieces that peg into the board; $10 and $12.

Dominoes: Thick mother-of-pearl sets, very rare; $65–$120.

Roulette wheels: Club size, 22-inch, very professional; $120. Composition wheels, all sizes; $9.50–$25.

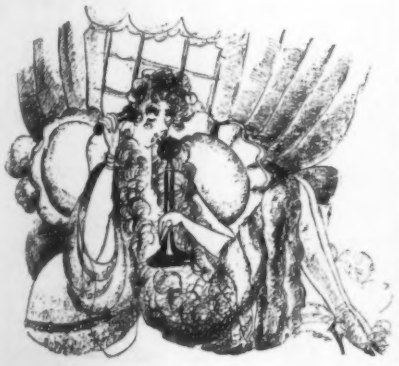
Chemin-de-Fer shoes: For baccarat or what not, very French-croupier and hard to find here; $18.

Poker: Mother-of-pearl chips for de luxe players; 400 for $325. Poker-chip boxes: individual racks of chips for six people, hunting prints on the covers. Jackpot plaques: section of elephant's tusk marked, "You deal" and "Jackpot;" $2 and $3.

Backgammon: For the game that our finest stockbrokers have gone mad about, look at: Table and board of walnut, boxwood men, cups, etc.; $55. Club type, black lacquer boards cork-lined, sections at sides contain checkers, dice, etc.; $65 and $75. Twelve or fourteen types of backgammon boards to appeal to every taste.

Game sets: These run from $20 to $95, the last including cribbage, chess, and so forth. Special box for travellers at $20 contains chess, checkers, 100 chips, cards, dominoes, golf dice, Goodwood set, and books of instruction for all games possible with them.

Horse-racing games: Goodwood—very



Overlooking the Towers of New York

A SWEEPING view of New York's magnificent sky line is a daily pleasure for the fortunate inhabitants of Brooklyn's newest residential hotel—THE PIERREPONT. Open only a few short weeks—already it is widely patronized by residents and diners-out! For it is luxuriously modern in appointments, decoration and in service. Pleasantly club-like with its spacious pool and gym and social rooms. And all these virtues are fittingly capped by the excellent Pierrepont cuisine.

Already the quality of the Coffee, for instance, has been remarked. And Beech-Nut is the Coffee served in restaurant, lounge and grill. For Beech-Nut—as critical New York has discovered—is an unmistakably richer, mellower Coffee. And Beech-Nut Bacon adds its unrivalled woodland savor to breakfasts at THE PIERREPONT!

THE HOTEL PIERREPONT
55 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn
10 minutes from Wall Street

In this gay, modernistic Solarium, dwellers at the Pierrepont often linger to view the famous skyline of lower Manhattan.

Beech-Nut Coffee

RARE FLAVOR FROM TROPIC HEIGHTS

"Fred says you folks squeeze orange juice entirely too slowly, so I said 'Let's get them a Sunkist Junior Electrical Extractor for Christmas.' Now if you can take a hint—"

a Christmas apology for its juicefulness

At this silly season, we'd like to advertise Sunkist Junior Electric Fruit Juice Extractor as an extravagant, merely ornamental, impractical Christmas present. Its juicefulness is almost a sales drawback for the moment.

Try to remember, however, that $14.95 is a lot of money, and that you CAN GET a fruit juice squeezer for 25 cents, a quarter of a dollar. Think of Sunkist Junior as a great luxury when you buy it as a Christmas gift—Then wait—

It will prove itself a "sensible" gift all too soon. Before it has squeezed its first million oranges or lemons it will have established itself as a shrewd buy. It takes all the wrist wrenching out of fruit juice squeezing for breakfast or for the pre-dinner fruit juice hour.

Stands 10 in. high, weighs 8 lbs. Only two instantly removable parts to clean. Alabaster glass bowl. $14.95 at electrical, hardware or department stores or prepaid for $14.95 money order (Canada $19.95).

Sunkist Junior Electric Juice Extractor at your dealer's or mail coupon **$14.95**

Sunkist Junior Electric JUICE Extractor

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Div. 2212, 900 No. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

My dealer cannot supply me. Money order for $14.95 (Canada $19.95) enclosed for one Sunkist Junior Home Electric Juice Extractor, mail prepaid.

Name _____ *Street* _____

City _____ *State* _____

For a limited few

...personal instruction in

Tango... Foxtrot Waltz

by Miss Schlaet and Miss Robinson, assisted by intelligent young men

SCHLAET-ROBINSON STUDIOS
Suite 817, Carnegie Hall
Telephone Circle 5181

popular, roll of six dice determines winner; odds all worked out. Six aces pay 100–1; $2.50. Point to Point—circular green-felt race track and six horses that race around it by vibration made when you turn a crank; $7.50. Great Atlantic Derby (the shipboard game, now played in basements)—six horses and riders, of imposing size; $50 set. Gee Whiz—electric; steel balls running up incline determine winner; $75.

Ping-pong: English sets at $5 and $10 in plain, wood boxes, complete with balls and net. Tables; $40 and $45. Ping-pong table tops; $35.

Lesser-Known Games

Trac—new game played in Parisian bars. You throw dice and are privileged to eliminate as many numbers up to ten as possible; $15.

Keno—from Havana, wire cage lets out numbered little balls; $33.

B'du (or Badoux, or something; they don't know how to spell it)—three dice played on poker lines; $3.50 for equipment.

All kinds of golf, poker, and ornery dice, naturally.

Lawn Games

African Skittles (formerly called Nigger Skittles); $6.

Archery and dart sets—target on stand is divided up into playing-card denominations, five arrows or darts for a poker hand; $12.50 and $8.50.

Croquet: Anyone who really loves the game would be furious unless you gave him an English set with grown-up heavy mallets; $65 to $90.

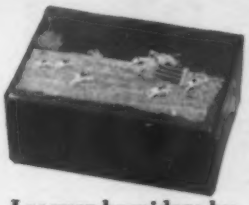
Exercise

All those vibratory things, and stationary bicycles, and such, are to be found here and there for them as likes them. In addition, there is a cushion that wobbles up and down to simulate the trotting of a horse, electric; $99.50.

Gym Junior: Gymnasium set, takes up six cubic feet of space, has punching bag, rowing seat, pulleys, parallel bars, etc. Collapsible—may be used by three energetic people at a time; $96.

Silly Games

Bubble and Snatch—cage containing quantities of celluloid balls. Three



Lacquer humidors by Gorainoff
Paintings of hunting and polo scenes. Each piece signed.
50 cigar size $65
100 cigarette size $35

Three Whistlers. Hand carved and painted figures about 12″ high . . . $35

THIS BOOK will help you

It is a never-failing guide book for the harassed hunter of gifts for sportlovers of both sexes and all ages. In its pages are articles selected from thousands. We have spent a year in bringing them to you from the markets of the world.

In no other book will you see some of these. No other shop may offer you many of them, for they are the entire limited yearly output of some individual genius or of a small group of artisans working only for us.

If you are selecting gifts for outdoor men and women—hunters, fishermen, campers, polo, golf or tennis players—then you *must* come here or find it difficult to forgive yourself. Send for the Christmas Booklet and "shop" in the comfort of your home.

Decanter and Glasses
Decanter $7.50 Highball Glass $2.50 each
Cocktail Glass $2 each

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

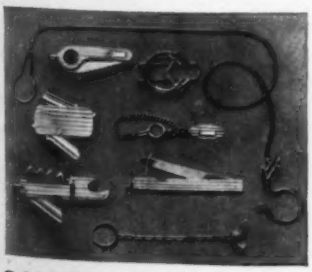
The Greatest SPORTING GOODS STORE *in the World*

MADISON AVE. AT 45TH STREET, NEW YORK

Associated Companies: Von Lengerke & Antoine, Chicago, and Von Lengerke & Detmold, Inc., New York

Wiltshire Clubman Case. Carries evening kit in perfect press. Suit held on hanger, tray for linen, etc., and detachable pocket for shoes. Loops for opera hat. In pigskin, black and tan cowhide. Also in two and three suit sizes. $50 up.

A & F Athletic Club Decanters
In gaily covered china from Paris . . $7.50
Other sporting characters available.



Gold Gadgets for Gentlemen, all fourteen karat. Key Chains, Knives, Bill Clips, Nail Files, etc. Prices from $15 to $56 each.

English Oak Cellarette:
The most beautiful cabinet in the country today. Upper half covered with cowhide fastened with antique brass. Fitted with Danish aquamarine glass. Highball, cocktail and liqueur service for 12 . . $450

Bar Wagon, with Service for Eight
Wings may be raised, forming table 41″ x 50″, exact height of bridge table. In solid mahogany or walnut $165

To—

-complete the smart ensemble for stormy days the New Hood Raintogs are irresistibly fascinating

Hood Raintogs are made in several styles—sandals, oxfords and galoshes. Some are made with buckles and some with glove fasteners. Others have the new Talon fasteners.

Raintogs are washable. If soiled by mud or grease they can be quickly restored to their original appearance by simply washing with ordinary soap and water.

STYLES . . . this Season . . . have taken two important cues from the modern spirit. First, weather must not be allowed to interfere with plans. We'll dress for weather and go ahead. Second, protection against threatened storm requires no sacrifice of charm. Let the sun stay hidden. Ensembles must still be *chic.*

These new Hood Raintogs are an excellent example. Raintogs differ materially from other protective footwear. Patented by the Hood Rubber Company, they are sold only under the Hood trademark.

Raintogs are made of an attractive suede-finish material in a variety of present-moment shades that make color harmony a simple matter. Raintogs are as light as a zephyr on your foot, fit perfectly and are absolutely waterproof. To try them on is to realize their delightful combination of utility and smart appearance.

Raintogs are made in all sizes and in various widths and heel heights which insure perfect fit for all types of modern shoes. You'll find these new waterproof, washable Raintogs at all the best shops.

HOOD RainTogs

Made only by HOOD RUBBER COMPANY, INC., *Watertown, Mass.*

apertures to a side. You pump your lever up and down to keep balls in motion, and snatch balls that land in apertures out of cage; $2.50. Spilli-wobble—steady-hand game. Balls are to be picked up with delicate rod and deposited in inadequate cups at the end of quivering stems; $1.50. Bola—wooden balls hit by one another run uphill into cups, if you are lucky. Another, called Jumpatelle, has balls propelled by a pool stick; $2.50.

—L. L.

CANDIES AND SWEETS

IT'S all right with us if you'd rather get your goodies from the big places everybody knows about, like Dean's, Huyler, Maillard, Mirror, Park & Tilford, Sherry. We simply thought you might like to be reminded about a few others:

MUNEER ALWAN, 95 Washington Street: Real sugar-plums, drippy pastries, excellent Turkish Delight, and all sorts of Syrian cakes and candies with sesame seeds and such in them.

ANN'S CANDY SHOP, 793 Lexington Avenue: Home-made candies and cookies; like your grandmother used to make, you lucky thing.

ARCADIA CANDY SHOP, Grand Central Terminal: Candy animals, alphabets, musical instruments, etc., done in solid chocolate of the not-too-sweet sort.

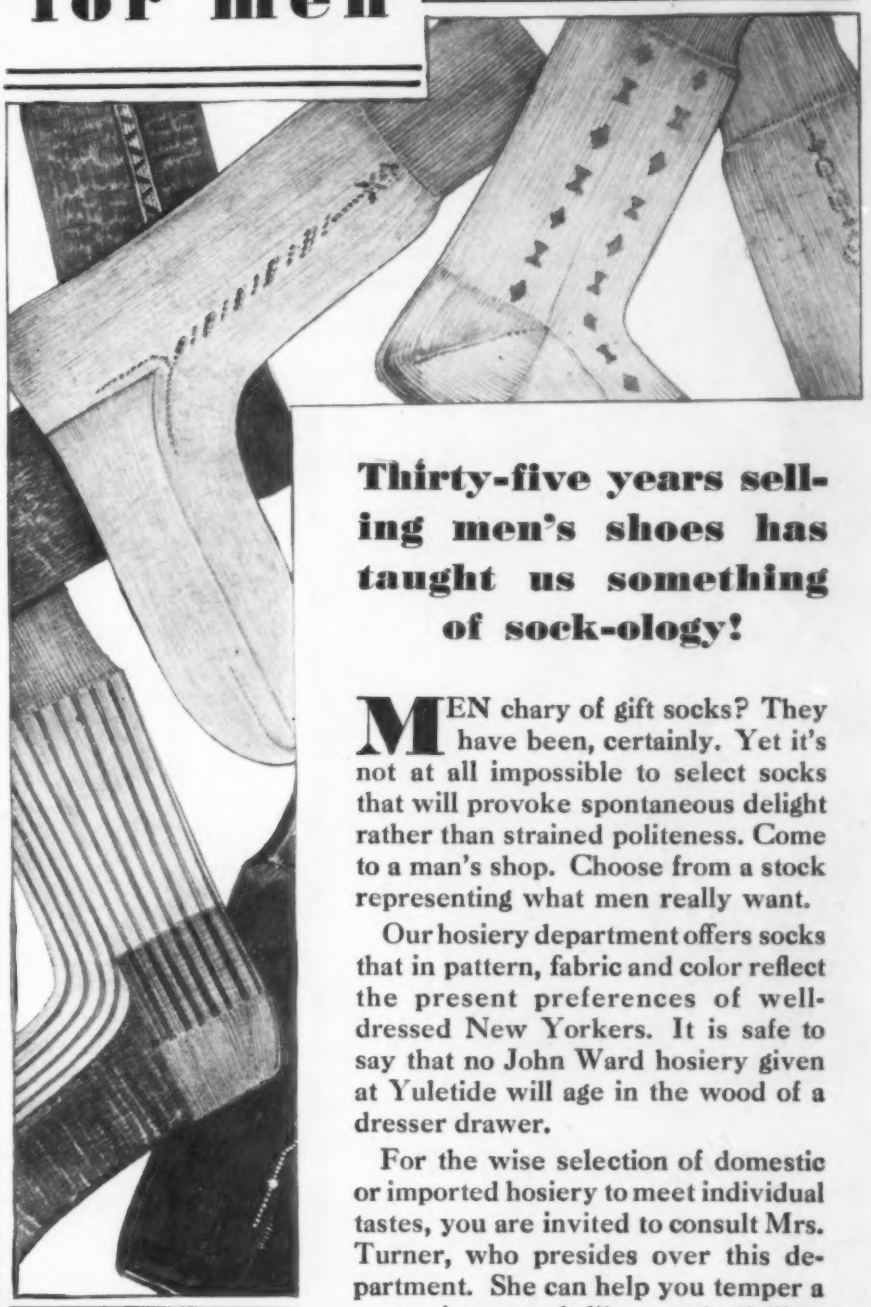
BAUMGARTEN CONFECTIONS, INC., 8 West Forty-seventh Street: Nice fancy boxes full of imported candies.

EMMA BRUNS, 50 East Fifty-eighth Street: While the candy here is excellent, the shop's specialty is salted nuts.

ADOLPH BÜCHLER, 814 Lexington Avenue: Nuts and pastries. And such mints!

CHARLES S. CASH, INC., all over town: Maybe you thought this was going to read "salted nuts," or something; but I really wanted to remind

advice to women who select socks for men



Thirty-five years selling men's shoes has taught us something of sock-ology!

MEN chary of gift socks? They have been, certainly. Yet it's not at all impossible to select socks that will provoke spontaneous delight rather than strained politeness. Come to a man's shop. Choose from a stock representing what men really want.

Our hosiery department offers socks that in pattern, fabric and color reflect the present preferences of well-dressed New Yorkers. It is safe to say that no John Ward hosiery given at Yuletide will age in the wood of a dresser drawer.

For the wise selection of domestic or imported hosiery to meet individual tastes, you are invited to consult Mrs. Turner, who presides over this department. She can help you temper a woman's natural likes and dislikes with the knowledge of what men will *wear*.

Drop in today. The address is 555 Fifth Avenue. And prices, by the way, range from 75¢ to $3.50.

John Ward
MEN'S SHOES

555 Fifth Avenue—bet. 45th and 46th Streets

"...BECAUSE YOU LOVE NICE THINGS"

TO DEFINE AND MODEL THE BUST, TO REFINE AND MINIMIZE THE WAIST—SINGLETTE NO. 9777 HAS LOW CUT BACK FOR WEAR WITH NEW FORMAL FROCKS.

VAN RAALTE
Singlettes

295 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

you about their Hopjes and other imported delicacies.

S. KUWAYAMA, 114 East Fifty-ninth Street: Enterprising customers will find, behind the gift shop, a back room full of candied kumquats in little Japanese boxes, dried persimmons in cans, crystallized ginger, salted soy beans, rice puffs, and large quantities of strange Japanese delights, such as dried seaweed.

MAPLE GROVE PRODUCTS, INC., 206 West Fifty-seventh Street: You would be surprised—or maybe you know all about it?—how many people there are who would gladly exchange the entire contents of a five-pound box of bonbons for one block of real maple sugar. The kind you get here comes straight from the Vermont woods.

ALICE H. MARKS, 19 East Fifty-second Street: Really fine imported candies, put up in baskets and boxes of particular ingenuity. You can always have cookies, jams, and jellies included in your order, if you like; these also of superior order.

MEXICAN CANDY KITCHEN, INC., 21 West Forty-second Street: Mexican and Spanish wares. Cactus candy (made out of real cactus); Bonitas (sweet-potato candy); Calabaza (crystallized pumpkin); Sandia (watermelon). And others.

NEW FRENCH CHOCOLATE COMPANY, 120 Christopher Street: Mostly wholesale, but they will sell you things like their special raisin-and-nut clusters, generously chocolate-covered, for thirty-nine cents a pound. Just as one bargain-hunter to another, this is something to keep in mind against large parties.

PHILLIPS SISTERS: Reuben's, both stores, 622 Madison Avenue and 2270 Broadway, will take orders for freshly made candies for delivery next day.

PLAYLAND, 686 Madison Avenue: Candies and sweets safe to give to children, but which will be appreciated by almost anybody. Dates stuffed with marshmallows, spice-cakes with thick white frosting, boxes of caraway-seed cookies—things like that.

STEINBOOK'S NUT STORES, INC., all over town: Viennese fruit caramels, very chewy and inexpensive. Also, particularly fine nuts of all kinds.

WELLBY GIFT SHOP, LTD., 563 Madison Avenue: Special candies imported from the West, just to make things pleasant for expatriates from the Pacific Coast who spend most of their time pining. Mullane's taffy, from Cincinnati, is a great favorite.

FOOTNOTES: The department stores have a specialty or two. Stewart has those exclusive Verlaine candies for millionaire appetites. Macy has its own Red Star goodies, which turn out to be worth your serious consideration.

The air-tight, moisture-proof stuff called Cellophane is wonderful for wrapping gift plum puddings, pies, fudge, etc., made by your own hands in the home kitchen. Dennison has it in all colors. —B. B.

GROCERIES AND DELICACIES

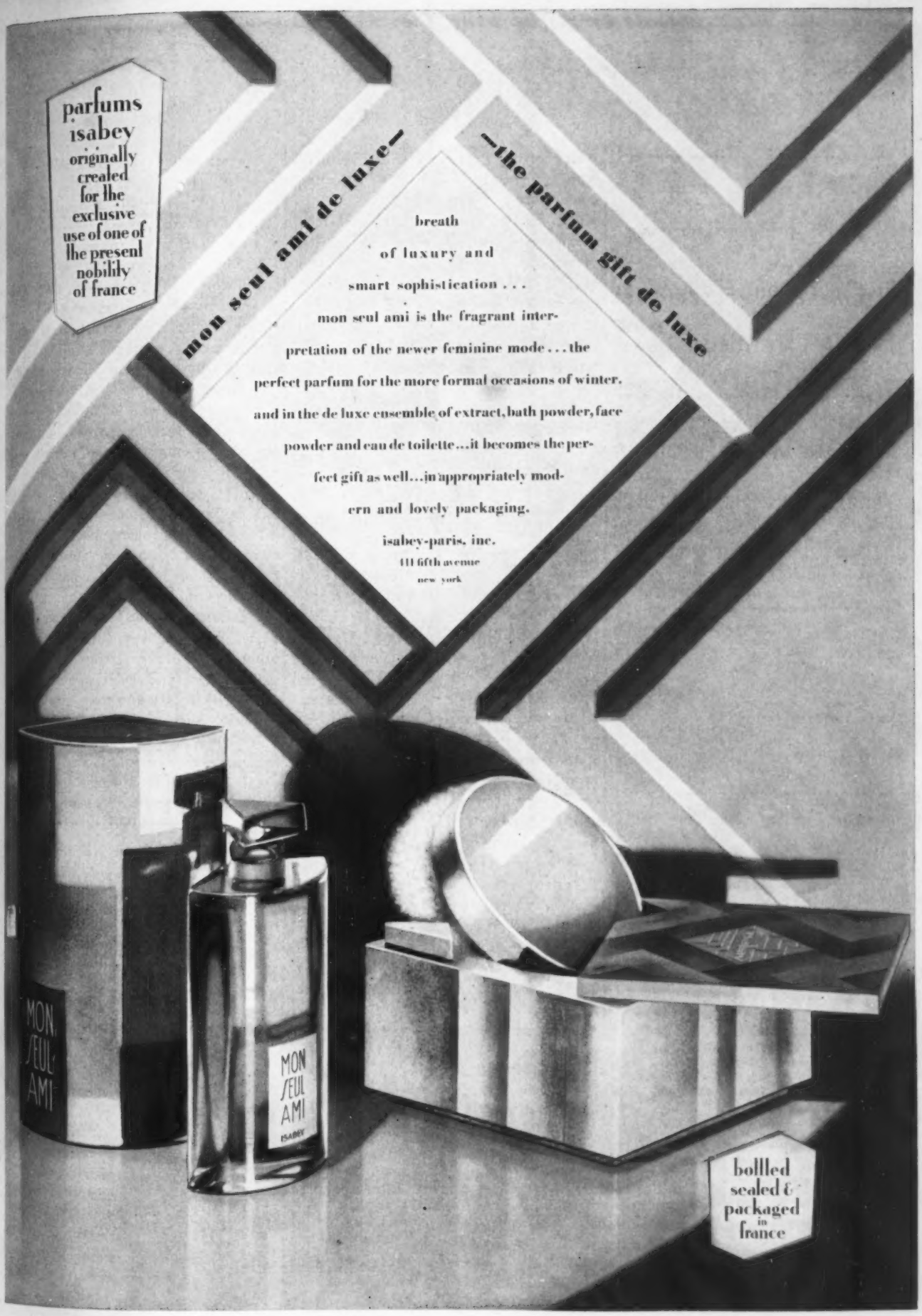
OF course you know that certain imported desiderata will appear at every good fancy grocer's; Strasbourg pâté de foie gras, *terrine* or *en croûte*; plum puddings from England, in bowls or bags, liberally soused with brandy (perfectly legal) and sold with brandy hard sauce (also legal); brandied or otherwise stiffened fruits and compotes; German lebkuchen and marzipan candies; canapé pastes of all kinds; marrons and candies from France. Caviar, than which no edible present could be more welcome, varies according to flavor, price, and where you buy it. Among the really, really selections of caviar are those at Acker, Merrall & Condit stores; Enoch's, 872 Madison Avenue; Maison Glass; Ritz Fruit Shop; Sherry, 695 Madison Avenue; Vendôme; and Wynne & Treanor, 712 Madison Avenue. English biscuits will appear at all of the following: CHARLES, 48 East Forty-third Street:

Marzipan: The perfect Christmas touch—pigs, pretzels, etc.

Chocolate toys: Especially large and amusing selection, in foils.

Liqueurs: Pretty pathetic in their legal state, but still the bottles are lovely. Four-in-one cordial set a popular present; $5.

Cakes: Good bakery department


parfums isabey originally created for the exclusive use of one of the present nobility of france
mon seul ami de luxe—
—the parfum gift de luxe
breath of luxury and smart sophistication . . . mon seul ami is the fragrant interpretation of the newer feminine mode . . . the perfect parfum for the more formal occasions of winter, and in the de luxe ensemble of extract, bath powder, face powder and eau de toilette . . . it becomes the perfect gift as well . . . inappropriately modern and lovely packaging.
isabey-paris, inc.
711 fifth avenue
new york
MON SEUL AMI
MON SEUL AMI
ISABEY
bottled sealed & packaged in france

TO TEMPT THE *Christmas Appetite*

WHETHER YOU ARE GUEST OR HOST

Let us suggest as that final artistic touch to your share in the holiday festivities this handsome basket of fruit at $15. Really a luscious opportunity — a master stroke of strategy.

(BELOW) IF THEY LIKE NUTS

Give them this appetizing assortment and incline your ear toward their cries of gratitude . . . only $7.50.

(ABOVE) FOR $10... SUGAR AND SPICE AND EVERYTHING NICE

Just think of all the people you know who'd smack their lips over this: brandied plum pudding, peaches in creme de menthe, candy, fruit cake—but why go on! Gladden *somebody's* heart—tickle *somebody's* palate. Just give us an address.

INSPIRATION for the jaded seeker of gifts lurks behind our every counter. Inspiration . . . even for the pampered appetite . . . tempts the nose inside our door. Crowding our shelves are hundreds of holiday offerings like those above, each one exquisite, original, delicious.

ACKER, MERRALL
& CONDIT CO

5 East 45th · Madison at 68th · Seventh at 31st · Sixth at 57th · Madison at 46th · Broadway at 52nd
Flushing · Montclair · Red Bank · Morristown

with everything, from Scotch scones to French pastries.

Nuts: Big string bags of walnuts or pecans, nice for eating on the floor by a fireside.

HICKS, 675 Fifth Avenue:

Mostly a fruit shop (idea!) but has a few other savory bits, too. Quite the nicest persimmons, pomegranates, prickly pears, hothouse grapes, and blood oranges; and all other in-or-out-of-season fruits.

Likewise dried fruits, nuts, teas, candies, and those perfect Hicks gumdrops. Best of all in big hampers with card.

MACY, Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street:

Literally, every form of grocery from every corner of the earth. Among it all:

Marceau products; fruits, vegetables, preserves, and relishes from France. Among them: black cherries (very fine); white raspberries (just as fine); whole fruits in syrup or brandy, all beautiful to see.

Grand Mousseaux sparkling grape juice, all but the real thing—and dry; $20 a case.

Gentleman's Relish—that English flavor you can't identify.

San Moritz Cheese Sticks—the newest Swiss glory. Creamed Swiss cheese in pastry sticks; eighty-nine cents a can.

Sauce Newburg (Madeira-wine flavoring). And worth your time.

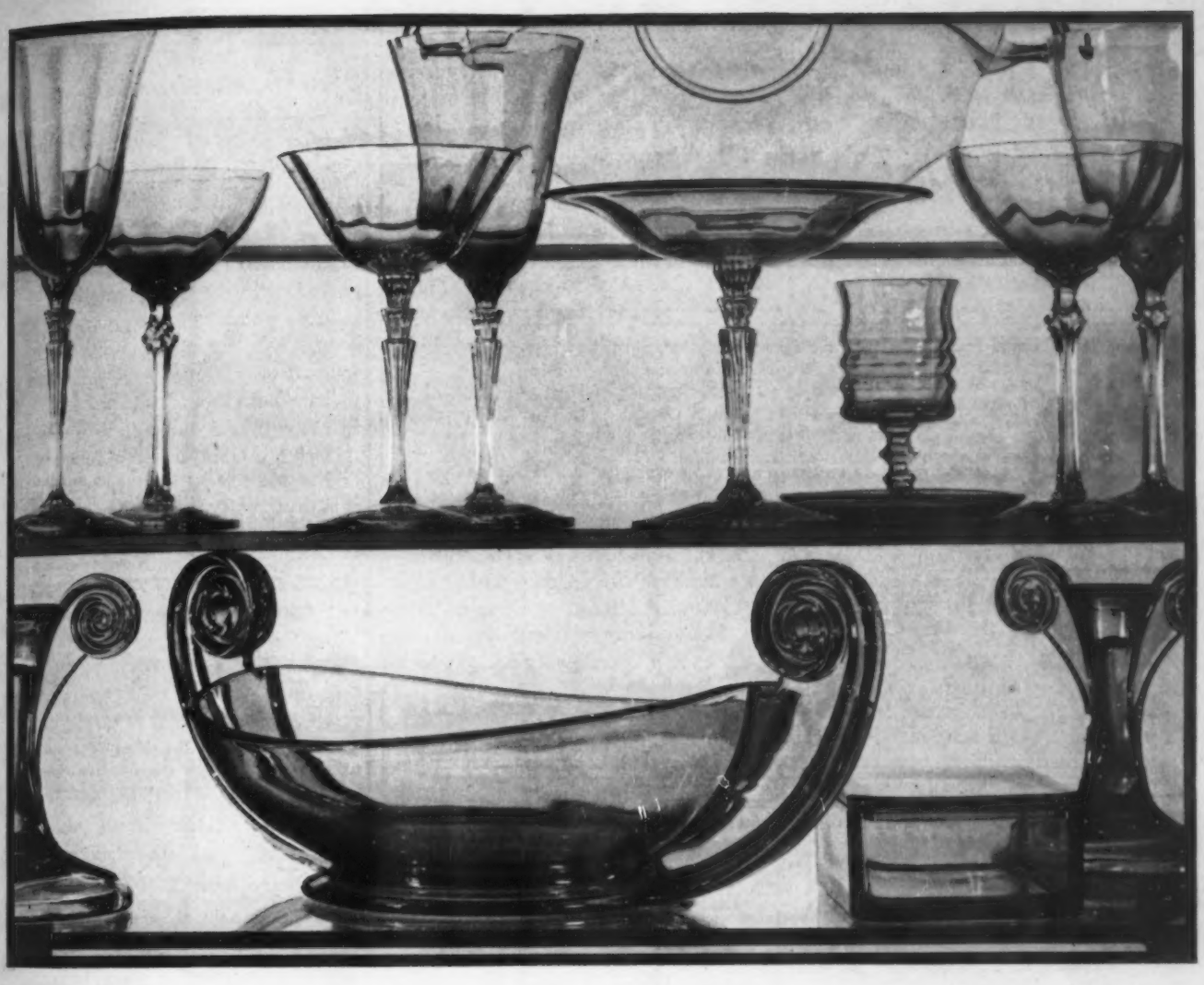
Coffee essences, which French cooks put in their triumphs, from Sauvinet. Plain, $1.24 a jar; with kirsch or rum, fifty-nine cents a bottle.

Darjeeling tea, highest grade in the world; $3.74 a pound, packed in straw. Chinese jasmine tea, dried with the buds; forty-seven cents for three ounces. A discerning gift.

MAISON GLASS, 15 East Forty-seventh Street:

Japanese Cocktail Bits: Crackly brown squares of seaweed and other mysteries, guaranteed to stay crisp—good, too; $1.25 a pound.

Crupoo Chips: Another Oriental



GIFTS THAT MATCH THE BRILLIANT SEASON

DECEMBER marks the gay interval between colorful, heady autumn and the flashing beauty of winter. It is a season garlanded with holidays, dedicated to hospitality and tasteful giving. Christmas, New Year's, debutante parties, weddings . . . such are the urbane gauntlets that popular guest and hostess alike must run. And for both, Fostoria Glassware, in all its glistening, lovely variety, is a boon.

How subtly brilliant the afternoon that finds young eyes of debutantes sparkling above tea cups as soft and clear in color, as gay in beauty! And for the Christmas or wedding gift, what could be more charmingly appropriate than a set of the fine, modern glassware that is serving, on the fashionable table, everything from *hors d'oeuvre* to *demi-tasse*? . . . Or a vase of Amber . . . a cigarette box of Dawn . . . a dozen etched goblets in the glamorous, golden Topaz . . . these, indeed, are gifts as handsome as the season, acceptable gifts that are certain to reflect the informed good taste of the giver.

FOSTORIA, *etched, cut or plain, is moderately priced at the best shops. It is offered in complete sets or in individual pieces. The colors—Amber, Dawn, Azure, Green, Topaz, Crystal—are constant and may be matched perfectly now or next year, and alluring and fragile-seeming as this glassware is, it is unaffected by the hottest foods or water. . . . If you would like to know just how attractive Fostoria can make your breakfast, luncheon, tea and more formal tables, send for "The New Little Book About Glassware." It is replete with illustrated details of authoritative table settings. The Fostoria Glass Company, Dept.* N-12, *Moundsville, W. Va*

ANNOUNCING
THE CAMMEYER
CONSOLIDATION
SALE

WE are discontinuing our shop at 557 Fifth Avenue (at 46th Street) and combining its business with the 427 Fifth Avenue (at 38th Street) store. Hence drastic reductions are in effect at both locations.

Original new pumps — individual strapped modes—exclusive oxfords! For street—sports—afternoon—and evening! All leathers! All shades! All sizes! in fact, every shoe in both shops is included in this sale at the low price of

$11.85

(VALUES UP TO $18.50)

The famous Cammeyer hosiery offers an unusual value at $1.35 per pair (or 3 pairs for $3.75). Beautiful bags to match the shoes are exceptional at $7.45.

Cammeyer
FIFTH AVENUE
AT 46TH and AT 38TH

(After this sale, the 46th Street Shop will be closed and business will be conducted at the one location—427 Fifth Avenue at 38th Street.)

cocktail item, of shrimps and tapioca.

Flowers: Charming boutonnière-sized things for table decorations, made of flour paste. Startling likenesses of orange blossoms, holly, anemones, bleeding hearts, and the more usual blooms; twenty-five cents to fifty cents a sprig.

Birds: Cooked whole in tins; such rarities as woodcocks, larks, quail; or plainer poultry. They are French, and priced according to size.

Dragée de Verdun: Chocolate bomb that explodes on ignition and showers favors all over the table; three sizes.

Nougat: Special importation for connoisseurs, half-pounds and pounds.

Cœur de Crême: The incomparably delicate cheese, delivered in heart-shaped baskets with wild-strawberry jam and a box of some flaky Scotch biscuit; nice present for an invalid.

PARK & TILFORD, everywhere:

Plum puddings: There *is* something new, these being done in a white paraffin ball that melts off while the pudding is steaming; $2.25.

Yerba Maté, the Mexican delight (dun't esk); $3.85.

P & T Jams (really awfully good) in fancy pottery jars for gifts; $2.

Rue de la Paix Candies, firm's own best brand; $2 a pound.

Chocolate nonsense—a bag of gold pieces for the stocking-tip of the Big Loser.

Hampers of edible trophies; relishes, hors d'œuvres, candies, biscuits, etc.; $5 to $35 (or even more, if you insist).

VENDÔME, 18 East Forty-ninth Street: The charcuterie department (tut,

Portrait of Miss Grace Moore by Pels*

Elusive Expression . . . . Fleeting Mood . . . . A new interpretation of your portrait by

601 Madison Ave. New York City — PELS — Telephone VOLunteer 0952

Sittings, by appointment, at the studio or in the familiar surroundings of your own home.

*Reproduced by the kind permission of Miss Moore.

in CHICAGO
Hotel Knickerbocker

The Will-to-Serve, the warm friendliness, the personal effort to make you comfortable . . . that's what you will first appreciate at Hotel Knickerbocker. Then . . . larger, handsome rooms . . . and the most luxuriously comfortable beds that money can buy. With all that comes lower rates that show our spirit of fairness to the public . . . our wish to merit public recognition as a great institution, not merely a "mere" hotel. 3 minutes to the city-center . . . it's quiet, restful, and accessible here . . . When are you coming to Chicago? At your service!

J. I. McDONELL, *Manager*

Wonderful Rooms with bath $3.00

Write for illustrated literature

163 E. Walton Pl., Opposite The Drake

COSTUMES whose flattering youthfulness and subtle execution are no indication of their extremely modest prices.

NAN FALLON

Gowns — *Original Designs*
Coats — *French Copies*

In the 'House of Flowers' Building
Private Elevator. Circle 4653

4 West 56th Street New York

to the young new yorker who wants to fly

READ THIS PAGE . . . AND SHOW IT TO THE FAMILY BEFORE THEY'VE HAD TIME TO BUY YOU A LOUNGING ROBE OR A NEW CAR OR A FLOCK OF TIES FOR CHRISTMAS

How to give me *what I want* for Christmas

DEAR FAMILY—

I have long had a more or less suppressed desire to *fly*. No telling what may happen unless you very tactfully and wisely arrange it so I can learn under the best conditions.

Take the Curtiss-Wright Flying School at Valley Stream, Long Island, for instance.

Do you know:

1. That this is the first government approved flying school in the metropolitan area.

2. That the instructors are not only expert pilots, but expert *teachers*—trained in the famous Curtiss-Wright Instructors School, the only flying instructors' school in the country.

3. That the Valley Stream flying field has been found by Government inspectors to be free from hazards, well kept up, and amply large for flying on the part of beginners.

4. That the planes used are the *Fledgling*—adopted for training by the U. S. Navy—and the *Robin*—sister-plane to the St. Louis Robin, world's endurance record holder . . . 420 hours in the air.

5. That in a Curtiss-Wright school—there are 40 of them!—I would learn the *theory* of flying as well as the *practice* of flying.

6. That I would receive a complete working knowledge of all types of engines and ships, and learn to *service* a plane for myself.

In short, by learning to fly in a Curtiss-Wright school I would be learning to fly under *experts*, in planes that are mechanically sound, and practically *fool-proof*.

Incidentally, I would come into contact with all the Big Boys of the Aviation Industry in all its branches. Now all that *you* have to do, dear family, is to give me a Curtiss-Wright *Gift Certificate* for Christmas.

But in order that you will have *all* the information you need about the Curtiss-Wright Flying Schools and the coveted Gift Certificate, would you mind mailing in the accompanying coupon—*today*—so that I won't be low on Christmas morning?

YOUR LOVING,

☐ SON ☐ DAUGHTER ☐ NEPHEW

☐ NIECE ☐ GRANDSON ☐ GRANDDAUGHTER

P. S. Incidentally, this Gift Certificate might eventually lead to my becoming an important *executive in aviation—the* coming industry.

CURTISS-WRIGHT FLYING SERVICE

the world's oldest flying organization

CURTISS-WRIGHT FLYING SERVICE Dept. G.F.
27 W. 57th St., New York City

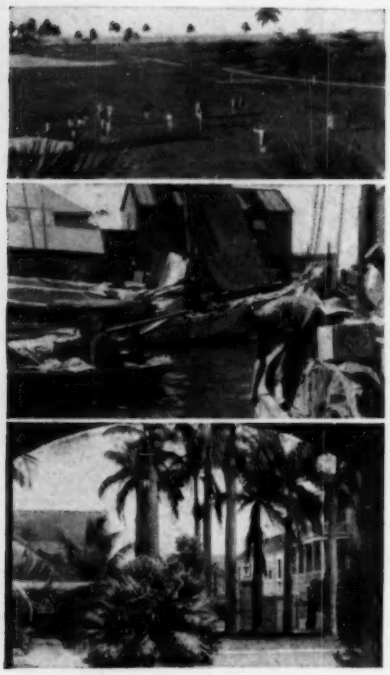
Dear Sirs: I am interested in finding out in detail about your Christmas Gift Certificate entitling a young man or woman to enter your Ground School ☐ Private Pilot's Course ☐ Limited Commercial Pilot's Course ☐ Transport Pilot's Course. Please send information privately to

Name_____

Address_____

Modern Luxuries Summer Sports

Romance and Adventure On a Tropic Isle



A TRIP abroad in the tropics—"natures own tonic" for jaded nerves—sixty hours from New York, two days from Bermuda, overnight from Miami (2 hours by air). Out-of-door sports all winter enhanced by the colorful romance of old world environment. Golf on seaside courses—surf bathing on coral tinted beaches—tennis on clay courts, yachting on iridescent seas—big game fishing—exploring the aged haunts of famous buccaneers—dining and dancing beneath the palms to the strains of modern symphony. Historic old Nassau should be foremost in your winter vacation itinerary. De luxe hotel and boarding house accommodations are available at reasonable rates. Direct steamship lines from New York and Miami. Passenger airplane service from Miami daily. No passport required.

For complete information and literature, address: Canadian National Steamships, Montreal, Canada; Munson Steamship Line, 67 Wall Street, New York City, or Columbus Hotel Building, Miami, Fla.; Florida I. I. S. S. Line, 321 E. Flagler Street, Miami; Pan American Airways, 122 42nd Street, New York City, or Columbus Hotel Building, Miami; All offices of Thomas Cook & Sons, or the Development Board, Nassau, Bahamas, B. W. I.

NASSAU BAHAMAS Isle of June

tut, my child—cooked or partly cooked delicatessen specialties) is a great success. Most amazingly, the prices are modest. *Alors:*

Escargots: The biggest, tenderest French snails, all done with sweet butter and garlic ready to toast in the shell; sixty cents a dozen. Pans for cooking and serving; $3.25.

Gnocchi—ah! Ten cents a dozen, with instructions if your cook is hopeless.

Ravioli, ravioli, aha! All ready to cook; fifteen cents a dozen.

Pâtés, of chicken or goose liver in crusts; simply ambrosial. One dollar a pound for the big ones; $3.75 apiece if bought whole. And irresistible leetle round ones in pastry; fifteen cents apiece.

Stilton and Cheddar Cheese with port wine; the perennial Vendôme favorite; $1 and $2.25.

Pont L'Évêque Cheese; at last. Hard to get, and this is good; sixty cents apiece.

Hams: Every known variety, Italian, Smithfield, French, Westphalian; cooked in the fawnciest way.

French candies: Marquis chocolates in pastille boxes, and caramels moues—the squashy kind.

Furthermore, the Vendôme will now cook any delicacy to your order and send it around, hot or cold. Phone Wickersham 2224.

NOTE: All of the foregoing will send out big or little hampers of assorted delicacies, including savories and sweets and fresh fruits. Good fruit baskets will also be found at Acker, Merrall & Condit stores; the Madison Grocery & Fruit Shop, 644 Madison Avenue; Reuben's; the Ritz Fruit Shop, 406 Madison Avenue; and Alexander Wilson, 280 Madison Avenue. In an emergency, remember John S. Nicholas in the Grand Central Station.

FLOWERS, TREES, AND STOCKINGS

AFTER all, there is no use actually splitting your brains over Christmas presents, because you can always

THE BRICK ROW BOOK SHOP, INC.

42 East 50th Street

(Wickersham 8060)

RUMOR has it that retail business has died an unnatural death.

That the great stores are empty.

That the makers of fashionable furs and expensive cars are daily receiving cancellations.

That there will be no 'cakes and ale' this Christmas.

The *facts* rather seem to be that retail business is just as good as usual.

That the great buying public does not manifest the Christmas spirit till about the twelfth.

And judging by the excellent business we are doing (40% ahead for the same period, Oct. 1—Dec. 1 of last year), this will be an exceptionally good year for us.

It is hardly necessary to remind you that books are ideal for gift purposes, and that the Brick Row Shop is quite the pleasantest place to obtain them.

The Fruit Shop

Extends to its many Patrons the Season's Greetings.

For a Xmas token of remembrance surely nothing could be more acceptable than a gift selected from Hicks' Unique Fruit Shop.

Fruit Baskets, or an assortment of our own design Baskets of fresh packed Nuts and Glace Fruits -- or Hicks exclusive Candies to meet the satisfaction of the most fastidious.

H. HICKS & SON INC
675 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

RUMIDOR

The one gift every smoker will welcome and use every day of the year

Every smoker wants a Rumidor . . . needs a Rumidor . . . this is the time to give Rumidors. The Rumidor is a handsome humidor—but more! Rum has always been used to condition tobacco and to enrich its mellow flavor. There is a rum-chamber in the top of the Rumidor which contains a block of solidified 12-year-old Rum. The vapor from this rum keeps tobacco moist, mellow, smooth and in proper condition for smoking . . . in a word, rumid.

Stale tobacco becomes fresh—dry tobacco becomes moist—all tobacco becomes rumid . . . in the Rumidor.

There is a Rumidor to suit every taste and every purse. Four sizes in beautiful metals and leathers. For cigarettes, pipe tobacco and cigars. Sold by the better shops. $3.50 to $115.

1—A cigarette from the Rumidor is fresh, mellow and full of flavor . . . it is rumid . . . 100% moist and in perfect condition for smoking.

2—This represents the average of twelve cigarettes purchased at random. They are NOT in condition for smoking. Only 15% moist . . . not rumid at all.

If dealer cannot supply you mail coupon.

THE RUMIDOR CORP., 501 Fifth Avenue, New York N-6

Please mail me

- ☐ Copper cigarette Rumidor. Check enclosed $3.50
- ☐ Package four Rum-Refills. Check enclosed $1.00
- ☐ Handsomely illustrated booklet, gratis.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

The Aperitif . . .
is not confined to Europe!

England, France and Sweden send us these rare old world flavours for our holiday cheer. Ideal for cocktails, punches or what have you. At all good grocers. Send for recipe book N.

HOLLOWAY'S LONDON DRY

Direct from London where it is especially distilled for the American market.

Try This!
Caloric Cocktail

4 parts Holloway's London Dry, 1 part Caloric Punch, juice of lemon. Shake with ice.

NUYENS' FRENCH DRY VERMOUTH

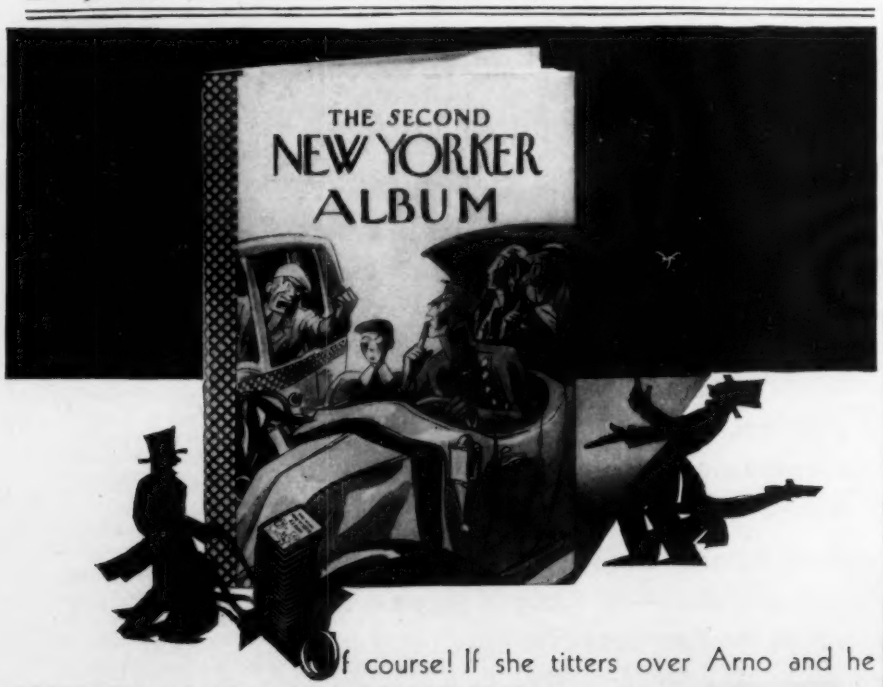
Made and bottled in France.

CALORIC PUNCH

From Sweden, with a luscious flavour similar to Bacardi.

B. B. DORF & CO., 350 W. 31st St., N. Y.

Also importers of Nuyens' Cordials . . . Creme de Cocoa . . . Apricot . . . Creme de Menthe . . . Grenadine



Of course! If she titters over Arno and he roars at Gluyas Williams, why not give them the Second New Yorker Album . . . the big collection of drawings that has made America broccoli-conscious? For crystallized hilarity, give the Social Register of the year's nimblest wit!

THE second NEW YORKER ALBUM

$2.50 EVERYWHERE DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

give flowers gracefully—and at the last minute, too. You've probably got a favorite, but here are a few of the best and most convenient florists. Give 'em time, if possible.

BUNYARD, 413 Madison Avenue, Wickersham 8182: Artistic pieces and boxes of cut flowers; good place for telegraph orders.

DARDS, 339 Madison Avenue, Murray Hill 8616: Specialize on a charming five-dollar assorted box, the more charming if a standing order is left for one to be sent every week.

M. GOLDFARB, Third Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, Plaza 3730: The huge flower market where everybody goes. Many imitators, but none better. Can do floral decorating—and reasonably.

HOUSE OF FLOWERS, 4 West Fifty-sixth Street, Circle 8120: Old-fashioned débutante bouquets their specialty, $6.50 up; also exotic rarities.

NOBORU KONDO, 666 Madison Avenue, Regent 8335: Growing gardenias; the best Chinese water-plants, pot-gardens, and other whimsies—nice for invalids.

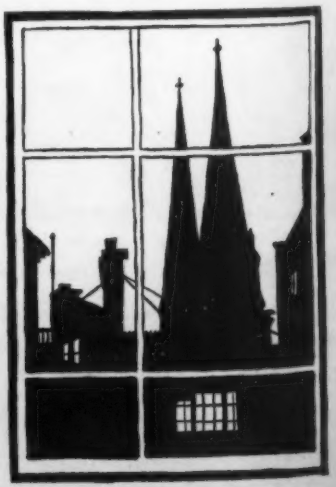
KOTTMILLER, 367 Madison Avenue, Murray Hill 0783, and in the Ritz: An unusually artistic florist. The bizarre in perfect taste.

MAX SCHLING, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street, Volunteer 7800: The grand old standby; will get you anything at any season, if you beg hard enough.

STUMPP, 732 Fifth Avenue, Circle 5349: All-round floral service, and amusing potted cactuses and other crazy plants.

WADLEY & SMYTHE, 591 Madison Avenue, Plaza 5785: Very dignified place, for corsages and impressive decorating.

WARENDORFF, 214 East Fifty-seventh Street, Plaza 3166: Shines by vir-



BY APPOINTMENT

ROUMANIA MONTENEGRO PERSIA SERBIA IMPERIAL RUSSIA

THE FOUR LOVELIEST GIFTS

RALLET NO. 1
RALLET NO. 3
GARDÉNIA
CHYPRE

Each of these superb odeurs is obtainable in five sizes from $3.50 to $22.50

LE Nº 1 DE RALLET PARIS FRANCE
LE CHYPRE DE RALLET PARIS FRANCE
LE GARDENIA DE RALLET PARIS FRANCE
LE Nº 3 DE RALLET PARIS FRANCE

PARFUMS

RALLET

MODERN FRAGRANCES — conceived in the manner that won royal approbation

SOCIÉTÉ FRANCAISE DES PARFUMS RALLET — SALON, 4 RUE BERRYER, PARIS. — PARFUMS RALLET — 714 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

HE'D ALWAYS felt that *somewhere* was the restaurant of his dreams—a place of quiet luxury, with alluring food, suavely superlative service, where the food is deliciously *fresh*, alluringly choice, everything supreme and glorious...yesterday he came, and now, he's the first to say:

"What! You haven't discovered Longchamps?"

RESTAURANTS

55 Fifth Avenue
North-east Cor. 12th Street

19-21 West 57th Street
Near Fifth Avenue

423 Madison Avenue
Bet. 48th and 49th Streets

28 West 58th Street
off Fifth Avenue
Through to 57th Street

40 East 49th Street
Bet. Madison & Vanderbilt Aves.

1015-17 Madison Ave.
Bet. 78th & 79th Streets

ALL RESTAURANTS LONGCHAMPS ARE OPEN DAILY INCLUDING ALL HOLIDAYS FOR BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, AFTERNOON TEA AND DINNER FROM 7 A. M. TO 11 P. M.

THE AMPHITRITE

Golf
Tennis
Riding
Swimming
Aquaplaning
Sailing
Fishing
Boating
Dancing
Deck Games
Bridge

The Amphitrite will spend the winter at Miami Beach. A distinctive and unique combination of hotel and private yacht, it will be docked in Biscayne Bay, and will be operated in the country club manner—bedroom suites with or without salons; restaurant, grill, lounges, sun decks a city block in length, tea and supper dancing, sun bathing.

Reservations available for over night, a week-end or a month.

For further information please address Mr. Paul Lennon, *Resident Managing Director*, Nine St. Luke's Place, New York City. Telephone, Walker 8227.

herne & wray

lend the finishing touches to the well-groomed hand at their

salon de manucure

35 east 57th st.,
new york
volunteer 7142

MISS L. BROGAN, INC.
500 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK

NEW ORLEANS PALM BEACH

For the Christmas Party

A beautiful little hand made dress in gay rose crepe de chine with Normandy lace collar. . . . Pretty dolls with outfits like the child's own wardrobe. . . . Unusual toys. . . . crib sets and wool blankets.

tue of being a huge flower market—meaning low prices.

The Tree

If you live so much in the New York manner that your apartment will only hold a table tree in a pot, I sniffingly recommend you to any florist at all. But if you have a spark of sentiment, and want a real Christmas *tree*, you can get it—all nailed into a stand—from your grocer; or from Goldfarb, Max Schling, or Warendorff, or, here's an idea, at the Queensboro Bridge Market, First Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, where thousands of assorted trees are banked against the grim masonry and sold to excited patresfamilias. They also sell there all the holly wreaths and boughs, laurel and pine garlands, and other decorations that your happy home will hold.

For trimmings, you will find it hard to improve on darling Woolworth, though you had better go very promptly Monday morning at 8:45. If you can't and won't pay cash, carry, and fight crowds, there are always Schwarz, 303 Fifth Avenue; Mayfair, 9 East Fifty-seventh Street; and other toy stores; and Dennison, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, or Bloomingdale, or—obviously—Macy. Shackman's, at Broadway and Twentieth Street, is another standby. Electrical tree outfits are best bought from your neighborhood electric-and-radio man, and unless you know more than I do, have him install them too. Half a dozen extra bulbs on hand for Christmas Eve will never cause you grief.

The Stockings

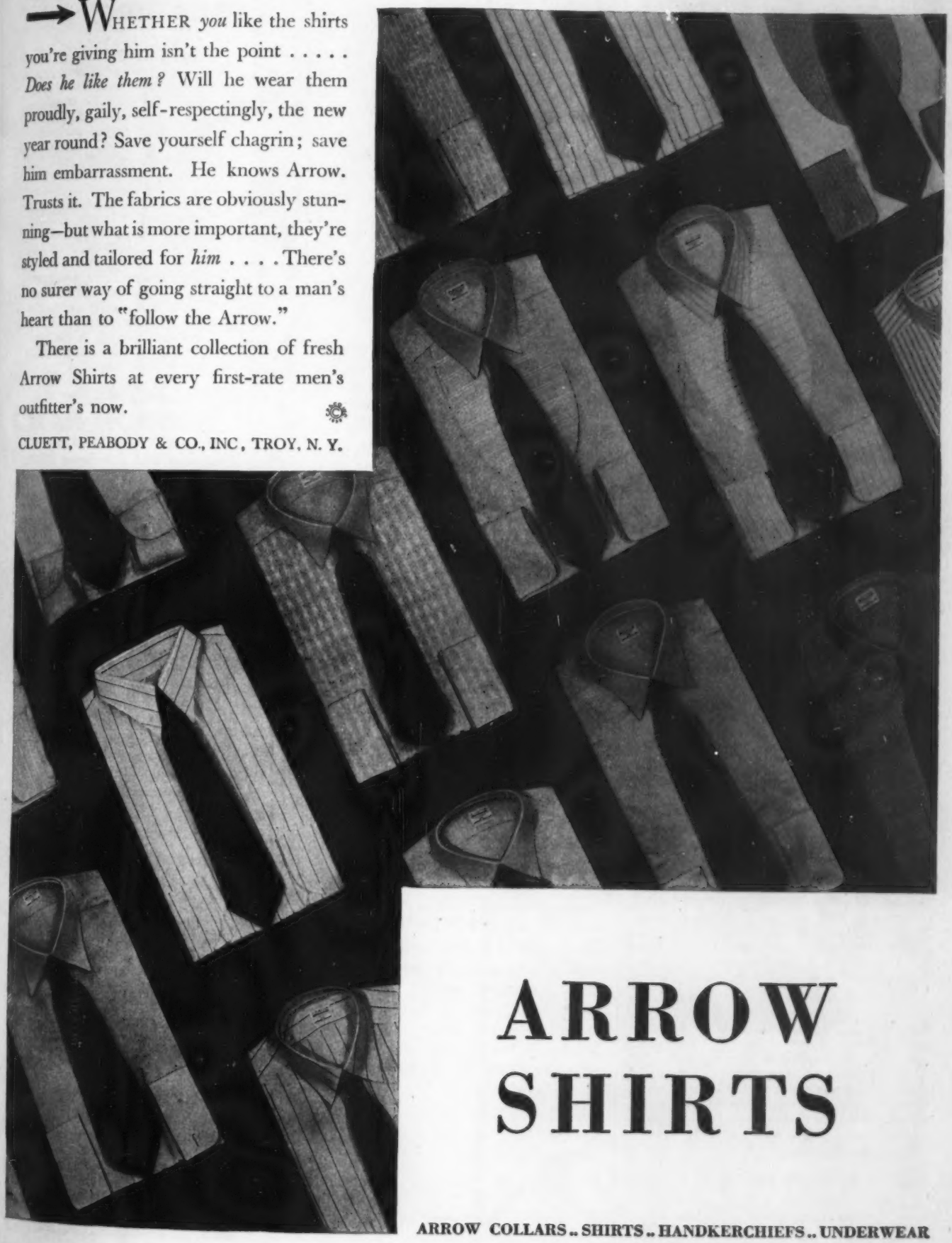
Noting, in passing, that people's own ideas and family traditions suggest the most pleasing stocking-fillers, we go on

GIVE HIM THE BRAND OF SHIRTS HE KNOWS.... LIKES TRUSTS....WEARS ⇶ ONLY ARROW SHIRTS HAVE ARROW COLLARS

→WHETHER *you* like the shirts you're giving him isn't the point . . . . . *Does he like them?* Will he wear them proudly, gaily, self-respectingly, the new year round? Save yourself chagrin; save him embarrassment. He knows Arrow. Trusts it. The fabrics are obviously stunning—but what is more important, they're styled and tailored for *him* . . . . There's no surer way of going straight to a man's heart than to "follow the Arrow."

There is a brilliant collection of fresh Arrow Shirts at every first-rate men's outfitter's now.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y.



ARROW SHIRTS

ARROW COLLARS .. SHIRTS .. HANDKERCHIEFS .. UNDERWEAR

France

Where Winter Suns Are Gay and Strong!

To go to France at any time is good. But to go *now* is to avoid the tourist-mob . . . to see it at its lovely, leisured best . . . and at your own . . . to take advantage of its sunshine and its flowers, its smartest beaches at their smartest season.

There's the Côte Basque along the pounding Biscay . . . Biarritz, where the beret came from and the clever photographers go to snap the fashionables . . . St. Jean-de-Luz, Hendaye for golf . . . and then, across the Pyrenees where you stop for winter sports . . . the Côte d'Or and the Côte d'Azur, strung with resorts so many and so varied that all tastes are met . . . Marseilles, the greatest port in France, clustered about with beaches . . . Cannes, where the international set foregathers . . . Antibes Juan-les-Pins, Nice, Villefranche, scene of the February naval Battle of the Flowers, Monte Carlo, where the battle is of wits.

Returning . . . there's the lovely, lazy Chateau Country . . . Chinon, where Jean d'Arc saw her King . . . Azay-le-Rideau, tiny but such perfect Renaissance . . . Langeais, pure Gothic and a fort, despite its flowers . . . Villandry of the gardens and the swans . . . Chenonceux, swung gayly out across the Cher . . . Chambord of the double spiral staircase . . . Chaumont where Catherine studied astrology while Diane studied men . . .

Information and literature on request

RAILWAYS OF FRANCE

General Representatives
INTERNATIONAL WAGON-LITS
701 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

to refer you to the grocery, fruit, and candy-store lists in this issue. Next comes Woolworth, whose toys, miniature portions of toilet articles, and pocket nonsense are all invaluable. Jokes can be played with Woolworth's supplies; a jar of their caviar for the family gourmet, for instance. Shackman's, noted above, is the ideal haven for troubled Santa Clauses. They also have foolish or sentimental ornaments of all kinds for the Christmas dinner-table and mantelpiece. Go early—what a new idea!—for the best service. And, if you find blanks in your list on your way home Christmas Eve, you can probably fill them at the nearest Liggett, Schulte, or United Cigar Stores, or Womrath—even to rag picture books for Baby Brother. —M. C.

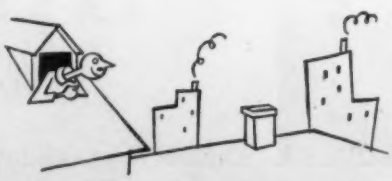
DRINKING ACCESSORIES

FOR lawbreakers who can still be patriotic and proud of their native land there is a new cocktail shaker in the form of Lindbergh's plane. The propeller unscrews a nozzle, the wings are flasks, and the body conceals cups and a sugar bowl. The Graf Zeppelin has been similarly immortalized. One of the many places you can get them at is Wanamaker, where they cost $20.

Since the jewelry stores, department stores, sporting-goods stores, drugstores, and cigar stores carry all kinds of traditional drinking equipment, we won't bother doing anything about them. We're just listing a few items that happen to occur to us; many of them can be duplicated again and again.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH, Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street: All kinds of shakers, decanters, and bottles. Here are a few to give you an idea:

Two-quart glass shaker, two feet high, works with a plunger; $22.50. Rustless steel shaker; $12. Pitcher shaker with only one cover; an achievement in simplicity—silver plated; $20. Decanter topped with a pump and a small bucket—$25, for silver plate; $16, for glass. Painted china decanters made in the shape of fighters, horsemen, tennis players, and other sports enthusiasts; $7.50. Heavy French crystal glasses etched with frosty palms. Set includes one dozen each of whiskey, highball, and cocktail glasses; $100. English



ALL THE CHRISTMAS PLEASURES

THEY'RE ALL here at Chalfonte-Haddon Hall—those time-honored Christmas pleasures. Carols to awaken you, a filled stocking for every child, gifts for the ladies—and a turkey to your own family, at your own table, the attention of your own interested waitress—just as at home. Also, sun rooms and card rooms, Sandy Cove, the playroom for children, and deck chairs overlooking the ocean. Everything for a comfortable, merry Christmas. Make it a family party for the whole week. Write for rates and literature. A Motoramp garage adjoins the hotel.

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
ATLANTIC CITY
American and European Plans
Leeds and Lippincott Company

Eighteen Gramercy Park
SOUTH
East 20th Street Cor. Irving Place

for

WOMEN WHOSE INCOMES PERMIT THE CHOICE OF BETTER LIVING

Rates: $19 to $25 weekly
Full Hotel Service

GRAMERCY 6000

CORRECT CONTRACT BRIDGE
by E. V. SHEPARD
An authority on the subject, the author first introduced the game in America. $2.00
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

Hotel BERMUDIANA

Opens Dec. 20th

THE most charming spot in all Bermuda—where the surroundings are in keeping with social life of the better sort. Situated in the heart of a tropical garden of Bermuda's loveliest fifteen acres overlooking the harbor. Grill and dancing, with facilities for every kind of popular outdoor sport—golf, tennis, riding, driving, sailing, swimming, fishing. A $2,000,000 outlay for 500 guests—fireproof throughout and modern to the latest thought.

For booklet and reservations, address

J. A. SHERRARD
Managing Director
Hotel Bermudiana, Bermuda, or
FURNESS BERMUDA LINE
565 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
or any authorized Tourist Agent

Ged Tie Holder, *5 H. C. Hand Craft. 1/10 Green Gold 14 K. $3.00. Sterling Silver $3.00.*

Ged Tie Holder or Money Grip. *Hand Craft 1/5 Green Gold 14 K. $5.00. Sterling Silver $3.00.*

Ged Quality Marked Jewelry is featured by particular shops. If not at yours, order direct. Ged Gifts for Men Illustrated Folders Mailed on request.

GED MFG. CO.
Two Maiden Lane, New York

RONEY PLAZA HOTEL

MIAMI BEACH
FLORIDA
One of America's most distinctive Ocean Front Hotels
OPEN THANKSGIVING DAY TO APRIL 20

silver tankards with glass bottoms; eight for $100. Glasses painted with fishing flies—highball, $2; cocktail, $1.50. Squash set in tray of English oak that includes lemon squeezer and strainer, fruit knife, ice and fruit cribs, and six highball glasses in silver holders; $150. All kinds of cellarettes; some on wheels, like a tea-wagon. The Simplex Tap—metal stopper for whiskey bottle, which measures out one drink; $4. Attaché cases, fitted to carry one, two, or three flasks of Britannia metal; $65 up.

MARK CROSS, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street: Hospitality Cabinet—for drinking equipment and parlor games.

MACY, Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street: Lots of modern pewter. Barrel-shaped shaker with highball tankards and cocktail cups to match, complete on pewter tray; $17.94. Paul Revere beer mug, pewter; $4.64. Iceless cocktail shaker, pewter; $18.74. Modern Danish shaker, green glass and pewter; $6.94. Half-dozen cups to match; $9.34. Sterling champagne corks from Germany; $9.34. Amusing whiskey corks; $2.74. Sterling cocktail cups with sea horse for stem; $59.75 for six. Sterling sets of flask and cups for travelling; $27.75. Wine cask on trestle, holds two quarts; $9.34. Honest-to-goodness corkscrew, sterling, with a stag handle; $4.64. Silver-plated champagne bucket; $22.89. (Gay nineties.) Plated cocktail shaker and ice tub; $15.84.

OVINGTON, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street: Everything that a confirmed tippler could desire, except drinks. Cellarettes from $150 to $500. And you know about their glass as well as I do.

STERN, 41 West Forty-second Street: Of course they have all kinds of big drinking comforts, but I was more interested in their large collection of bottle-openers and corkscrews in the form of birds and beasts of a somewhat heraldic nature; $50 to $3.50. Look at their beetle corkscrew; $2.25. And at a circular polished-steel mirror with a dog handle, for superstitious people with unsteady hands.

BARS

EASTMAN BROTHERS STUDIOS, 34 West Forty-sixth Street: A portable bar made to order within a week, can be used in a corner or against a flat wall; mahogany, walnut, or bright paint in any design you choose; from $200.

HAMMACHER, SCHLEMMER & COMPANY, 145 East Fifty-seventh

EGYPT . . . and the MEDITERRANEAN

Athens

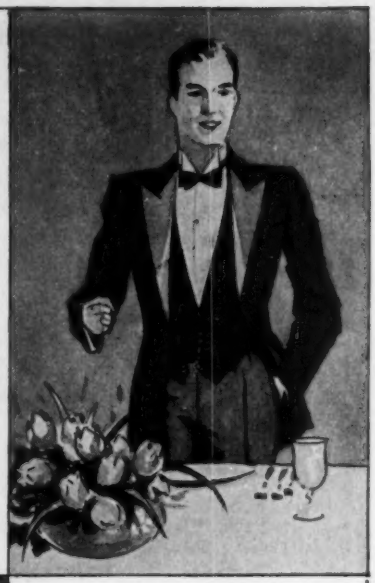
The Mauretania in search of romance

Athens . . . the fountain of Greek inspiration, yet as modern as Paris and New York. The view from the Acropolis across to the Bay of Salamis where Xerxes came with his fleet of a Thousand Conquering Ships . . . modern Athenians against a background which made museums possible . . . Beauty to walk on . . . a characteristic, pulsing, novel city life. The Mauretania sails determinedly for the cultural romance, the social quintessence of the world's most beautiful sea. She is famous in the role of a pleasure yacht. Spacious . . . charming and informal. She calls at Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Villefranche, Naples, Alexandria and Haifa, so opportunely that she is part of the Mediterranean season.

The Mauretania sails from New York February 20th . . . returns via Southampton.

N.Y. to Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Villefranche and Naples . . . . . $275 up
N. Y. to Athens, Haifa and Alexandria $350 up

CUNARD LINE



Watch Your Waistcoat!

Styles in dress waistcoats can change almost as quickly as a woman changes her mind.

Watch *your* waistcoat! It is either entirely correct or it is all wrong. There is no compromise.

Last season you were a decided "Who's Who!" Perhaps this season may find you a mere "who's he?"—if your waistcoat is out of tune.

See the merchant who outfits you. Ask him to show you the latest patterns in Catoir Vestings. With a dress waistcoat made of a Catoir Vesting added to your evening outfit, your complete social success is assured.

CATOIR SILK CO., INC.
257 Fourth Ave., New York City

CATOIR
[Pronounced "KAT-WAH"]
VESTINGS · FACINGS · LININGS

Street: A collapsible five-foot bar with brass footrail. They can equip it as completely as you like with glass, cutlery, etc. The bar itself is $150.

JAY-THORPE, 24 West Fifty-seventh Street: A dark brown maple bar that folds up to look like a cabinet—place for napkins and silver as well as bottles, ice, and glasses; $250.

SMOKERS' GIFTS

CIGARS and tobacco are dangerous and difficult gifts if the recipient hasn't told you what he wants. If you're going to be headstrong, however, and give cigars, no matter what we say, you should know a few rudiments. The same cigars are often made in different shapes and sizes. Perfectos are big. Panatelas are small, thin, and light. The name "Claro" indicates a light color and has nothing to do with the strength.

The following brands are expensive enough to show good intentions, anyway: Corona Corona, Bolivar, Belinda Belvidere, Partagas Belvidere, Ramon Allones, Hoyo, Henry Clay, Ynclan, Bock, Carltonia, Cabaña Carolina, Romeo and Juliet, Manuel Garcia, Laranga, Rey del Mundo, Villar.

Below are the names of a few of the many good smoke shops where you will be given dependable advice. Benson & Hedges, 435 Fifth Avenue, Dunhill, Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street, and the MM Importing Company, 543 Madison Avenue, carry their own brands of pipes, tobacco, and cigarettes. The Ritz Smoke Shop, 410 Madison Avenue, specializes in imported cigarettes for Americans who run all over Europe looking for Luckies. William H. Rendall, 67 Wall Street, 2 East Forty-fifth Street, and 23 William Street, carries Longbottom pipes; James B. Russell, 23 West Fifty-seventh Street, carries Peter Jackson pipes; and The Stearn Company, 430 Madison Avenue, specializes in Lowe pipes and lighters. Novotny's Smoke Shop, 1409 Broadway, is famous for exotic tobaccos, among other things.

Preference chests—wooden boxes with compartments for five popular brands—can be found all over town. Prices vary according to whether the boxes are adorned with a simple hunting print or are covered with tooled leather. The latter type costs $15.

Most jewellers carry gold and silver cigarette cases, some in agreeable patterns, others combined with enamel. Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham, Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street, have a special room for smokers' articles.

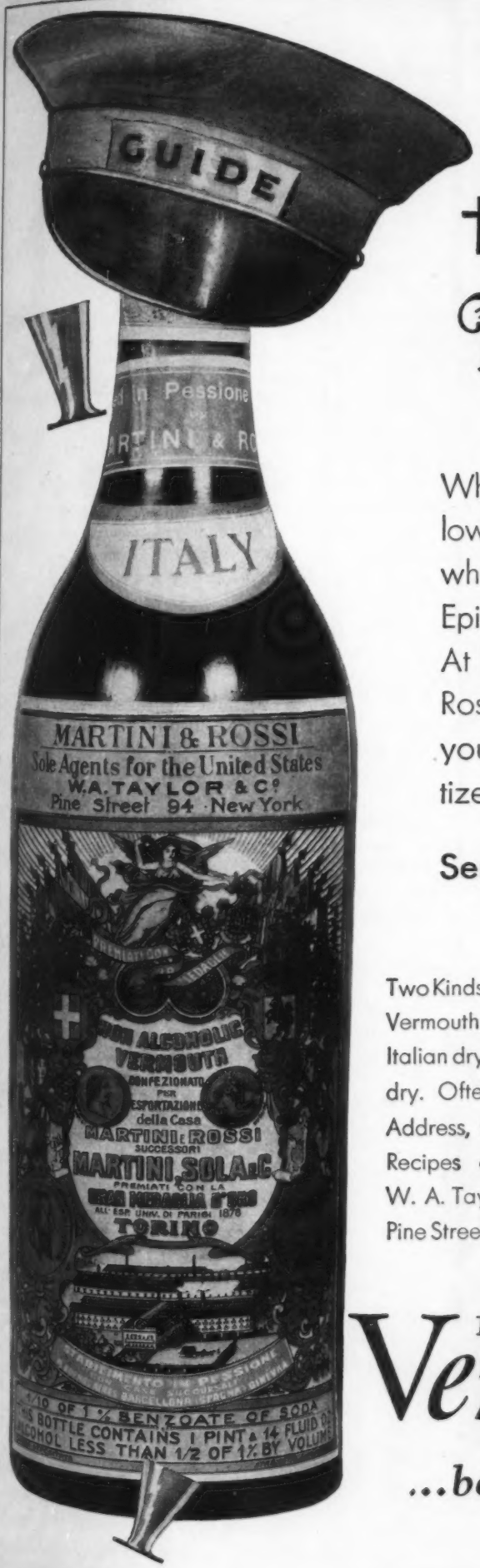
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH, Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street: Cylindrical crystal cigarette containers with carved crystal animals, standing on the covers; $10. Glass ashtray in the shape of a horseshoe. Superb smoke consumer of Lalique glass, looks like a pineapple; $30. Cigarette boxes and ashtrays in metals, glass, china, and onyx, some of them amusing and cheap, others elaborate and expensive.

BENSON & HEDGES, 435 Fifth Avenue: Cigarette jars of black glass with silver edges, cylindrical, $5; table lighters to match, $6; electric table lighters, $3.50 up. All kinds of humidors and cabinets made in their own factory.

CARTIER, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-second Street: Leather cigarette cases from $13 up. Others in precious metals for as much as you care to pay. Cigarette box covered in red leather; $12.

DUNHILL, Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street: All their own lighters and cases, of course, in metals, enamels, and leathers. Also very beautiful boxes of opal matrix, onyx, lapis lazuli, and other semiprecious stones, lined with gold and silver, that sell from $250 up to $1,000.

MACY, Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street: A pewter box that shoots the cigarettes at you; $4.64. Plain pewter boxes, $4.64 to $9.34; ashtrays to match, $1.39. Small trays shaped like leaves; eighty-nine cents. Desk lighters in silver and enamel from $4.64 to $9.34. Cigarette cases of white gold striped with colored enamel; $79.50. Engine-turned silver cig-



Guide through the hollydays

What a snappy guide...so easy to follow! Beverages have a new, cheerier tang when Martini & Rossi Vermouth is a part. Epicures say, "It flavors the palate." At bridge and before dinner Martini & Rossi livens appetite...This guide leads you to the most zestful cocktails, appetizers, punch, salads, sauces, desserts.

Send for Bridge Club Vermouth Recipes and Score Pad

Two Kinds of Martini & Rossi Vermouth at the food shop: Italian dry and French extra dry. Often used together. Address, for Bridge Club Recipes and Score Pad, W. A. Taylor & Co., 94N Pine Street, New York, N.Y.

MARTINI & ROSSI

Vermouth

...before dinner

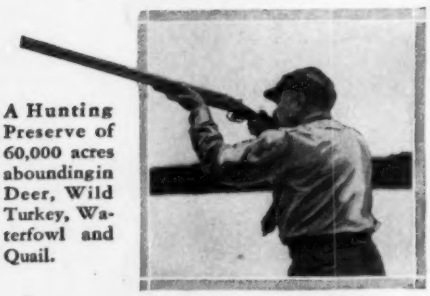
Two kinds: Italian dry and French extra dry

Let the hum of your reel make you forget the hum of the office . . .

What's your favorite hobby?

Fishing? Hunting! Golf? Tennis? Horseback riding? Aviation? Boating? Whatever *your* favorite hobby, whatever the *family's* favorite hobby, here's the place to ride 'em in a *wholesome, homelike atmosphere*—away from the crowds! Sea Island Beach—a new kind of "Hobby-Land"—*unlike any other play land in America!*

Imagine a hunting preserve of 60,000 acres—all within an hour of one of the smartest of Winter colonies! The luxury of perfect living, *without the extravagance!* Come and bring the family and all keep well and happy under a semi-tropical sun—with everything to do, *or nothing.*



A Hunting Preserve of 60,000 acres aboundingin Deer, Wild Turkey, Waterfowl and Quail.

SEA ISLAND BEACH
GEORGIA

"Where Indian Summer spends the Winter"

The New CLOISTER APARTMENTS

Write for illustrated booklet
SEA ISLAND COMPANY, Sea Island Beach, Ga.

New York Office—522 Fifth Avenue
Room 416—Phone VANderbilt 7860

Chicago Office—32 N. State Street
Room 601—Phone Central 5945

Detroit Office—1st Nat'l Bank Bldg.
Room 2188—Phone Cadillac 2680

arette cases—look at the brick design; $27.50.

MM Importing Company, 543 Madison Avenue: Cigar-store Indians for sale (not the one they have in the window). A small one, very old, $150; a Zulu, not so old but larger, $190; and a real American Indian in a long-sleeved tunic painted bright red, much larger, $500. Smoker's kit: two kinds of MM tobacco, pipe cleaner, knife, carbon cutter, and reamer, also a Blue Bar pipe, all in a red box; $12. Leather cigarette cases from $5. Meerschaum-lined briar pipes; $10. Gold cigarette case with bridge scoring in colored enamels; $35.

Wanamaker, Broadway and Ninth Street: Table lighter on top of a sphere colored to represent the world; remains upright; $8.50. Leather-covered box with a double drawer; cigarettes disappear and then, if you press the right spot, appear again; $15. Straight-line briar pipes in new shapes; the inside of the bowl is virgin wood; $6.50. All kinds of boxes, including beautiful antiques.

CAMERAS, STILL AND MOVIE

Travellers who hate to be taken for tourists, and yet want positive proof to show their friends that they did stand in front of St. Mark's in Venice the summer before last, will like the new cameras that are almost small enough to conceal in the palm of your hand, if you have a very big hand.

Zeiss has brought out a tiny movie

V B

LA VIE MODERNE!

Beaux-Arts
307 310 East 44th St.
Apartments, Inc.
3 blocks from Grand Central.

Continental in design and atmosphere—typically American in modern comfort—the most complete homes you have ever known at

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Upwards — Unfurnished.

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XMAS GIFTS
AT THE
RUSSIAN BAZAAR
17 West 57th St.

Painted Toys, Embroidered Decorated Linens, Caucasian Rugs, Samovars, Candy, Painted Cigarette Boxes, and thousands of unusual articles at

VERY LOW PRICES

Everything at this Bazaar has been imported from Russia.

Open 'til 8 p. m.

The Bazaar is sponsored by the Paxton Hibben Children's Hospital Committee

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INCORPORATED
ARTS INTERIORS
Telephone—Wickersham 1520
20 EAST 58th STREET
NEW YORK CITY

camera, the Kinamo, which measures 5 x 3½ x 2. Franke Heidecke, Braunschweig, sent over the Rolleiflex, a still camera, that is scarcely as wide as their name is long, and has a jack-in-the-box arrangement on top similar to that on the Graflex. Ansco has a still one called Memo-Ansco which takes 35 mm. movie film. The Vest Pocket Kodak with a fixed focus is still one of the smallest, and still costs only $5.

Those who take their movie-making seriously enough to ignore the curious glances of foreign eyes will be interested in the new turret head that Bell-Howell have invented for their 70's; it permits one to change from a close-up to a telescopic lens by a simple twist of the wrist. If making movies is your favorite vice, you can have an old-fashioned orgy with a Bell-Howell catalogue. They have thought of endless ways of giving a professional touch to a movie of Junior enjoying his third birthday party.

Then there's the Home-Talkie Unit, which lives up to its name by synchronizing a phonograph record with a film, using your radio to reproduce the sound.

I AM listing below the shops where I found these and other contraptions. Of course, there are plenty of other places that carry them.

EASTMAN KODAK STORE, 356 Madison Avenue: Ciné-Kodak, BB, f.3.5; costs $75 without a case. The case, projector, screen, and fifty feet of film, bring the total cost of the complete outfit up to $155. This camera does not take color pictures, but the Ciné-Kodak, BB, f.1.9, does; the camera and case cost $140. To operate it properly, special film, projector, screen, color filter, and the like are necessary.

GILLETTE CAMERA STORE, 117 Park Avenue: Home-Talkie Units; $49. One hundred feet of film and synchronized record; $9. Solite lighting units for taking movies indoors or at night; $82.50, complete with three five-hundred-watt bulbs, reflectors, tripod, and carrying case.

HERBERT & HUESGEN, 18 East Forty-second Street: Specialists in foreign cameras, but they also carry complete stock of domestic brands. Zeiss Kinamo, S 10, f.2.7. lens, takes 16 mm. film, and costs $85. Rolleiflex, a small, still camera that takes a No. 1 Brownie film; $85. De Vry Cine-Tone projector for home talkies, $250.

C. KLAUBERG, Madison Avenue and Forty-third Street: Ansco movie cam-

Just An Old Custom

(Not Entirely Spanish)

When they built Agua Caliente, just across the border from San Diego, they had in mind 'mongst other things—quite Spanish —an old delightful California custom,—to put the best of the West right along Southern Pacific rails.

And the trains. Sleek, swift-coursing thoroughbreds —

Sorry. Our enthusiasm. We should be restrained—a bit bored with it all. And speak in modern type of our discerning guests of travel . . . world-weary, wise and chooseful. The sophisticate . . . ah . . .

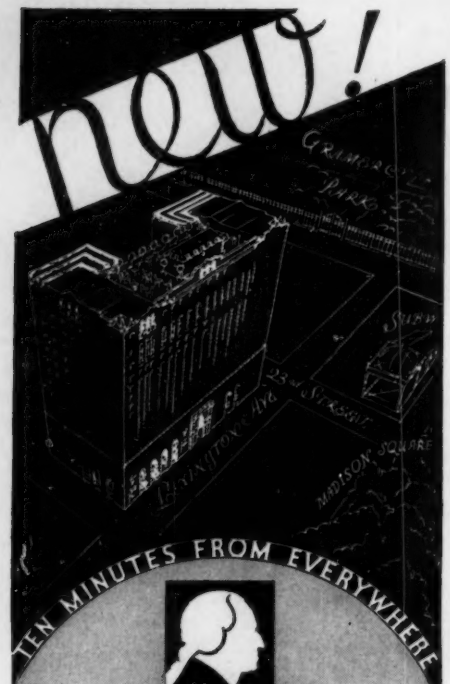
"Thoroughbreds" were we saying? Trite? Perhaps. But these names are yawnless: "Sunset Limited", "Overland Limited", "Golden State Limited" and the "Cascade". Leaders of four great routes of a rather important railroad to California.

Only Southern Pacific Rails directly serve Agua Caliente (metaphor-Monte Carlo), the Winter Desert Resorts about Palm Springs and Indio, Del Monte, Redwood Empire, Lake Tahoe (Winter Sports now).

Southern Pacific

Four Great Routes

Two convenient New York ticket offices; uptown at 531 Fifth Ave. (old Delmonico corner), phone Murray Hill 8400; downtown at 165 Broadway, 20th floor, phone Courtland 4800. H. H. GRAY, *General Agent, Passenger Department.*



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HOTEL-SERVICED SINGLE-ROOM HOMES

$12.50 to $17.50 weekly

No lease required

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630 completely furnished outside rooms, each with private bathroom. Planned for the man or woman of cultured tastes. Luxurious public rooms. Popular priced restaurant. The remarkable living-values compel an inspection!

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Also Charming

HOUSEKEEPING SUITES

. . . in the adjoining George Washington Studio Apartment Building. Suites of 3 or more rooms . . . furnished or unfurnished . . . complete kitchens . . . All Hotel facilities available to residents. Attractive rates. Long or short term lease.

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Operated by
Barth Hotels Corporation

A STEP FROM GRAMERCY PARK

THE George Washington

RESIDENTIAL HOTEL

23 Lexington Ave. at 23rd St.

era, very compact, with a button that regulates the motor so that it is possible to take regular or slow-motion pictures; $120 without a case.

LUGENE, INC., 600 and 976 Madison Avenue: Memo Ansco, a still camera that works like a movie camera and takes a 35 mm. movie film, which can be loaded in daylight. A film with fifty exposures costs fifty cents. The camera costs $20. A variety of still and movie cameras, including the new Filmos.

E. B. MEYROWITZ, 520 Fifth Avenue, and four other shops in Manhattan: The Zeiss Ikon still camera has a built-in delay that retards the shutter action for fifteen seconds after you press the button, to give you time to get into the picture; two sizes, $37.50 and $42. Filmo D-9, with seven speeds (watch the flowers grow), turret heads with close-up, Kodacolor and telescopic lenses (watch your neighbors behave in color). The price list drove me crazy, but I think it costs $427.50.

FOR HIS DESK

AFTER seeing all the things which no desk that is a desk can be without, we've decided to use, in the future, a stub pencil and a pad of paper propped against our knee. You may not feel that way, however, so we'll tell you of a few.

The Sheaffer and Parker desk sets: a fountain pen, or maybe two, stand in a socket on an onyx base; sometimes there is a clock or a calendar, sometimes not. These can be purchased in stationery and department stores everywhere. So can ashtrays, inkwells, pen trays, and the like. Look at the list of Smokers' Gifts on page 116 for other items.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH, Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street: Musical alarm clock to warn you of appointments; $12. Lamp with prizefight scene on the pottery base repeated on the shade; $35. Airplane paperweight; $5 and $15. Pilot-wheel clock that strikes ship's bells; $110. Clock and barometer in a severe frame of silver and bronze, $85; clock and barometer mounted as twin pilot wheels, $80.

HALE DESK COMPANY, 11 East Forty-fourth Street: All kinds of desks, and easy-chairs to accompany them, desk pads, work organizers, ash, pin, and pen trays, lamps, inkwells, and wastebaskets, if you want to be really businesslike about it.

JONES & ERWIN, 15 East Fifty-

It is Better to Give a Party than to Receive One

This is the new creed of that important younger set between the ages of two and sixteen . . . who have already solicited the services of the PARTY FACTORY and find them so enticing that they all have decided that it is more fun to be a host than a guest.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
New York
Plaza 4000 . . . Ext. 165

LUXURY CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN
PALESTINE vs EGYPT

71 DAYS OF DELIGHT
Sail away on the famous cruising steamer
ROTTERDAM From N. Y. FEB. 6th 1930
under Holland-America Line management.

Enjoy real comfort, entertainment, strictly first class service and unsurpassed cuisine.

The comprehensive itinerary includes Madeira, Casablanca (the playground of Morocco and North Africa), Cadiz, Seville, (Granada) Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples (first call), Tunis, Athens, Constantinople, Haifa, Jerusalem, (the Holy Land), Alexandria, Cairo (and Egypt), Kotor and Dubrovnik (on the Dalmatian Coast), Venice, Naples (second call), Monaco, and the Riviera. **Added to these fascinating ports of call will be Malta, the romantic, Cyprus, the sunny isle, and Syracuse in Sicily.**

The Rotterdam is being entirely reconditioned for this coming cruise. Real beds instead of berths, hot and cold running water, a delightful tile swimming pool and modern gymnasium are among the many new improvements which will make this ever popular ship of even greater appeal to the discriminating cruise passenger.

American Express Co. in charge of shore excursions
Write for illustrated booklet "Y"
HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE
21-24 STATE STREET, NEW YORK
Branch Offices and Agents in all principal Cities.

merry AND bright Christmas Cards
LIVERIGHT BOOKSHOP
21 West 51 St.—Vol. 2125

seventh Street: Brass ship's lamps, copies of old oil ones, swung like a compass; $20. Small tortoise-paper shades; $7.50. Portfolios, also tortoise paper, $10; boxes that hold a carton of cigarettes, covers to match, $10; smaller boxes, $6; small desk trash baskets, covered in tortoise paper, $7.50. Inkwells of heavy glass in spiral design; $15. Modern spiral lamps finished in colors with a tinsel glaze; $45. Tiered metal lamp shades, chromium or copper; $60. Crystal-ball desk watches; $30.

MM Importing Company, 543 Madison Avenue: Porcupine quill penholder; $4. Silver ruler; $15. Paper knife with tortoiseshell handle, with reading glass; $25. Featherweight diaries for hunting, shooting, shopping, and personal affairs, blue morocco covers; $2.50 up. London, Paris, and New York address books, to match; $5. Tooled-leather desk sets at various prices depending on the number of pieces.

The William F. Wholey Company, 11 East Thirty-sixth Street: Cabinets that resemble Renaissance chests and conceal, in their secret compartments, not poison, but bottles, playing cards, poker chips, dice, and other aids to pleasant vice; $370 to $700. Desk lamps, electric clocks, inkwells. Sets of Florentine tooled leather include calendars, wastebaskets, letter clips, letter boxes, blotters, and blotter pads. —G. McC.

GIFTS FOR THE SICK

THE moment any person becomes ill, the imagination of his friends seems to stop short at bouquets of flowers (all of them delivered the first day of illness, so that there is a surfeit and then a lack of them), at books, and at long, sad sentimental visits on tiptoe that are guaranteed to make the patient feel worse, if possible.

In the first place, for a convalescent, or a person who is to be sick a long time, a subscription to the Society

• •

A FEW WOIDS ON BOIDS

[In the New York Manner]

When winter comes, the boidies know
Enough to flap their wings and go
From woiser woilds to better.
Upon their downy wings they perze
And fly to taste of Cuban jerze,
Where they can sing in sweeter verse
With sunshine for abettor.

So, children, from these boidies loin
To get the things for which you yoin
And in the foist place plan a
Quick southern trip. Oh, do not coise
The winter cold, but take your poise
(For several bills you must disboise)
And fly to fair Havana.

SUBLIME passion of poetry! What words might we not say in your praise—did not a few practical details demand our descent to the banal.

There are only two ways to fly to Havana or to Nassau—or to other points throughout the Indies. One way is to be a bird and go *au naturel*. The other, and much the better, is to take a Pan American Airliner from Miami.

After one trip the Pan American way, you will cease to sigh for the wings of a dove. Doves do not have two veteran pilots. They are not multi-motored. They do not boast constant radio communication or thoughtful steward service or roomy, gaily decorated cabins with restful seats and wide aisles. You just can't imagine a dove built that way. But Pan American Airliners can and do boast of all these things.

Also, six of America's finest trains cooperate to make it a luxury trip all the way.

Through Rail-Air Service

from **NEW YORK** — 39 hours to Havana and Nassau:
Havana Special .... Lv. 6:50 p.m.
Everglades ..... Lv. 10:20 p.m.
Florida Special .... Lv. 8:35 p.m.

from **BOSTON** — 43 hours to Havana; 44 to Nassau:
Everglades ..... Lv. 4:30 p.m.

from **CHICAGO** — (44 hours to Havana; 45 to Nassau) and principal cities of Michigan and Ohio:
Flamingo ..... Lv. 10:00 a.m.
Dixie Limited ..... Lv. 2:00 p.m.
Floridan ..... Lv. 2:45 p.m.

from **ST. LOUIS:**
Dixie Limited ..... Lv. 4:00 p.m.
Floridan ..... Lv. 6:20 p.m.

These trains provide daily through service with transfer at Miami to Pan American Airliners for Havana and Nassau. Thrice weekly service to airports through the Indies to San Juan. Seven Airliners daily from Havana—one daily from Nassau—for homebound travelers. Information, rates, reservations, at principal railway ticket offices.

PAA

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS, Inc., 122 East 42nd St., New York City

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS

Turn the spotlight on yourself . . .

Admit it now . . . you're fagged . . . no pep . . . no spontaneous mirth . . . sneezing along between colds and fevers. Is that being smart? Pack yourself off for 9, 16 or 20 days in Havana . . . where thermometers hover around a delightful summer temperature. Colds . . . neuritis . . . sciatica . . . all their unfriendly relations disappear . . . you discover a new reason for living. The sparkle and vivacity that is Havana seeps through your tired personality and you are reborn . . . to joyous, carefree days . . . soft, sweet-scented nights . . . under the Southern stars . . . and all the beauty and romance that is Havana.

You may sail on December 26 or 27 on Cunard's famous transatlantic sisters . . . the Caronia or Carmania . . . or any Wednesday or Saturday thereafter. Minimum round trip rates first class only $175 up. All-expense tours of 9 to 20 days' duration from $193 up.

Turn the spotlight on yourself . . . then sail Cunard.

See Your Local Agent or 25 Broadway, N. Y. C.

CUNARD
HAVANA
SERVICE

Library, 109 University Place, is a grand idea. The cost is fifteen dollars, and they will either send you weekly packages of books to follow a special interest of the invalid in detective stories, biographies, and so on, or will fill your own orders, whatever they be, as they receive them. These will be sent to the recipient, out of town or in it, at the regular rates.

Outside of the book-and-flower class, you may send a light, refreshing toilet water to substitute for the hospital alcohol after the bath, or a perfume for someone who is not too sick. Dressing-table boxes, equipped with large mirrors, are thoughtful gifts to keep beside the bed for cosmetics. All the department stores have these, and they are most inexpensive. Bed jackets are charming for women. They should not be too revealing, for doctors are stern about exposure and not all visitors invalids receive are intimates. For guarding against cold, don't forget Wanamaker's fleecy knit bed jackets and nightgowns, lined with chiffon, or Bergdorf-Goodman's fleece-lined bed jackets of crêpe de Chine or satin. Boudoir pillows, not so lacy that they ruffle the cheek, are desirable. Mme. Collart has lovely simple ones. Throws and comforters to go over matter-of-fact hospital spreads, colored sheets in becoming colors of linen or crêpe de Chine, and nightgowns, are all calculated to make a feminine invalid feel that she is still attractive and desirable at a time when self-respect is at a low ebb. Smoking boxes and ashtrays are grand if the patient is allowed this indulgence.

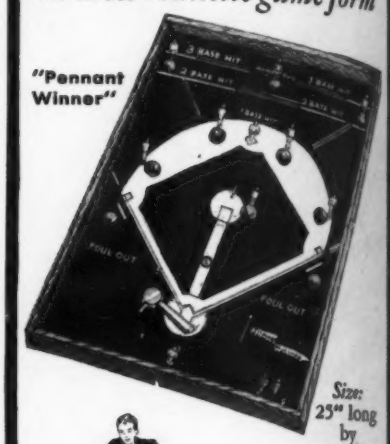
New games, to distract the mind of a sick person, are listed on page 94. And, if you are still at a loss, we recommend the following shops to your attention:

ELEANOR BEARD, 519 Madison Avenue: Justly famed for her luxurious hand-quilted throws, covers, dressing-gowns, and other aids to a picturesque convalescence.

FOR CHILDREN: Playland, 686

• •

Here's
Base-ball
in most realistic game form



Size: 23" long by 17¼" wide

Fascinating for Fans of all ages!

Every thrilling feature of a big league contest is embodied in this game. Two players operate "Pennant Winner". By pressing hidden springs pitcher can deliver fast or slow balls 'cross the plate, trying to outguess batter. When ball is hit little players on field, assist in making put-outs. Ball actually moves in play. Handsomely made of heavy gauge metal in mahogany-finish frame. Pennant Winner, No. 157 . . . Price $7.50

At Sports Counters—or Write Direct
WOLVERINE SUPPLY & MFG. CO.
1216 Western Avenue . Pittsburgh, Pa.

WINTER VOYAGES
TO THE
MEDITERRANEAN
on
SHIPS OF ROMAN SPLENDOR

Enjoy another summer vacation on the LIDO deck of the Augustus or Roma. Call at CADIZ...with SEVILLE nearby. For of course you don't want to miss the greatest exposition ever seen! Stop at GIBRALTAR. Then NAPLES... visit SICILY, that perfumed island... then VILLEFRANCHE, and the gay, colorful RIVIERA. Go on to GENOA, ITALY and all of Europe.

AUGUSTUS—World's largest motorship
Sailing from New York—Jan. 15, Feb. 22
ROMA—Italy's largest turbine steamer
Feb. 1, Mar. 6

SITMAR De Luxe Connecting Line to Egypt, Palestine, Constantinople and Athens.

Write for illustrated booklet "Lido All the Way"

N.G.I. Italia America Shipping Corp., General Agents, 1 State St., N.Y., or local steamship agents

INTERIOR DECORATOR—(Christian) with creative ability and experience in designing. Must have initiative and be able to meet clients. Excellent future for the right person. Give experience in own handwriting. Box C. V. 1 % The New Yorker.

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SPÉCIALITÉ

COINTREAU

MADE *in* FRANCE

Made in France at the Cointreau Distillerie by Cointreau, sole owners of the celebrated Cointreau, this well-known and famous flavor, containing 6% alcohol, is obtainable at all leading grocery and delicatessen stores. Should you be unable to obtain it from your dealer, communicate with us.

JULIUS WILE, SONS & CO.
Sole Agents for the U. S. A.
10 Hubert Street, New York City

HOTELS OF DISTINCTION

PRINCESS

BELMONT MANOR

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INVERURIE

BERMUDA HOTELS ASSOCIATED
250 WEST 57TH ST. N.Y., COL. 0012

NEW EXHIBITION ROOMS
Showing
INEXPENSIVE DECORATIVE
SPORTING PRINTS
Ballooning, hunting, boxing and shooting
Second Floor
DUTTONS Inc., Fifth Ave. at 54th St.

Madison Avenue, prepares surprise boxes; Kiddie Corner, 11 East Fifty-sixth Street, is very good for toys and bits of decoration to make a child's sickroom more amusing; the Children's Book Shop, 108 East Fifty-seventh Street, makes a specialty of suiting the book to the age and special interest of the child.

ELIZABETH PUSEY, 20 East Fifty-seventh Street: Bedside tables, lamps, attractive trays and china for invalids, racks for books and newspapers, lap trays, writing materials—everything for the convenience of invalids in combinations to suit.

WELLBY GIFT SHOP, LTD., 50 East Fifty-sixth Street: Makes a specialty of gifts for sick people and will gently restrain you from sending cigarettes to pneumonia patients. Toilet-article groups, to keep vanity alive, soaps and such for the bath, groups of jellies and jams for unimpaired sweet teeth (is this right?), game sets, trays, and china and lamps of all sorts. —L. L.

THEN, TOO~

FOR those difficult bachelors, Abercrombie & Fitch have two knock-outs. One is a miniature victrola that acts as an alarm clock and plays his favorite record at the time of his awakening; $32.50. The other is a gold (14-carat) jack-knife called Man-About-Town, containing latch-key, car key, steel blade of liberal size, corkscrew, and bottle-opener. Why men about town have only one latch-key we don't know.

For Her—what about a permanent wave to solve your problem? There are so many good hairdressers who give permanents, the best thing to do would be to ask her preferences in the matter.

If you know anyone who doesn't get enough of THE NEW YORKER reading it every week, you might present him with something that will keep the spell unbroken. Gimbel has four-panelled screens of covers of the magazine, arranged in zigzags and shellacked. At Stern you can get waste-paper baskets done in the same fashion. Just to give that touch *moderne*. —F. D.

•

COPACABANA, POST 4—Two French ladies rent four newly decorated and comfortably furnished rooms, with running water and excellent board to businessmen and diplomats. Dua Dias da Rocha 28.—*Rio Brazilian American.*

Sweet are the uses of diplomacy.

IF YOU PAID $5 A QUART

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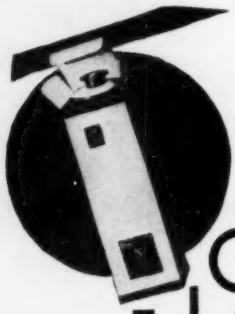

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OUT OF TOWN

Some Snow or a Sunburn for Your Christmas

WHILE most of the world is retreating to its own fireside for the holidays, we address this to those who feel the need of change.

You don't have to travel any great distance to take a tropical cruise. Within ten days to three weeks you can visit Havana, or Nassau and the other Bahamas, Honduras, Jamaica, Bermuda, Porto Rico, or Mexico (now quite the place to go) and return. Among good cruises to ask your travel agent about are the short ones of the United Fruit Company—from twelve or fifteen to twenty-four days, calling at Cuba, Jamaica, Honduras, and on some trips going as far as Panama and Colombia. These ships leave New York on Saturdays and Wednesdays, and are all those big, white, come-and-join-us floating country clubs with, they tell me, good food and American standards of service—whatever that means to you. The Ward Line, another American fleet, is offering ten-day cruises to Havana, sailing every Thursday and Saturday from New York, and including in the cost (which is low; $170 minimum rate) sight-seeing and your hotel expenses at the Havana Ritz. Also seventeen-day trips to Havana, all expenses included, with accommodations either at the Ritz or at the Plaza (the big new hotel).

If you prefer, you can go by Cunard to Havana, on a regular cruise, Caronia or Carinthia, and stop at the Plaza, the Alcazar, or any of four other good hotels. The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company is starting a fourteen-day West Indies trip on December 21, to cost from $140 up; and of course a Furness Line ship leaves New York for Bermuda every Saturday and every Wednesday, and a Royal Mail boat sails there every Thursday. Minimum round-trip rate—$70 on both lines. That inducement, and the fact that Bermuda is the nearest of all island tropics, should be some temptation.

IF the pink sands of Nassau (page song-writers) attract you particularly, the Munson Line is at your disposal with twelve-day, all-expense cruises on the Munargo, from New York direct to Nassau, touching Cuba and Miami on the return. One of these leaves December 20; and on this trip there

WHEN YOU

. . were *six*

. . . or *seven*

. . . what a month December turned out to be! . . . You went in for good behavior in a large way—and how it paid!

Is there a grown up thrill that can equal the dawn of consciousness on Christmas morning? . . . When you tip-toed with thumping heart into the library and there—underneath the glittering tree were . . . ! . . . !

Do you remember? . . . You surely do . . . !

Roll back the years by sharing that thrill with a gallant little man of six or a charming sub-deb of seven. . . . At this new, totally different toy shop with ideas, you will find a gift that will make you stand in well with Junior for months. . . .

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every throat . . . .

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says JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON

JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
Producer of "Murray Anderson's Almanac"

The trials and tribulations of a producer with a large theatrical family are many. The most common dangers to be combated are irritated throats and husky voices that not only mar, but may perhaps prevent a performance. John Murray Anderson, with the wisdom of experience, recommends that his cast help *avoid* these risks by the use of GLYCO Thymoline.

Stage and "Talkie" stars, singers and speakers who must have perfect voices and clear throats use GLYCO Thymoline.

As a daily spray or gargle it brings quick, soothing relief to irritated throats and normal tones to the voice.

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Don't wait for a sneeze or "rusty" voice to signal danger. Follow the example of the foremost "Talkie" and stage stars and keep GLYCO Thymoline handy in your bathroom. Every morning and night as you rinse your mouth, add GLYCO Thymoline for a quick throat gargle. Try it a week and notice the difference. It refreshes and deodorizes as well as protects. So pleasant to use that even children quickly form the healthy habit. At all druggists. *Kress & Owen Company, New York.*

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Arch Selwyn & Chas. B. Cochran present
A Comedy of Life
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Alex A. Aarons & Vinton Freedley's Newest Musical Comedy
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VICTOR MOORE JACK WHITING BARBARA NEWBERRY BETTY STARBUCK
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300 GOOD BALCONY SEATS $1.00
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Staged by Antoinette Perry and Mr. Pemberton
"A fresh and jovial comedy that will tickle you."
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"An honester, grander and even more artistic version than Max Reinhardt's revival. It bubbles, it sparkles, it's like champagne."—*Gilbert W. Gabriel, American*

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(Modern Presentation of Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure") With ANNE SHOEMAKER, THAIS LAWTON, A. P. KAYE, LEONARD MUDIE, LEO G. CARROLL, HUGH MILLER and Exceptionally Notable Supporting Cast.

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will also be a special Christmas tour to Nassau only, with a stop at the smart Royal Victoria Hotel. This has the advantage of allowing you to spend one or two weeks at the hotel with full benefit of the cruise rate.

Then there are the twenty-five-day Ward Line cruises to Mexico. For a minimum of $275, you get a sea trip, good hotels, lots of chili and enchiladas, and have enough change left over to bring home some thick pottery dishes and a yard or two of Aztec embroidery. Worth inquiry.

If you are looking for sensation as well, you might consider the Pan American Airways' regular West Indies cruises by air, train, and steamer. The line has arranged a twenty-day all-expense trip which includes air-rail transportation from New York, Chicago, or the Middle West to Florida, steamship passages where necessary, hotel room, meals, and incidentals, all for $890. This trip takes in Miami, Havana, Camagüey, Santiago, Port-au-Prince, Santo Domingo, and San Juan —what they are enthusiastically moved to call the Lindbergh circle. Any travel agent, or the Pan American office at 122 East Forty-second Street, can give you dates and details.

JUST to be different, you may crave a dose of snow for what ails your nerves. Never forget that Montreal and Quebec are only an overnight trip from here, that Placid is near, and that all are very gay at Christmas. The Frontenac, at Quebec, and the new Manoir Richelieu (open for its first winter), at Murray Bay, are bound to have a great season this year, what with barometrical conditions and such. Lake Placid means the Club, and you'd better write soon or you will be edged out by the college houseparties. Montreal offers some small hotels as well as the better-known Mount Royal, Windsor, and Ritz. Incidentally, Montreal insists that while there will be more than enough snow to suit you when you get there, its new through motor highway never is snow-bound; you can always drive with perfect ease. I am skeptical about this, but they may have surprises along the road that I haven't run into yet—bonfires, or chemical weather-control. —FOOT-LOOSE

•

During the installation of the chaplain, "Nearer By God To Thee" was played by the pianist.—*Newport (R.I.) Daily News.*

Just for emphasis?

THE FAST AND FASTIDIOUS WAY TO
HAWAII
BOARD the first special "Boat Train" January 21st. Luncheon at your favorite table, enjoy club atmospheres of the "Century" or "Broadway" to Chicago—then without delaying the "rubber" you're on the famous Overland Limited. San Francisco arrival just in time for the evening at "Coffee Dan's." January 25, up and aboard The Malolo, four days regrettingly short—then "hallelujah!" you're in "The Paradise of the Pacific," land of swishing grass skirts and strumming ukes.
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Apply to your local agent or,
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Yuletidings *from* Reubens

Oh harried shopper, have you the heart to say "Gift Problem" *now?*

Shut your eyes while we rip the covering from a

REUBEN'S FRUIT BASKET

. . . Now! Platoons of the rarest fruits that bloom . . . poems in pomegranates, persimmons, pears, seductively swathed in sparkling cellophane . . . darkly glowing bunches of hothouse grapes . . . English Plum Pudding, fragrant with brandy . . . intriguing tins of luscious stuffed fruits . . . incredibly beautiful flacons of the rarest of French Parfums in exquisite leather cases . . . plump jars of Pineapples in Grenadine . . . Peaches in Crême de Menthe . . . Figs in Brandy . . . topped off by delicious Neuremberg Lebkuchen . . . in other words the sort of Christmas cheer that evokes hazzas! banzais! hochs! from even the most flint-hearted recipient.

Reuben's Fruit Baskets, chosen to your own special order from $5 to $500—and when we say order, we mean ORDER, pronto, schnell, tout de suite—in other words NOW!

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PORTRAIT OF A GILDED MALE LILY

At present he is one of the lesser meteors in that whimsical nebula sometimes called the Stock Market. If you are lucky, you may get him on the telephone between twelve and one, and he will tell you, enthusiastically, that everything is going up—better buy quick. He has several large female discretionary accounts. He will be a success. He is known in Paris, London, Le Touquet, and Park Avenue as "Dear Gerald," and on Fifty-seventh Street as "The Customers' Man."

He speaks of business, out of business hours, with a superb arrogance. He makes you feel that all this nonsense about his work is just a charming whim. Perhaps it is.

As to appearance, he runs to the small-mustached, raised-eyebrow type of beauty. He has, however, a certain trick of cowlick, a particular one-sidedness of smile, that are not altogether displeasing. His garters are triumphs of the elastic-makers' art, the buttons on his cuffs really unbutton, and he achieves striped pink shirts with a measure of success.

His character is a *chef-d'œuvre*, a little bijou straight from Cartier. Not a trace, not a vestige of the meaner emotions common to the lower classes can survive in the rarefied atmosphere of his nature. He has such lovely sympathy, too. It comes surging over the broker's telephone in great waves: "My poppet! You haven't got a *cold?* But how *fright*-ful!"

He has a flat, and a man who does for him. The man does breakfast for him sometime near eleven each morning. Dear Gerald sips his tea, sighs, and thinks of the delightfully sentimental tune he danced to last night, also of the lady in poison-green tulle who turned out to be just a little bit of a bother before the evening wore to a close, what with Veuve Clicquot and Dear Gerald's spiritual eyebrows.

Luncheon finds him at the Ritz, or Voisin's, his golden head as rallying as the helmet of Navarre. Before him—escargots. Beside him—the newest and prettiest débutante.

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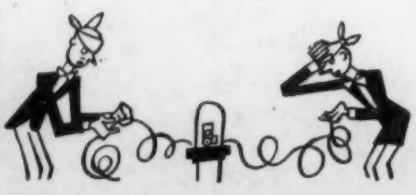

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ABSENT-MINDED Mr. Suburbanite is going to catch it when he gets home without that *Gluyas Williams Book!* And no wonder!—for what Christmas gift could be more vital than this big collection of Williams' comic drawing from *Life* and the *New Yorker* . . . the genial graphic wit that has immortalized American group scenes, from the football games to the morning musicale. Screamingly funny! Irresistible from cover to cover!

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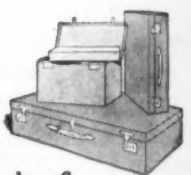
Luggage *for Gifts*



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1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City

(This is not a Correspondence Course)

Gerald is in a quandary. How to divide one's attention?

He agrees that the afternoon is a dreadful, dreadful time of day. Evening finds him opening up like a little flower lifting its head to the grateful dew.

THERE are of course First Nights. It is so easy to be epigrammatical about First Nights. Gerald can be very epigrammatical about them in the ear of a lady with a sable collar. He loves the breathless lift of the first curtain, the faint odor of L'Heure Bleue so faint as to seem the perfume of a woman who has forgotten to come, the spatter of applause, the drifting and mingling of cigarette smoke and back-chat in the entr'actes. Love it? It's filet mignon and champagne and trousers by Wetzel to him. Nothing could make him miss a First Night.

Then come the charming, the delightful, the appetizing night clubs. Gerald says the Casino has a floor like the glass they have in Heaven. He says the allure of the tiny Casanova is the conversation one can have with a lovely lady at the far end of the room. He says Libby Holman, at the Lido, has an organlike throat. But words fail him when he comes to the Embassy. Aloof, sophisticated, amusing—Gerald feels that the spirit of the place is a little like himself.

Dear Gerald can be very poetic about débutantes. To him they are little spangled puffs of thistledown, sparkling in the arc light of New York. Each with a red enchanting smile and three gardenias pinned to her shoulder. Nobody has ever got him to say what he really thinks of women. He only sighs flatteringly, lifts his eyebrows, and you feel that if he had not been born an American he would bow—from the hips—and kiss his hand to the moon.

He is, no doubt, a very naughty boy. He has his hair cut at the Plaza, his shirts and drawers made to match at Sulka's, and wears black pajamas with half-pellucid-lemon bindings, and yet . . .

And yet, if he is good, and learns his lessons well, some day he may rise to be—who knows what? I leave it to you, fair reader. —NANCY HARDIN

•

HSKPR. whose husb. is emp. to do apt. hse. wk. in exch. for apt. German or Scandanav.—*Adv. in Los Angeles Herald.*

Got any rfrncs.?

Isn't there some one in your home who loves good coffee . . .

but fears to drink it at night?

Is there always a missing cup at your dinner table? Does some one have to pass up coffee? Then try the coffee that lets you sleep. It's particularly welcome for evening parties.

COFFEE is America's national beverage. Its cheer makes every meal more enjoyable.

Yet at dinner—chief repast of the day, where coffee adds so much to pleasure—thousands never drink it for fear that it will keep them awake. And many who are fond of its flavor do not drink it at all.

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A VOYAGE TO PURILIA—X

JOHNSON'S TRAGIC END DEMONSTRATES THE DANGER OF VIOLATING THE LEAST TENET OF THE INEXORABLE CODE BY WHICH THIS PLANET IS GOVERNED

OUR return journey was a lengthy and arduous one and, as the attentive reader of these pages will readily believe, not free from incident. I shall make only passing reference to the floods, the avalanches, the tornadoes, the mine-explosions, the bursting dams, and the forest fires which impeded our progress and imperilled our lives. Nor shall I recount, in detail, the innumerable deeds of heroism, the frustrated villainies, and the happy reunions and reconciliations which were the incidents and the fruits of these catastrophes.

For some days we traversed a mountainous region of impressive grandeur; and owing, no doubt, to some peculiar quality of the atmosphere, it seemed to be always twilight. A closer view of these mountains belied their apparent isolation and impenetrability. For over every deep gorge leaped an intrepid horseman; in every canyon a youth dangled by one hand from a slender rope; and upon the edge of every precipice a Paragonian and a Vaurien were locked in a battle to the death. Shots filled the air, pursuits wound their way among titanic boulders and immemorial trees; Umbilicans wept silently, as their thoughts turned to their absent sons, and Pudencians lowered their eyes and clutched their throats, as soberly and as whole-heartedly as though they had been on board ship, in the streets of the metropolis, or in the palace of some native ruler. I was deeply impressed. Here was a people that had bent nature to its will and, refusing to allow itself to be overawed by the terrible majesty of mountain and forest, had persisted proudly in that free play of the emotions and that frenetic physical activity which were its splendid birthright.

We left the mountains behind, at length, and entered upon a vast expanse of prairie-land: a great region, devoted principally to the grazing of cattle. Or, at least, so we were informed, but I must confess that I was not fortunate enough to see any of the multitudinous herds which are the reputed source of the economic life of the region; except now and then, at sunset, when a score of bullocks might be seen proceeding slowly, in single file, along the ridge of some distant eminence, their bodies darkly silhouetted against the sky.

It was not our intention to interrupt our journey for the purpose of visiting this interesting territory, but an enforced interruption compelled us to spend several days in a small town and resulted in the appalling tragedy which it now becomes my painful duty to recount.

The town, which, I may say, was indistinguishable from all the other towns of the region, consisted of a single street of rude, wooden structures, nearly all of which were saloons, dance-halls, or gambling-houses.

The cowherds, who comprise the bulk of the population, are always well armed, each man habitually carrying at least two revolvers of heavy calibre. At first, this martial display seemed to me inconsistent with an occupation so apparently peaceable as the custodianship of domestic cattle, but I soon learned that cow-tending is merely the nominal pursuit of these warriors, their principal business being the putting down of outlawry and the disentanglement, by force of arms, of the emotional difficulties of the Pudencians, in whom the district abounds.

The cowherds, besides being men of superlative courage, are superb marksmen and horsemen; and, despite the apparent paucity of cattle, the industry is evidently a lucrative one, for the cowherds, in addition to disporting themselves in costly garments of fine silk and handsome leather, with rich trappings of fur and silver, have always a ready supply of cash which they spend freely at the bar and the gaming-table.

They are, on the whole, a good-humored and playful lot; and, in the intervals between insurrections, spend much of their time in simple wholesome sports, such as riding their horses through the plate-glass windows of barrooms; persuading visitors from the more effete urban centres to dance, by the amusing process of discharging their revolvers at the feet of the strangers; and performing convolutions with nooses of rawhide, which form an essential part of their equipment. This last pastime is an unfailing source of delight to these simple children of nature, chiefly, I believe, because it induces the flow of a homely philosophy which finds expression in gently humorous observations, more or less epigrammatic in character.

Would that, with this brief description of the cowherds, I could leave the subject and pass on to other matters! My narrative, alas, must now concern itself with the tragic end of Johnson in this pastoral community.

ON the very eve of our departure, while Johnson and I were standing before the long bar, in the most frequented of these resorts, a desperate character of the region, known as Killer Evans, entered the place in the usual way through the plate-glass window and, without checking his spirited horse, leaned out of his saddle and snatched out of Johnson's hand the glass which the latter was about to raise to his lips. Then, with a derisive laugh, he leaped upon the bar and drained the glass, while Johnson, in his effort to avoid the plunging hoofs of the horse, stumbled and fell to the floor.

Killer Evans laughed again and Johnson, his eyes blazing with anger, arose and, looking up at the mocking figure perched upon the bar, exclaimed: "You ——!" The epithet which he employed in his justifiable indignation was one which cast doubt upon the honor of Killer Evans' mother, and as the ill-fated word was uttered, a gasp and a shudder ran through the crowded barroom.

Then, to my horror, I saw Killer Evans' hand go to his holster and withdraw a revolver, of unusual size, which he levelled at Johnson. Grasping Johnson's arm, I shouted: "Smile, Johnson, smile!" For a moment I experienced relief as I saw Killer Evans' trigger-finger relax, but poor, hot-blooded Johnson would not heed my warning. Indeed, it seemed as though I had only added fuel to his anger. Glowering at the menacing figure above him, he ejaculated "Smile, hell!"

The words had scarcely left his lips before the poised finger of Killer Evans

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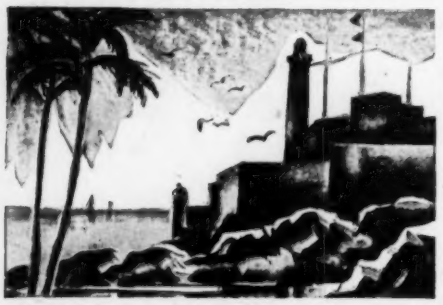

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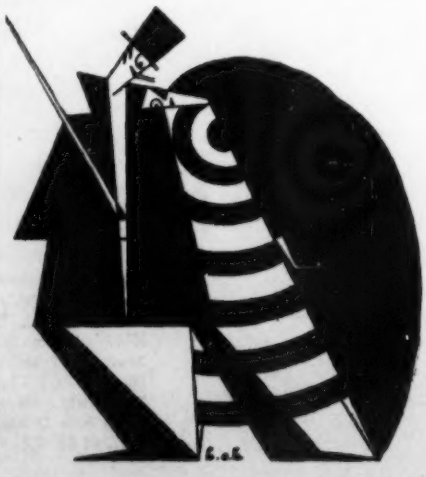
pressed the trigger and Johnson fell. I bent over him, hopeful that his wound was not a mortal one, but, before I could even loosen his clothing, the uncovered heads of the bystanders told me that Johnson was dead. A medical examination now could have served no purpose other than to confirm what was already a certainty.

So, in the full flower of his manhood, perished my friend and comrade. Together we had weathered the most unbelievable perils; and now, because in a moment of rashness he had refused to observe a simple formula, he lay lifeless upon the barroom floor, a victim of the rigid and immutable Purilian code. A wretched end indeed to so gallant an adventure!

HAVING seen justice done to Johnson's slayer, Charlie, Pansy, Mollie, the governor, and I resumed our homeward journey, arriving at the Malone homestead not a moment too soon. Indeed, as we drove quickly up the road toward the little rose-covered cottage (for, although it was now autumn, the roses were still in bloom) we saw several laborers under the direction of Millwood and the rascally lawyer, Billings, removing the furniture, while Mrs. Malone stood by looking on, her woollen shawl drawn tightly about her thin, stooped shoulders, and the large tears coursing slowly down her furrowed cheeks.

The effect of our arrival was magical. The meeting between the aged Umbilican and her beloved son can better be imagined than described. Even nature seemed to rejoice in the reunion, for the sun, until then obscured, suddenly burst through the clouds and cast a shining aureole about the heads of the devoted pair.

Another reunion, almost equally touching, between the good woman and her long-absent daughter followed; and yet another between Mrs. Malone and the governor, who, through all the years, had remained faithful to the memory of his early love.



All this rejoicing, however, gave Millwood and his unprincipled satellite, Billings, a chance to slip away unnoticed; and suddenly we were all startled by the sound of their powerful car speeding away down the road. Determined that this time they should not succeed in escaping justice, Charlie, the governor, and I jumped into our own car and set off in pursuit. I assumed that we were in for a long chase, and I was not mistaken. A dozen times some annoying accident seemed to give the wretches an opportunity to elude us; but always we managed to pick up the trail again.

At length we came out upon a long stretch of open road. Ahead of us was Millwood's speeding car, and, as mile followed mile, the distance between us widened, for we could not hope to keep pace with his costly and powerful vehicle. It seemed as though he were destined to elude us to the very end.

But that poetic justice which presides like some beneficent goddess over Purilia was not to be denied. Millwood apparently had been drinking heavily, and, as he saw us falling further and further behind, he could not resist the impulse to turn in his seat and hurl a drunken taunt at us. His moment of triumph was the moment of his undoing, for, as he turned to resume the wheel, his hand faltered, and the speeding car swerved, struck a tree at the side of the road with great force, and was hurled over an embankment to the rocks beneath.

When we arrived a few moments later at the scene of the accident, we found Millwood's lifeless body in the midst of a twisted mass of wreckage which, singularly enough, bore not the least resemblance to Millwood's car. Billings, badly hurt, was taken into custody, and we had the governor's assurance that justice would deal rigorously with him. —ELMER RICE

(To be concluded next week)

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The School Board will be asked again to grant a hearing to the parents of about 100 Bronx school children to protest their transfer from Public School 80, at Mosholu Parkway and Van Cortlandt Avenue, to the new School 94 at Mosholu Parkway and Van Cortlandt Avenue, which will force the children to walk several additional blocks—*North Side (N. Y. C.) News.*

Not the bright ones.

MUSICAL EVENTS

"Don Giovanni" Comes Back—Mr. Sokoloff Turns Loose a Theremin and Janssen

EVER since Signor Gatti-Casazza became general director down at Thirty-ninth Street and Broadway, a group of critics have been amusing themselves by approaching him, wagging a wicked finger, and whispering naughtily, "Why don't you produce 'Don Giovanni'?" It must have been a shade trying for the good Signor to be taunted at close intervals about the absence of the Mozart masterpiece from his repertoire. Did he bring out an "Anima Allegra" (does anybody recall more than the title?) or revive an "Ernani," the society for the resumption of "Don Giovanni" would be up and at him. Unofficial explanations touching on the lack of a suitable Don served only to evoke lectures on the decay of vocal art. Finally, the boys cried "Don Giovanni" once too often; the opera was revived.

Nobody seems to be satisfied. As anyone could have forecast, there is a great howl about the lack of "Mozart style" in the principals. Mr. Urban's settings, which are in his best "Three Musketeers" manner, even to the curtains that cover changes of scene, have few friends. The apparently impeccable Serafin has been scolded for rapid tempi, covering up the singers and minor offences. And if you ask me, even the claque missed a few important cues.

LET us look on "Don Giovanni," however, as if it were something other than the great shibboleth of grand opera. After all, it was composed as a comic opera, and except for a few passages, it is no more serious than "Le Nozze di Figaro." To be sure, hell opens up in the last act and the Don drops in, but there is a far from mournful moral in the closing sextet. The characters of the piece are not to be taken solemnly. The Don is the good old stage libertine, a chin-chucking serenader. Leporello, his assistant, is the familiar comedy basso. Don Ottavio is the sap tenor, who existed before Mozart and may be found in any fashionable revue today. Donna Anna is a leading lady from the factory; Donna Elvira, the wronged lady in black; Zerlina, the zippy soubrette; Masetto, the yokel lover; and the Commendatore, the heavy father. There are brilliant strokes of musical characterization here and there, but for the most part, when singing's to be done, it's just singing. When a scene concludes, leaving Mr. Gigli or Mme. Rethberg alone on the stage to intone a Mozart aria, the action stops and there is, for all practical purposes, a concert interlude. So, when Mr. Urban's draw curtains shut out the view of the stage crew juggling flats and set pieces, while an aria goes on, no great damage is inflicted on the dramatic values of the tale.

A more imaginative producer might have fused the whole thing into something charmingly fanciful, but imaginative production is not in the curriculum of operatic institutions. As operatic presentations go (or stand), "Don Giovanni" is a good average job. What do you expect?

AS all anticipated, the casting of "Don Giovanni" was a troublesome affair. What Miss Ponselle would have done with Donna Anna must remain a speculative matter until she sings the rôle. Miss Corona, burdened with the hapless job of understudying Miss Ponselle, was out of her element. She knew the music, she went through the obvious dramatics well enough, and when she sang softly, the results were agreeable. Unfortunately, her production still makes a mess of a naturally fine voice. Mme. Rethberg, one of the most dependable artists in the company, was not entirely happy as Donna Elvira. I suspect that she would have appeared to better advantage as Donna Anna, but that is not my business. Miss Fleischer, as usual, ran off with the show, playing Zerlina as musical comedy.

Using a reduced orchestra, Mr. Serafin did well by the score, and played the recitatives himself at one of those queer pianos that pass for harpsi-

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chords. The musicians who played from the stage functioned so efficiently that they should be taught to play brass instruments and be plumped into the next hearing of "Aïda" in place of the off-key gentry who usually spatter their blue notes into the pageant.

A FEW honorary degrees for Nikolai Sokoloff, who brought his Cleveland Orchestra to town with a good show, even if some of the old ladies, male and female, were horrified by his exposition of various phases of jazz. Mr. Sokoloff may be expelled from the conductors' union, because he played no Beethoven to demonstrate his austerity, no Mozart to show off his gracility, and no Brahms to make plain his depth of feeling. He merely put together an assortment of music, ranging from a jingly "Joyeuse Marche," by Charbier, to Werner Janssen's "New Year's Eve in New York," because he thought it would be interesting to hear it. It was.

D'Indy's "Jour d'Eté à la Montagne," which formed the meat course of the first half, is not heard frequently hereabouts and it makes a good change from the Franck symphony. All of it is clever, much of it is charming, and some of it is almost as poetic as the composer meant it to be. Mr. Sokoloff's band sounded better than I ever have heard it.

The entertainment started, however, with an "Overture to a Don Quixote," by Jean Rivier, a young Frenchman, who, like the 49,999,999 other Frenchmen, seems to be preoccupied with the possibilities of jazz. The little overture is an assortment of orchestral wisecracks, skillfully strung together, and at least as good as Stravinski's "Ragtime." It wasn't important, but it fitted in well as a prologue to the music that followed.

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ARTS & INTERIORS ANTIQUES

RCA Theremin, then appeared as soloist in the "First Airphonic Suite" of Joseph Schillinger. You may recall the Theremin, man and child. It is a box with a rod extending from the roof and a loop at the side, and music, resembling somewhat that evoked from certain stops of an organ, is produced by making passes of the hands. Theremin created the device and plays it. Incidentally, it is said to be easy to play and you can buy one for home use. I imagine that it's no harder to operate than a slide whistle or a musical saw.

Curiously enough, some of the best music of the evening turned up in the Schillinger suite, which is beautifully constructed stuff, effective and with well-defined themes, one of which, "a broad cantabile of American character," is exceptionally attractive. The stunty aspect of the work obscured the real musicianship of the suite, which could be converted quickly into an extraordinarily fine 'cello concerto.

There is no reason the RCA Theremin should not become an instrument in good standing in the orchestra, at least for occasional use. It is as legitimate as Strauss' wind machine, or Respighi's phonograph record of a nightingale, and it ought to be a handy auxiliary for many a composer. All that it requires now is some attachment which will make it possible to go from tone to tone without sliding—perhaps a pedal. This suggestion probably is no novelty to Professor Theremin, but if it is, he knows what he can do about it.

"NEW YEAR'S EVE IN NEW YORK" marks out Werner Janssen as the Liszt of jazz. There is a well-made introductory passage, leading from a snatch of "Auld Lang Syne" to twelve bells, following which there is an absolutely new trick for a symphony orchestra: the gentlemen who are not busy blowing let out broad yoops of rejoicing. The conclusion is a jazz concerto grosso, in which three saxophones and a banjo (by courtesy of Station WTAM, as the program gravely recorded) served as a concertino.

The composition is simply jazz enlarged to a symphonic scale, with no attempt to make it express anything significant—fortunately. Mr. Sokoloff and his band did virtuoso things with this smart, amusing score, and the audience, reversing a famous adage, made it apparent that it wanted to see Janssen, who, like the Messrs. Schillinger and Theremin, had a riotous ovation.

—R. A. S.

THE TURN-AROUNDER

WHO? Oh, yeah. About that script you wanna see me? Well, I read that script and I wanna go on record as sayin' that there's some mighty good stuff in that there script—some mighty good stuff.

Now lemme tell you what's wrong with your play from a practical point of view. The trouble with your play is, you are too artistically inclined. You gotta good idear there but you doan do nothin' with it. If I was you, I would turn around and change the situation. Now, you can't have this nice guy run away with a married woman because your audience won't stand for it. Y'know, you gotta appeal to your audience and they ain't gonna fall for no guy who runs away with a married woman. It ain't good theatre, see? What you wanna do is to turn around and make this here woman get a divorce.

Y'see, the young feller who's in love with her doan know that before the play opens the married woman realizes she's kinder goin' nuts for him and besides her hubby doan treat her right carryin' on with other women, usin' abusive language and actin' in a way that ain't like a gentleman. So what does she go and do? She turns around and with the help of a clever lawyer—a guy like Max Steuer, see?—she gets a secret divorce and this here divorce doan come out until the last act. Then she says to this here feller, "I doan mind runnin' away with you." Then he says, "Well, what about the husband?" And she says: "The husband? Oh, I divorced him long ago. I've been a free woman but I was testin' you to see if you have the stuff. Now I see you got the stuff." Then they fall into a clinch and you got your curtain.

THEN another thing, you try to make out this young feller to be a wisecrackin' sorta guy—an Englishman like Leslie Howard. I mean, you make him out to be very smartly dressed and always drinkin' a whiskey and soder and very English. But you make him highbrow. You make him quote somethin' by this guy Shaw. You doan wanna do that. Shaw is passay. Why doan you get him to make up somethin' smart hisself insteada quotin' some guy whose plays even the Theatre Guild can't put over? You gotta turn around and pep it up some more with smart dialogue.

Now look, if I was you, you know what I would do? I would kinder keep the smart tone of the play but get away from all that high and mighty bunk. Make the story a little simple. You got a nice young guy. Aw right. He visits his boss on the big estate and falls for the wife. He knows if he makes a play for her out he goes and he ain't got a job. Aw right. Without a job there's no dough to live with the dame. If he doan make a play for her the sweetest thing in the world goes outa his life. Man, you got conflict there. You got drammer there.

So what does he do? Well, he's in a tough spot believe me. He walks into the house and he overhears in the second act how his business rivals—you gotta bring them on the stage, y'see—is plottin' to give the boss the works. Well, what should he do? If he tells the boss, he saves his life and he can't get the woman. If he doan tell the boss, then his conscience hurts him like hell and he feels like a cad. See, by makin' him feel like a cad you got the English element in the play. Well, you got a peach of a second-act curtain with this poor young feller not knowin' what the hell to do. A marvellous curtain. It's sure to get a big hand. It can't miss.

WELL, in the last act he gets the courage to warn his boss. He knows he's gonna spare that guy's life and he won't be able to get the wife, but all the same he turns around and tells the boss the rival firm is out to knife him. Okay. The boss thanks him, gets the enemies, and gives the kid a raise. But what the hell good is a raise when he can't get the gal he wants? It's kinder ironical, y'see.

But at last he doan give a damn. He turns around and in a very cute little love scene tells the wife what she means to him and how he saved her husband, but, by God, he's gotta save hisself too, and she must run away with him. She says, "Oke," because the old boy ain't really on the level with her, doin' a little two-timin' with some of the office frails. So she turns around and says, "Wait, honey, till I get my wraps." Then this young feller is again very worried. "Am I playin' croquet with the boss?" he says. (That's an English expression, too, to keep the play in character.) Well, after tossin' around on the settee tryin' to get it straight in his own mind, he turns around and makes a decision. He says to the girl when she comes down: "No, darlin', I'm not gonna run off like a coward. You're married to him and nobody is gonna say that I ever done anybody dirt. I'm simply not built that way." Then she says to him, "You darlin' boy." She picks his chin up and looks into his eyes. "You foolish boy," she says, "doan you know we are divorced? We are livin' under the same roof until Roger's father dies"—Roger, he's the old boy—"because if he knew we was divorced he wouldn't leave Roger his inheritance. I am as free as a bird," she says. You gotta make that scene very cute—very delicate-like so as not to send your audience home with a bad taste. Then you turn around and work it up so that Roger hisself says: "Okay. You two kids run along. So long as you keep your marriage a secret from my old man, I doan mind." Then you got a sort of sympathy for him in spite of the fact that he's a chaser. You got sympathy for the girl even though she's supposed to be a married woman, you got sympathy for the boy even though he's supposed to run off with her, and you got sympathy for the husband even though he's the kinder guy who plays around. That's the beauty part of the whole thing.

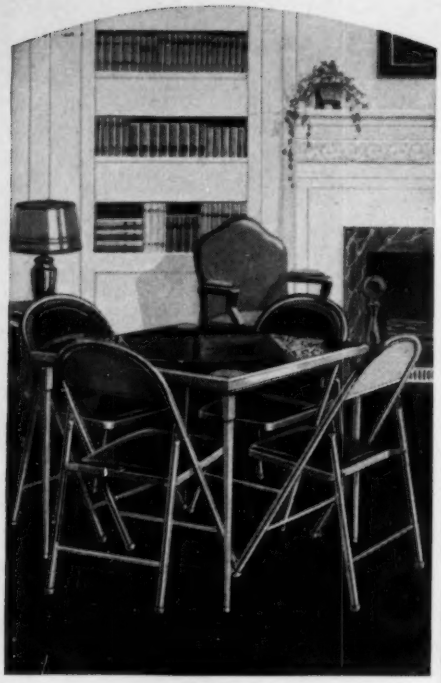
NOW I tell you what you do. You forget about this here play you wrote. You work up somethin' along the lines I just said. I tell you what, I made a sort of outline of the play—I got it in my desk. You take it home and look at it, and if you can put in some smart lines—kinder English, y'know—why I'll turn around and split the royalties. Waddeya say? Hey! Wait a minute. You ain't got my script. Hey! Well, the dirty stiff, after all the time I wasted on him!

—ARTHUR KOBER

•

LOST $10 bill. Finder please call at Ledger Office and receive reward.—*Milan (O.) Ledger.*

Not so fast. What was the number of the bill, and what is the reward?



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SELECTED SCOFFLAWS OF 1929

THE modern Paul Revere in Wildwood, New Jersey, who rushed out of one tavern as it was being raided by the state police, mounted his bicycle, and pedalled down the pike, shouting "The troopers are coming" at each roadhouse.

The grimy French Line stoker, who, when spotted selling liquor on the pier, dashed back to the ship, washed his face, and escaped detection when the crew was lined up for identification by prohibition inspectors.

The son-in-law of a Chicago political boss who objected to paying a ten-dollar fine for violating a parking ordinance, and obtained thirty-five postponements of a hearing to vacate the sentence before finally being compelled to pay.

The enterprising bootleggers in Washington, D. C., who prevent restraint of trade by equipping their automobiles with the special Congressional license-plates designed for senators and representatives.

The Milwaukee reveller who was arrested for "driving a steam-roller while intoxicated," and who explained at the police station that he was merely trying to elude some bandits.

The parents who had to be chased by Evanston, Illinois, police off the swings and slides of the municipal playground, because there was no room left for the children to frolic.

The Brooklyn hotel detective who started various fires blazing around the hotel, so he could be the first to rush to put them out, and thus impress the boss with his alertness.

The clock-fancier who entered an eastern courtroom while a case was going on, placed a stepladder against the wall, removed the clock, and departed, without causing anyone to suspect that he was not with the janitor service.

The professional faster who was fined by a Berlin judge for nibbling on a bit of chocolate, thus deceiving his public who had paid to see him starve.

The New Yorker who, when charged with running a restaurant without a license, said: "It isn't a restaurant, Judge. It's only a speakeasy. I don't need a license for that."

The ritzy stowaway on the Aquitania who used a hurricane-deck locker for his boudoir, had the morning bouillon for breakfast, the afternoon tea for lunch, and the smoking-room sandwiches for dinner.

—JOSEPH P. POLLARD

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RECENT BOOKS

Dreiser and Women—Lena, the Lioness—Clean Romance—Peter Arno's Gay Parade—An Autobiography of America

FOR the past twenty years, one suspects, Mr. Theodore Dreiser has been making sketches and designs for novels which, for some reason or other, failed to grow to full length. He has been storing away a wealth of material, looking, perhaps, for a great feminine figure for another great novel about a woman. "A Gallery of Women" is the sketchbook of a novel or several novels, the case book of a literary physician. It is not, as you may have feared, a fatuous record of amorous adventures; these women are models for the artist, human beings who have stirred the creative impulse of the writer, not mistresses or necessarily potential mistresses. Many of them are recognizable as women who figured in the literary life of New York and in the legends of Hollywood. The stories of Ernestine and Esther Norn, for instance, will awaken uncomfortable memories.

Mr. Dreiser is concerned with these women, not as types, but as individuals of marked stamp and character. Here are rakes and saints, artists, morons, and mystics. From this strange collection of contradictions, he has managed somehow to give you a better analysis and valuation of women in the modern world than almost any other novelist, psychologist, or sociologist. His women are not the prima donnas of life; they are the ill-equipped adventurers, doomed to frustration or defeat. In spite of the variety of the portraits and the dissimilarity of outline of their stories, it is almost as if, unconsciously, Mr. Dreiser were trying to formulate the picture of women wrenched from an established mode of life and thrust prematurely into conditions for which they were unprepared. I say this at the risk of "interpreting" an author. And yet the fact that so many of these women are wanderers and experimentalists is surely no accident on the part of one who works as methodically as Mr. Dreiser.

As for the writing in these sketches, Mr. Dreiser is becoming as mannered as Henry James. His long, parenthetical sentences give you the impression of a man fumbling and groping for the most complete accuracy and honesty. His three favorite words are "vagrom," "varietistic," and "affectional." What words could sum up so thoroughly the underlying theme of "A Gallery of Women"?

THE heroine of "Electric Love" dreams that she is a beautiful lioness. Deserting her four cubs (who are old enough to shift for themselves, the loafers), she mounts a rock and lets out a roar that vibrates with sex appeal. Straightway her mate comes bounding across the desert. When a lioness mates, she mates for life, which can't always be a good break for a lion.

I love the works of Victoria Cross. To me she rates higher than Elinor Glyn or E. M. Hull. "Electric Love," actually published in 1929, has all the glamour of the novels that used to bring blushes to faces shadowed by pompadours. The hero is a brute with women but tender with animals. The heroine simply drives men mad. Geza and his Lena (the story is Hungarian) invariably become "locked in a passionate embrace." Geza, at the most burning moment of the story, swings Lena into his arms "as though she were a lace scarf" and lugs her to his room, although the girl wears no wedding ring. There is, after all, a Santa Claus.

FOR those who would play safe and not be troubled by the monumental gifts of Dreiser, nor unstrung by the gaudy passions of Victoria Cross, I recommend "Ancestor Jorico," by William J. Locke. It has what is known as a rousing and sprightly story, in which a neat assemblage of quaint and interesting characters set off on a treasure hunt, spurred on by a post-war restlessness for good clean romance. As usual, Mr. Locke has centred on a strange personage. In this case it is a deaf and dumb soldier-servant who is

"It don't say 'tender thoughts.' What kind of a lousy card is this?"

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Quelle Joie!

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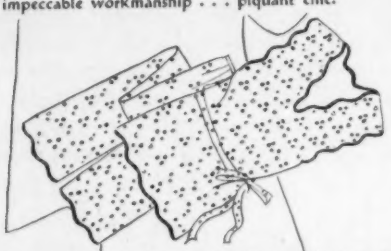
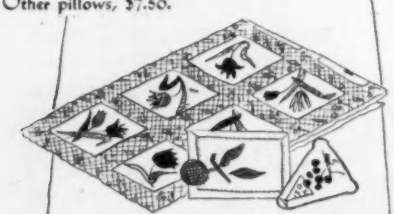


Pajamas in printed crêpe de chine—$26.50. Many others in printed and lamé silks are in our collection of exquisite lingerie.

For the Christmas bride, this set of appliquéd linen sheets and pillows—$125. This boudoir pillow of handkerchief linen boasts appliquéd poppies—$12.50. Other pillows, $7.50.



Thirteen-piece doily set with milan lace inserts and appliquéd flowers—$115. Dainty cocktail napkins—$15 to $22 per dozen. Handkerchiefs in profusion, all French made. $1.50 up.

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the focal character. If you want this sort of light fiction, it is well to seek your supply from an expert like Mr. Locke, who has been serving you faithfully for many years.

"MIDSTREAM," Helen Keller's autobiography, again arouses speculation as to what sort of woman Miss Keller would have been if she hadn't been so cruelly handicapped. Her mind, by some miracle, has survived its artificial feeding and remained honest and intact. When she writes in the florid style of one thirsting for visual images, you are made aware of her plight. However, when she talks about herself, you love her great truthfulness. She is no Pollyanna about her affliction; being deaf and blind is no cause for rejoicing, and only a fool would think so. Nor are all the afflicted and helpless so many saints and martyrs. I like Miss Keller's indignant scorn for those friends who tried to manage her life, who tried to make her a symbol for all charity causes. I like, too, her recoiling from those who treated her as a mechanical triumph instead of a human being. Her book contains some fine pictures of Mark Twain, Dr. Alexander Bell, and Andrew Carnegie, all of whom were big enough to give her natural, unforced friendship.

MORE suggestions for gifts to your literate acquaintances: You've seen some of the drawings in "Peter Arno's Parade" before, but others you jolly well have not. To lapse into the Dreiser idiom, which has been hounding me all week, Mr. Arno's vagrom fancy turns to this and that, and the book is an ideal one to turn to on Christmas afternoon when you are just about fed up on Santa Claus.

"Come Christmas" is no mere seasonal volume. It is a collection of Christmas poems, nativity plays, and old hymns that have high literary as well as sentimental value. You will find some charming pieces in old French, old English, Latin, and Spanish. Lesley Frost collected some rare and lovely verse for this book, which should be read, and not used to decorate the table during the holiday season.

Stephen Leacock's annual volume, called "The Iron Man and the Tin Woman," is a series of short sketches mostly burlesquing this mechanized world. If you don't know the fine standard of Mr. Leacock's work you might just as well go back to Abyssinia, where you came from.

"Once and for All" is another anthology of humorous pieces, all of which have more than current interest and therefore deserve perpetuation in book form. Many of the pieces came from England and so are not too familiar. I like any book that includes anything by Kenneth Grahame. The collection was made by David McCord.

—A. W. S.

MORE BOOKS

ANYONE who takes the trouble to tell posterity what to believe about him presumably has something to conceal. Benjamin Franklin is the victim of his own writing. He made himself out a mere Rotarian, and posterity has believed him; though it seems almost certain that anyone who devoted himself so earnestly to the composition of copy-book maxims must have known what he was fighting against. Furthermore, there is the evidence of his illegitimate offspring, and certain charming if apocryphal opera, to suggest that he was human after all. Bernard Fay, in "Franklin, the Apostle of Modern Times," takes him pretty solemnly. For once, we wished for a little amateur psychoanalysis.

CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART also writes with a certain old-fashioned literalness, but the figure of "Sherman: Soldier, Realist, American" rides headlong through Hart's rather pedestrian style. There was nothing petit-bourgeois about Sherman; he never wasted time on copy-book maxims, and he was capable of good, rousing, public hates. Furthermore, Captain Hart makes out a good case for him as a better soldier than Grant, and defends the march through Georgia as the first clear expression of the modern theory of warfare: that the way to defeat an army is to ruin the morale of the rear.

THE "Memoirs of Lorenzo da Ponte," elaborately edited by Arthur Livingston, may not be strictly

honest, but it does not matter. Da Ponte was almost as superb a romancer as Casanova, who was his friend, and he had almost as many amorous adventures, real or imagined. A Venetian Jew, trained for the Catholic priesthood, he early lost his teeth through the jealousy and nitric acid of a rival, then wandered about Europe, still making conquests at love and poetry, wrote librettos for Mozart, begged money from everyone, and finally became a professor in our own Columbia University and introduced Italian opera to New York.

ANOTHER exciting autobiography, disguised under a title which led even its publishers (apparently publishers no longer bother to read the books they publish) to issue it as a travel book, is Axel Munthe's "The Story of San Michele." Dr. Munthe is an honest-to-God Swedish doctor, who built up a big Parisian society practice by his invention of "colitis," and got into trouble with hypnotism, went through the worst of the cholera epidemic in Naples, walked over the cloud-wrapped bogs of Lapland, and all the time dreamed of a garden at Anacapri. "You cannot be a good doctor without pity," he says. Well, he has pity, as his stories of hydrophobia witness; and he has humor, as the tale of Billy, the dipsomaniac monkey, proves; and, what counts even more in biographies and autobiographies, the man can write.

THE best of recent autobiographies, however, is Mark Van Doren's "An Autobiography of America." It begins with John Smith's own account of the settlement of Virginia, continues through considerable authentic bundling to the frailties of the founding fathers, starts Phineas T. Barnum on his career, takes Davy Crockett courting, pilots the Mississippi with Mark Twain, trudges along the Santa Fe and Oregon trails, digs for gold, hunts bison with Buffalo Bill, follows the Underground Railway, reflects with Charles Francis and Henry Adams, and concludes with Jack London and Black Ulysses on the road—always in the words of the actors themselves, which are considerably meaner and livelier than the schoolbook portraits. The eighty fragments build up into an impressive unity, and give an exciting sense of a nation in the process of evolution.

SOME day some enterprising publisher will seek out an undiscovered Stieglitz or Steichen, set him loose in New York with his camera, and produce a picture-book of the city that will set the onlooker to singing. It will picture the sheer joy of the skyscrapers when the sun shines clear and the sky is unflecked blue, and their magic at night when they pile up like Japanese lanterns on a mountainside, and the towering glory and the power and majesty of them, and the mad, rushing taxicabs like scurrying beetles beneath them, and the black roar of the subway underneath it all. The book will be ugly in spots and beautiful in others, and rather breath-taking throughout; but it will never be pretty and hardly ever quaint.

Still, some folks like prettiness and quaintness. H. I. Brock and J. W. Golinkin have discovered all sorts of quaint corners and quaint people in New York, and they have put their pens and brushes together and made a very pretty book, "New York Is Like This." Ethel Fleming and Herbert S. Kates call their book, which is even prettier, simply "New York." All four of them know New York and love New York; they are as delighted with the city as tourists with Venice, and they picture it with gentle strokes appropriate to old Venice. The results will make lovely Christmas presents for relatives in Kennebunk and Osawatomie. —L. S. G.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

A GALLERY OF WOMEN, by Theodore Dreiser (*Liveright*). Profound analysis of the modern feminine soul.

ANCESTOR JORICO, by William J. Locke (*Dodd, Mead*). Sprightly adventure story about a treasure hunt.

ROOTS, by Eduardo Zamacois (*Viking Press*). The story of Cain and Abel set in a Castilian village. A fine example of modern Spanish literature.

CHARIOT WHEELS, by Sylvia Thompson (*Little, Brown*). Novel of English family life, with a political background.

JOE PETE, by Florence E. McClinchey (*Henry Holt*). A thoroughbred Ojibway boy makes the grade.

HUDSON RIVER BRACKETED, by Edith Wharton (*Appleton*). The problem of a young American genius, surveyed by one of our best social critics.

CATS IN THE ISLE OF MAN, by Daisy Fellowes (*Dial Press*). Clever study of a woman in a masculine world.

EX-HUSBAND, Anonymous (*Macaulay*). Rough but funny burlesque on Girls Who Want to Tell You All About It.

LAUGHING BOY, by Oliver La Farge (*Houghton Mifflin*). A really beautiful idyll of Navajo life.

THE MAURIZIUS CASE, by Jacob Wassermann (*Liveright*). A powerful social drama, brilliantly presented.

THE NATURAL MOTHER, by Dominique

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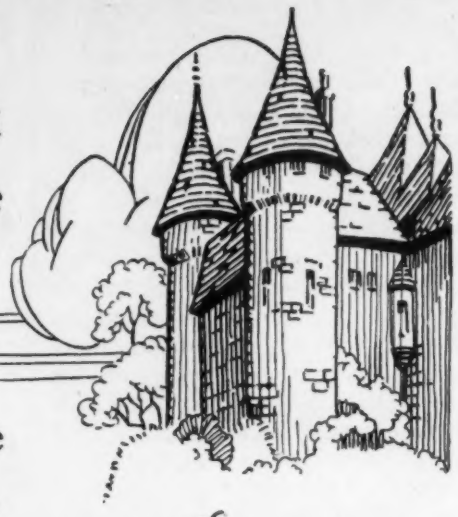


Who has not wished that the Châteaux of France could be transported to America, particularly Château Latour, Château Lafitte, Château Yquem? Was it not Casanova who said that "love blossoms and tender hearts grow yet more tender with a crust of bread, a bottle of *Grand Chambertin*, and a bit of Roquefort Cheese"? *Le régime sec* bars *Grand Chambertin.* Shall love shrivel up and die? No! A thousand times no! For Roquefort Cheese also has its vintages. As distinctive as Cordon Rouge, 1911, from other champagnes, is Bee Brand Roquefort from other Roquefort cheese. A true appreciation of the rare flavor and bouquet of Bee Brand Roquefort is limited to the true Roquefort connoisseur. What a pity there is so little Bee Brand Roquefort to be had. Especially where love is concerned. *Société des Caves,* Roquefort, France.

Dunois (*Macaulay*). A study in French peasant life, with sex reduced to its biological basis.

THE DESERT OF LOVE, by François Mauriac (*Covici, Friede*). In which a young man's fancy and an old man's fancy darkly turn to thoughts of the same woman.

THE EMBEZZLERS, by Valentine Kataev (*Dial Press*). Russian literature returns to civilization with a gorgeous farce.

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL, by Thomas Wolfe (*Scribner*). Vigorously written tragedy of youth in the New South.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY, by William Faulkner (*Cape & Smith*). A study of madness in an aristocratic family of the Old South. Told in the modern manner.

ULTIMA THULE, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). A novel of real importance.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS, by Ernest Hemingway (*Scribner*). Love story surrounded by the war—and modern writing at its best.

THE METHODIST FAUN, by Anne Parrish (*Harper*). Genuine tragedy of youth set against a background of fine satire.

HARRIET HUME, by Rebecca West (*Doubleday, Doran*). Richly beautiful writing.

FUGITIVE'S RETURN, by Susan Glaspell (*Stokes*). Worth a half-dozen smug, contented novels.

THE WAY OF ECBEN, by James Branch Cabell (*McBride*). Mr. Cabell's farewell to mythology, with a revealing curtain speech by the author.

BORGIA, by Zona Gale (*Knopf*). Miss Gale plunges effectively into sinister psychology.

PENROD JASHBER, by Booth Tarkington (*Doubleday, Doran*). The sleuth wave hits Penrod. Gorgeous reading.

THE GALAXY, by Susan Ertz (*Appleton*). The manners and morals of three generations reflected in the life of a warmly human heroine.

THE DARK JOURNEY, by Julian Green (*Harper*). Mr. Green's annual prize-winner.

CHÉRI, by Colette (*A. & C. Boni*). Wicked and excellently written story of a gigolo.

DEATH OF A HERO, by Richard Aldington (*Covici, Friede*). Why a man preferred being a dead soldier in France to being a live artist in London.

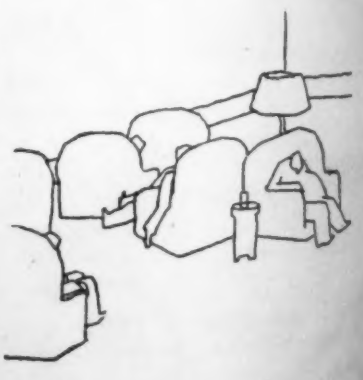
THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY, by Ellen Glasgow (*Doubleday, Doran*). Ironic spoofing of three Fallen Ladies.

WOLF SOLENT, by John Cowper Powys (*Simon & Schuster*). Masterfully written psychological novel.

SHORT AS ANY DREAM, by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant (*Harper*). A rare achievement—a real and sympathetic study of a New England family.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1929, edited by Edward J. O'Brien (*Dodd, Mead*). The annual and always reliable anthology.

SAILORS OF FORTUNE, by William McFee



(*Doubleday, Doran*). Sea stories that are an excellent antidote to static fiction.

TOWER OF SAND AND OTHER STORIES, by Wilbur Daniel Steele (*Harper*). Collection of short stories by an excellent craftsman.

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1929, edited by Blanche Colton Williams (*Doubleday, Doran*). Gayer but less solid than Mr. O'Brien's selections. The first-prize winner is "Big Blonde," by Dorothy Parker.

MYSTERIES

THE CLUE OF THE SECOND MURDER, by John Stephen Strange (*Doubleday, Doran*).... FLEUR DE LYS, by J. G. Sarasin (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . ADVENTURES OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL, by Baroness Orczy (*Doubleday, Doran*).... THE AFFAIR AT THE CHÂTEAU, by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds (*Doubleday, Doran*).... GREAT DETECTIVE STORIES, edited by Joseph Lewis French (*Dial Press*). . . . THE POET AND THE LUNATICS, by G. K. Chesterton (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . NICHOLAS GOADE, DETECTIVE, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (*Little, Brown*).... THE TROUT INN MYSTERY, by Winifred Greenleaves (*Dial Press*).... THE CRIMSON CIRCLE, by Edgar Wallace (*Doubleday, Doran*). ... CLUES OF THE CARIBBEES, by T. S. Stribling (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . SPEEDY DEATH, by G. M. Mitchell (*Dial Press*) .... WHAT PRICE PARADISE?, by Alan Hugh Hillgarth (*Houghton Mifflin*). . . . THE SECRET OF 37 HARDY STREET, by Robert J. Casey (*Bobbs-Merrill*).... THE EMPEROR OF AMERICA, by Sax Rohmer (*Doubleday, Doran*).... THE DARTMOUTH MURDERS, by Clifford Orr (*Farrar & Rinehart*).

GENERAL

MEMOIRS OF LORENZO DA PONTE, translated by Elisabeth Abbott, and edited by Arthur Livingston (*Lippincott*). The autobiography of a friend of Casanova who became a Columbia professor.

THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE, by Axel Munthe (*Dutton*). The life-story of a doctor who has wit, pity, and humor.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AMERICA, edited by Mark Van Doren (*A. & C. Boni*). John Smith, P. T. Barnum, Black Ulysses, and seventy-seven others tell the story of America.

MIDSTREAM, by Helen Keller (*Doubleday, Doran*). The autobiography of a courageous woman.

COME CHRISTMAS, edited by Lesley Frost (*Coward-McCann*). Collection of Christmas poems of literary as well as sentimental merit.

PETER ARNO'S PARADE (*Liveright*). Drawings which need no recommendation.

THE IRON MAN AND THE TIN WOMAN, by Stephen Leacock (*Dodd, Mead*). Futuristic fun.

ONCE AND FOR ALL, selected by David McCord (*Coward, McCann*). Anthology of humorous pieces that have stood the test of time.

KING SPIDER, by D. B. Wyndham Lewis (*Coward-McCann & Edwin V. Mitchell*). Lively pageant of fifteenth-century France.

PETER THE GREAT, by Georges Oudard, translated by F. M. Atkinson (*Payson & Clarke*). Biography of the Russian Czar that is as exciting as a novel.

CRITIQUE OF LOVE, by Fritz Wittels (*Macaulay*). Psychoanalytical lowdown.

KING'S PLEASURE, by Ida Zeitlin (*Harper*). Saga of Serbian folklore, attractively illustrated by Theodore Nadejen.

FRANCIS RABELAIS, by Albert Jay Nock and C. R. Wilson (*Harper*). Scholarly critical portrait of a great humanist.

CASANOVA: HIS KNOWN AND UNKNOWN LIFE, by S. Guy Endore (*John Day*). Exciting biography of an exciting gentleman.

MAN AND WOMAN, by Havelock Ellis (*Houghton Mifflin*). Calm, detached thinking on debatable differences.

DO WHAT YOU WILL, by Aldous Huxley (*Doubleday, Doran*). First-rate intellectual gymnastics.

HANNA, by Thomas Beer (*Knopf*). Not a cartoon, but a portrait. The man as a human being.

AMERICA SET FREE, by Count Hermann Keyserling (*Harper*). A distinguished scholar psychoanalyzes America.

JULY '14, by Emil Ludwig (*Putnam*). A dramatic account of who started the war.

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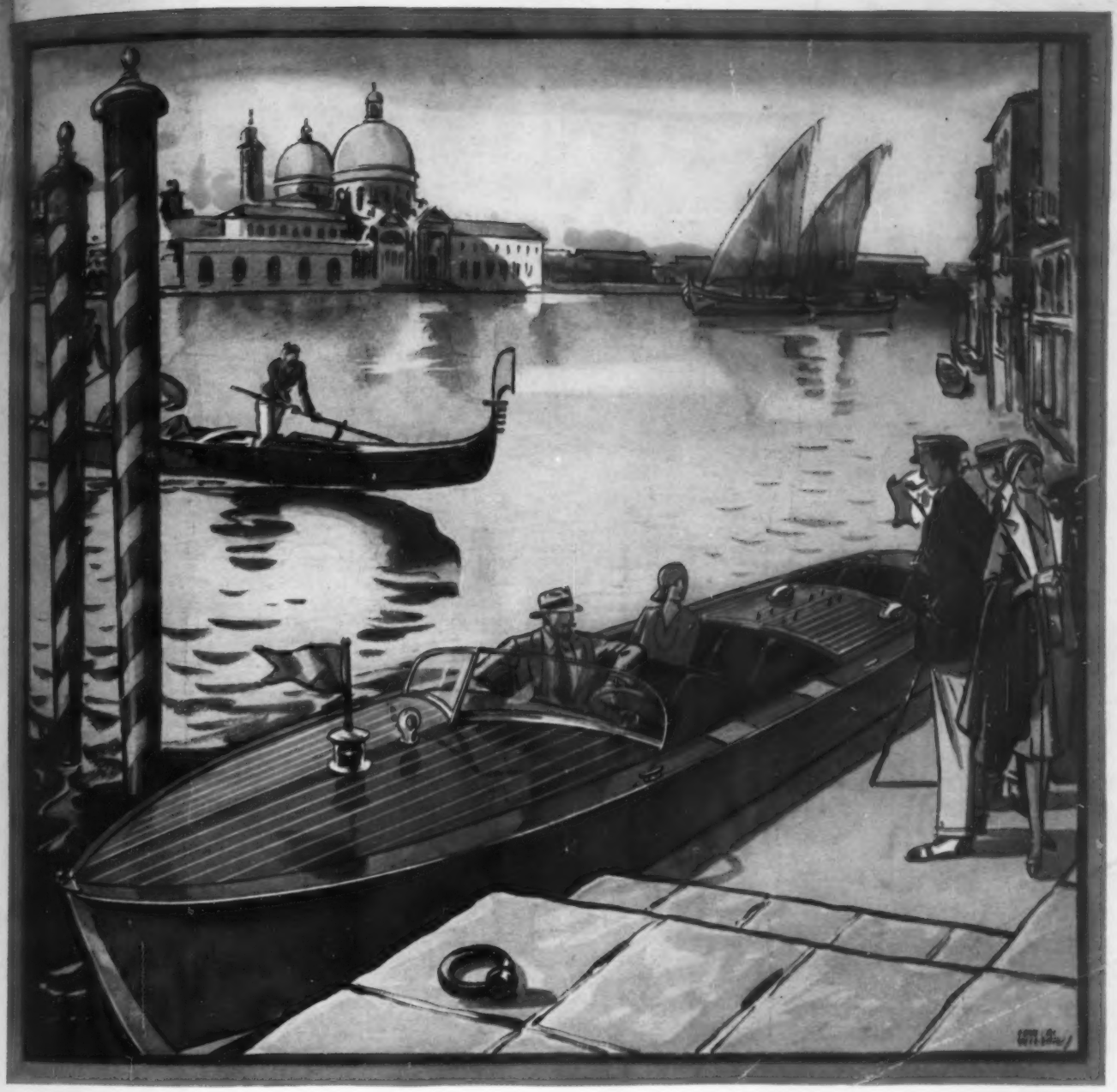

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